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### MOUNT ACONCAGUA

Photographed by the author through the airplane window at a height of more than 18,000 feet, March 31, 1930. Aconcagua (22,817 feet altitude) is the highest measured mountain in the western hemisphere

# FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

*Twenty Thousand Miles by Air*

BY

ANNIE S. PECK, A.M., F.R.G.S.

*Author of 'A Search for the Apex of America,' 'The South American Tour,' and 'Industrial and Commercial South America'*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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## FOREWORD

HAVE you ever been in an airplane? Or are you determined to stay on terra firma, never risking your life in one of those machines which have brought death to many? In either case you may like to read the story of a long flight by a woman in her eightieth year; no sensational tale with more of fiction than of fact, but a true account of the journey, with information as to the development of air service in South America, its unprecedented safety, and the unrivaled beauty and splendor revealed to one who flies over and around that continent.

The notable flight of Colonel Lindbergh in 1927 was needed to spur our own people to a rapid development of this mode of travel; but in South America, where the difficult physiography of most of the countries had hampered road construction of all kinds, the utility of air service was earlier apparent, and in several countries it had been installed.

Although exaggerated description by persons prone to thrills may be entertaining, aviation will be better promoted and more persons will be tempted to undertake a tour of this kind by an accurate sketch of the comforts and pleasures of the journey.

Presenting in this volume many beautiful pictures taken from the air, a recital of my own experience and observation, and brief description of places so quickly and comfortably visited, I hope that many will gain, by reading, a superficial acquaintance with the continent, and that those who can afford it, young, middle-aged, and elderly, may be persuaded to undertake this truly delightful tour. One may be surprised by the splendid cities with homes of elegance and culture, and will surely be enthralled by amazing scenic spectacles: contrasting tropical jungles and deserts, mountains clothed in verdure and majestic snow-clad peaks, the most beautiful of the world's great waterfalls, a thousand enchanting scenes.

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FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA



# FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

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## CHAPTER I

### PRELIMINARY

IN THE days of my youth, Darius Green (with a flying machine) said, 'The birds can fly, and why not I?' Unlike the majority in those days I sympathized with the idea, though his flight was a flop. I had, however, no expectation that in my day the vision would be realized; and in 1903, when I sailed for South America to climb one of the great peaks of the Andes, I did not dream of ever flying over or around them.

But a few weeks later, Orville Wright flew fourteen seconds on Kitty Hawk Hill. In 1908, about the time that I climbed the north peak, 21,812 feet, of Peru's highest mountain, Huascarán, a flight of one hour was accomplished. In 1909, being then in the height of my glory, so to speak, I ventured to call on Wilbur Wright at the Hotel Vanderbilt a day or two before he was to fly up the river for the Hudson Fulton Celebration. Mr. Wright received me with much courtesy, but to my inquiry if I could go with him he responded that he would take me if anyone; but he would make the flight alone.

## 2 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

To be the first woman to fly had seemed worth taking a chance; but why be the thousandth? No joy-rides for me! though in later years an invitation from Colonel Lindbergh for an hour's flight would have been promptly accepted. Had he been aware that I had climbed higher on my two feet than he in his airplane, perhaps he would have asked me.

My several expeditions to South America for the purpose of mountain climbing aroused intense interest in the people, the splendid scenery, and the wonderful resources of the continent, so tempting me to devote the next twenty-five years, by means of books, lectures, and repeated visits, to promoting acquaintance and understanding, intercourse and commercial relations with our neighbors at the south.

In my 'Industrial and Commercial South America' (edition of 1927) I had written of the development of flying on that continent and the services then in operation; so, when announcement was made in February, 1929, of the early inauguration of air service from Panamá south, it seemed timely to write an article on 'Aviation in and to South America,'<sup>1</sup> of which little was known here, even to many of our aviators. Then came the inspiration, though I had never been in an airplane, in pursuance of my efforts to promote friendliness and trade between the

<sup>1</sup> *Scientific American*, July, 1929.

two sections, to make my tenth visit to South America a tour by air. And I determined to fly, not merely around the border, as a few men had done, but to make use of the local service already established in the various countries.

Accordingly, in the seven months, November, 1929, to June, 1930, I flew above twenty thousand miles in a dozen varieties of airplanes, and with all the companies engaged in regular service in the various republics except Bolivia. Many points were so visited, far from the beaten track, in addition to those included in an ordinary tour.

A gushing young lady, who interviewed me for a New York paper prior to my departure, appeared disgusted that I was not *therilled* at the prospect. In consequence, she referred to me (in large letters) as a SCHOOLMARM — the first time I was ever so designated. My last teaching, at Purdue University and Smith College, was years before she was born. 'Thrills,' I said, 'belong to one's teens'; but life may be full of interest when these are over. Flying is now in the day's work. I trusted that there would be no occasion for thrills, having no desire to fracture my skull or any other part of my anatomy.

In May, 1929, the mail service of the Pan-American Grace Airways south had been in-

#### 4 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

stalled, but there was no passenger service to Colombia. It was therefore necessary to sail to Colombia, there to begin the first tour of South America made in commercial airplanes, which later proved to be the longest. On the other hand, Mr. William H. Gannett (whom it was a pleasure to meet in Lima), setting out two months later than I on an air tour of Central and South America, was the first to complete such a journey, arriving at Miami two months before my return. My own flight, over South America only, was several thousand miles the longer. This continent was my specialty; and it was my purpose to visit all places accessible by air. Where this was lacking, I made some use of railways, by the two modes of transport reaching some sections hitherto unvisited and gaining a more intimate acquaintance with regions long familiar.

My air tour was to begin with a flight from Barranquilla to Girardot. As many persons may not have heard of either place, a few words about them are in order. A young society lady of New York once inquired of me, not 'Where is Mount Huascarán?' a name naturally unknown to the majority, but 'Where is Peru?' and William McFee relates that, when he was enthusiastically describing the marvels of Colombia, a young lady asked if it was British Columbia. When he explained further, she declared that

she had never heard of the place. He probably then gave it up.

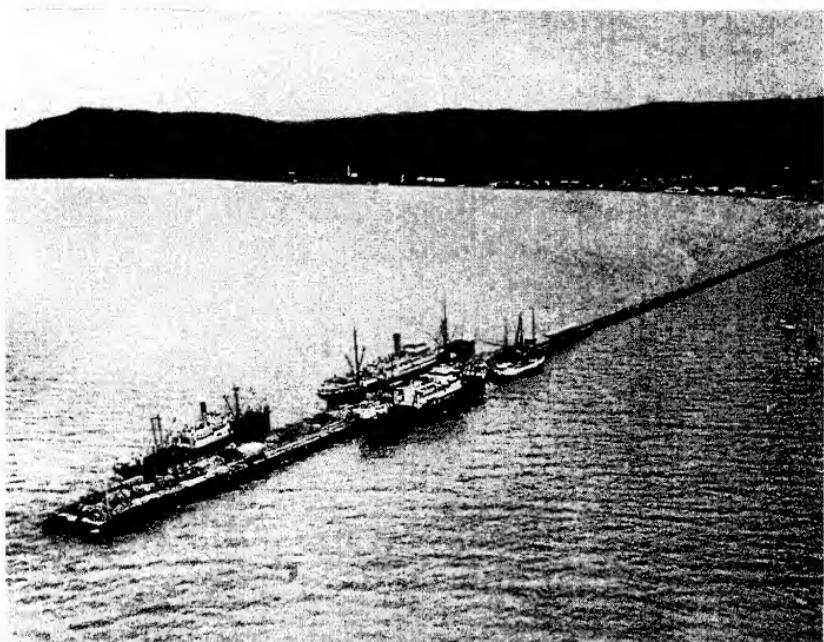
Barranquilla, the chief port of Colombia, a thriving city of 140,000 people, is a few miles from the mouth of the Magdalena River, the main artery of the country, a thousand miles long. (The Hudson is 315 miles in length.) On the same river, 650 miles south, is Girardot, a small city, from which a railway ascends to Colombia's capital, Bogotá. Please note that this name should be accented on the last syllable, whether the city or the coffee from that region is referred to. If persons in New Jersey wish to call one of their towns Bogotá, that is their privilege; but it might be better to give the town an ordinary English name than to borrow one from Colombia and mispronounce it.

Sailing from New York November 6, 1929, on the Baracoa of the Colombian S.S. Line, after a call at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, we arrived in the morning of November 15 at Puerto Colombia, noted for a substantial stone pier nearly a mile long, and important as the landing-place for Barranquilla, seventeen miles distant. When the mouth of the Magdalena River is dredged so that ocean steamers can sail the seven miles upstream to the new docks of that rapidly growing city, the British-built pier, often accommodating four steamers at a time, may fall into disuse. The

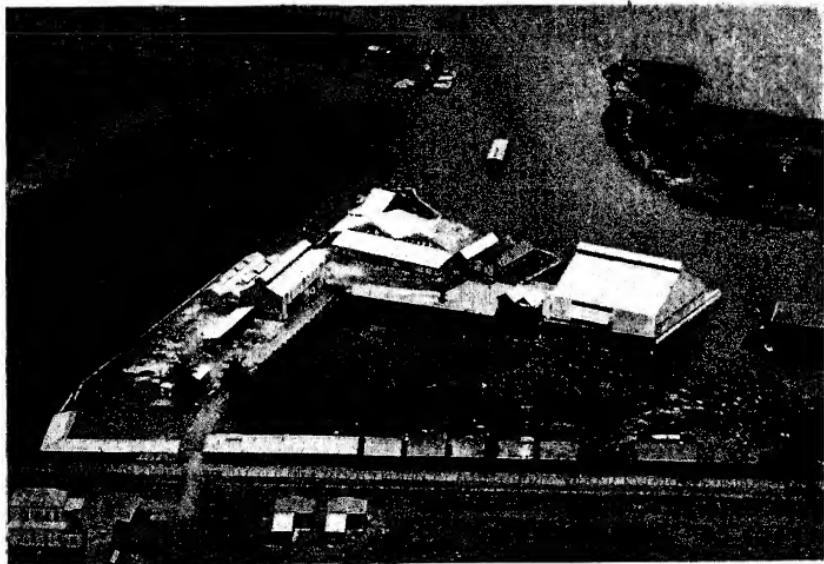
## 6 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

straggling village might then be expected to vanish, were it not for a new enterprise that will save it. Here is an excellent sandy beach; for the port is not at the mouth of the river where the shore is unsuited to docks, but some miles to the west. At Barranquilla the river water is muddy, unfit for swimming, though all right when filtered in the new bathtubs. With summer prevailing all the year around, a dip in the cold salt sea is already the mode. Colombia, like the countries farther south, will have a popular bathing-resort, with bathhouses, etc. The recent construction of an excellent motor road, by which residents of Barranquilla may in fifteen minutes drive down for a daily or weekly swim, is assurance of its great success.

Favored on landing with speedy attention at the Customs, in a special railway car with its own motor, by the friendly agent of the Colombian Line I was taken to the city. After a good luncheon at the Hotel Pension Inglesa, I was further aided in matters of importance. First, Colombian money must be obtained, the peso being worth about ninety-seven cents of our money. Then I learned that I must procure a special permit to travel in the country. I had deemed a passport sufficient for this purpose, and had a new one with health and vaccination certificates, properly viséed at the Colombian Consulate, where three photographs had been



PUERTO COLOMBIA



HANGARS OF SCADTA IN BARRANQUILLA



required. Important for the traveler is the fact that two more were demanded by the Barranquilla official for the new document — two pesos as well; and then no one in Colombia ever asked to see either this permit or the passport. Surely it would give an impetus to travel if passports, customs, etc., could be abolished; or if, at least, the requirements were simplified and everywhere were the same.

Later in the afternoon I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. P. P. von Bauer, a gentleman (Austrian) of the highest type, the agreeable and efficient Vice-President and Manager of 'Scadta': a word formed from the initials of the name of the company, 'Sociedad Colombo-Alemana de Transportes Aereos.' The President and some of the directors are Colombians, but the personnel in service, pilots, mechanics, *et al.*, are Germans or other Nordic foreigners.

Organized in December, 1919, this company began service in the following August; thus it is not merely the first permanently operating air company on this hemisphere, but the oldest in the world. Its record is remarkable. Receiving no subvention from the Government, it has developed and prospered until it has become famous the world over; completing in August, 1930, ten years of operation, one hundred per cent perfect: no fatal accident in regular service through all that long period, and up to the present time.

There was still time for a drive with Dr. von Bauer through the beautiful new suburb El Prado, and to visit the hangar from which I was to sail and fly in the morning. Here I saw among others the seaplane in which I was to embark, with room for four passengers, baggage, and mail; and one very much larger, with seats for ten: a real boat, similar to that in which Franco floated for a week in a fairly rough sea.

For persons not making use of the air service, it has been necessary, in going to Bogotá, to sail up the river to La Dorada, 537 miles; express boats require seven to ten days for the journey according to the depth of water in the river. In a period of very low water, service was once suspended for three weeks. At La Dorada one must change to a railway seventy miles long, built to avoid the Honda Rapids. At Puerto Beltrán one enters a smaller steamer for the sixty miles to Girardot, thence going by rail to Bogotá. To be able to make this entire journey in a single day instead of eight or ten is surely a great boon to this country, especially to those whose time is money, and to many who would find the sail tedious; though others might enjoy the opportunity to examine more closely the character of the country, the forests, and life in the towns and villages along the way.

## CHAPTER II

### MY FIRST FLIGHT

IN NEW YORK I had learned with regret that 6 A.M. was the regular hour of departure from Barranquilla. As the airport is two miles from the center of the city, a bus calls for the passengers at five. To have any breakfast I must obviously rise by four. Assured that the hotel people always saw that their guests were ready on time, I nevertheless had the matter on my mind, and happily turned on the light just at four by my little clock. The alarm was out of order. Quickly making myself and my baggage ready, I descended to find the *mozo* fast asleep on a couch. Arising with no great alacrity, he prepared coffee; and when the bus came, I was ready.

In the still night, the ride through the quiet streets, a lone policeman here and there, was a novelty. We passed many attractive dwellings in the new suburban Prado, at several of which we paused; once taking on baggage, twice a man. Passengers? No. The pilot and the mechanic. Is that the reddish orb of the full moon about to sink in the west? At this moment we turn northward and are soon at the hangar.

A waiting-room is comfortable in the cool of early dawn, but important matters must be

attended to. Passengers, of course, are weighed; the limit 167 pounds. What happens to the fat ones I can only guess. Doubtless they must pay as if for excess baggage, which is expensive; 17 kilos allowed, \$3 for every extra kilo (2.2 pounds). Before it became fashionable, I was glad to be always under weight, and I was pleased to find myself now 40 pounds below the limit. So all my baggage could go with me, instead of a part remaining for the freight plane, which would fly on Sunday, the next day.

I happened exceptionally to be the only passenger. The two seats facing each other accommodate two persons each. Other planes of the same size have two armchairs facing the front, besides the comfortable seat at the back. On each side are three windows, one easily opened, with adjustable curtains to keep out the hot sun. The plane was in the water when I entered, the door was then shut, pilot and mechanic jumped to their places in front and above; a push from men at the side, and we were off, power on and moving over the water. Being already aware of Scadta's proud record, I had taken my seat in the airplane as calmly as I went on board the steamer in New York. Alert, interested to observe all particulars in this to me new mode of travel, I experienced no thrills. Flying up the Hudson twenty years earlier would have been different.

At first we proceed slowly; faster after turning to the right up the river. So gently do we leave the water that I am aware of it only by perceiving that we are a few feet above; now we go higher and higher. The motor roared not very loudly. Cotton had been provided for the ears. Advised to procure a raincoat, a coat sweater, flying hat, and goggles, I purchased only the first, of leatherette, which I later regretted and soon sent back unused. It was altogether too heavy to carry about. Such a coat, goggles, or a special hat are unnecessary in the cabin of an airship. An old, close-fitting felt hat with a slight turned-down brim was just the thing. An ordinary dress, not woolen, with a long spring coat to don when swift motion brought a cool breeze through the open window, proved all that was needed. I was free to enjoy this journey by air.

The broad waters of the river, a mile or more in width, are now visible, and far at the left a high range of mountains, the Nevada of Santa Marta, the tops glowing in the sunshine; some time had passed before the sun itself peeped over. These mountains, gray and bare, indented with furrows, rise steep and grim, adding an unexpected interest to the landscape. This range stretching northeast along the coast contains snow-capped peaks, among the loftiest in Colombia, though separate from the great

## 12 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

Cordillera of the Andes, which farther south has three distinct ranges.

A few houses appear along the river-bank. Mere toys they seem. Moving men are tiny black spots. Though averaging over ninety miles an hour, we appear to progress slowly, with ample time to gaze at the panorama of river and flat grassy plain, and at the distant but clearly outlined mountains. The broad river becomes several streams; pools, and wide and narrow strips of water diversify the plain.

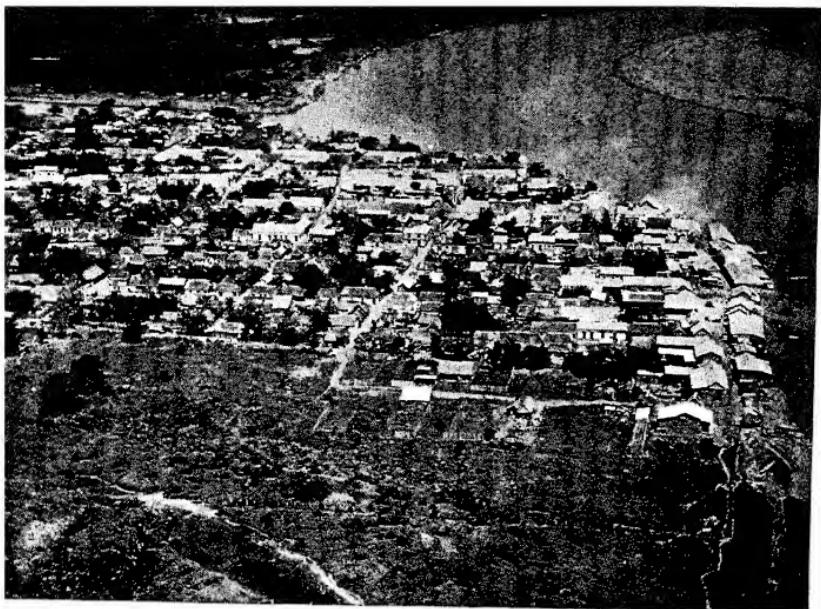
Too soon, as our direction changes, the lofty mountains disappear. Clouds gather; first at the left and partly over the river, while it remains clear on the right; later, mist arises there. A village is seen, tilled fields, a few cattle; but presently a sea of clouds conceals the entire landscape, a soft pretty coverlid like great tufts of cotton, such as I had seen but once before on my first ascent of Mount Washington, when, after an especially fine sunrise, the scene quickly changed. Nothing was visible below save a sea of white clouds covering all but the tip-top of the mountain where we stood. In my real climbs I had had no such experience. In the Alps I waited for good weather until it came. In South America I climbed in the dry season when a cloudless sky could be expected. To be above clouds is not simply a question of height, but of weather.

In Colombia the climate is variable, usually damp near the sea, often with fog and plenty of rain. Now, toward the close of the rainy season on the coast, though in the middle of it farther inland, clouds might delay or prevent our passage. I wondered how high we were above that billowy sea; one thousand feet? Could we proceed in safety by guess, or had we instruments to fly blind? I was not worried; having great confidence in the experienced German pilot, who also spoke good English. Now I note that our course is changing in a wide sweep from south to east, then swinging northward. Were we going back to Barranquilla? When north of most of the clouds, where a village lies on the river-bank, we descend as if to land. But no! Again we go south a few miles at a greater height; five thousand feet, the pilot said later; probably fifteen hundred feet above the clouds, which are as dense as before. Again a great half-circle to the north beyond the little village. Barranquilla is clearly visible ten miles away. A sharp banking turn is made, about forty-five degrees, and we go down, down, to the river, on which we skim south, then shoreward to a steep bank. Men and boys run to help, and we halt with one wing resting on the shore.

The pilot opens the door and inquires if I wish to land. 'We shall probably stay here an hour in the hope that conditions will improve.'

The planes are not allowed to proceed, he said, when the entire river is concealed by clouds. Walking ashore on the wing, I stroll around followed by a crowd of children, women with babies, and a few men, who had gathered as the plane was approaching. It is not a usual landing-place, so I am more of a curiosity than elsewhere. The people are of mixed blood, brown or white, small children naked or with a single garment. Houses are adobe with thatched roof, or they have walls of bamboo or slender trunks of trees. Near by, beer and food may be bought, but I am not hungry. Evidently the simple life is here the rule.

On my return to the plane, the pilot says he will now try again, hoping that the clouds will be thinner; perhaps we shall fly higher. But instead he keeps low, at times not above the tops of the trees on shore. We dodge among the breaking clouds, above or below, to the right or left, skillfully threading our way. It is surely interesting. Sooner than I expected we reach Calamar, fifty miles from our halting-place, a town of ten thousand, important as the end of a railway from the old city of Cartagena, by which passengers frequently come to fly or sail south. In our halt of fifteen minutes, we leave and take on mail, and two cans of gasoline are poured into the tanks. The town is said to have good piers with considerable traffic, and a fair hotel.



EL BANCO, COLOMBIA



PUERTO BERRÍO AND HOTEL, COLOMBIA



Now we fly higher. Hills appear on both sides. On the plain are pools of water, dense patches of trees, real jungle, and some open country. The river has two definite channels, very brown; everything else is green. Into the western channel flows the Cauca River, eight hundred miles long, navigable in the lower part of its course and in stretches farther up. Continuous traffic is interrupted by rapids. On the west channel of the Magdalena is quite a town, Magangué, not on the schedule today. As there was much rain in October, the river is high. A season of fog follows and some is rising. Solitary huts are occasional, with banana plants near. A lonely life must the occupants lead, a canoe their only means of travel. At 11.35 we arrive at El Banco (170 miles from Calamar), a town on the east bank of the river, important enough to be honored with a daily call by the airplane. Here the River César comes in from the north-east. A short walk is a pleasant change. I usually disembarked where we halted both to stretch my legs and to observe the people, the shops near by, etc. It was easy to walk ashore on the wing. It is desirable to take along sandwiches for luncheon, though I considered myself well provided for, with a fine box of Swiss chocolates, presented to me in Barranquilla.

On leaving, we head downstream as we had landed, in this way rising from the water more

## 16 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

easily. Mountain ranges appear in the distance on each side. We meet and fly through heavy clouds, though keeping rather low. There is fog, but we can see the river. We pass a better town with broad streets and houses painted white; in the middle of the river an islet. High above the dark, swiftly moving clouds are white ones that appear motionless, and some blue sky. We experience occasional tips and bumps, but nothing to bother about. An hour and a half more brings us to Puerto Wilches, one hundred and thirty miles farther, a poor place, though of some importance, for here begins a railway which will go to Bucaramanga, capital of Santander, and here, twice a week, a land-plane takes on passengers to fly over high mountains of the East Cordillera to that city; a flight of unusual interest. Soon we see from above, twenty-five miles beyond, the oil tanks and houses of Barranca Bermeja, the port of the Tropical Oil Company, where I paused on my return.

Our next halt is at Puerto Berrio (441 miles above Barranquilla), this port and El Banco the only ones receiving daily calls from the airplanes as they go up and down the river. Berrio, smaller than the other ports, is more important, being the outlet for Medellin, to which it has railway service. Medellin, capital of Antioquia, noted as the most enterprising city in Colombia, is

famed also for the finest coffee. There was time at Berrío to take a short walk, on which I was surprised to encounter a man who spoke English, and to drink a small bottle of beer with the two members of the crew, with whom I shared a few chocolates. It was hot inside the plane when halted, but agreeably cool when flying. Although we had lost an hour or more on account of the clouds, the pilot here declares that we shall arrive at our destination, Flandés, in two and a half hours, early enough to take the 5 P.M. train to Apulo, the best place to spend the night.

The scenery now grows finer. The mountains come close to the river, which is confined in a narrow gorge. On the right the mountains are void of vegetation except moss, at least as seen from above. At the left is a straight ridge, near the top of which we fly, and so near that a sudden blow of wind might well dash us against it. As I gaze upon these rugged mountains, consider the dense jungles, the streams and marshes seen along the way, and the many loftier mountains in the distance which must be crossed to reach the pleasant highlands, I am again impressed with the conviction that we too little appreciate the fact that the boldness and hardihood of the early Spanish explorers, who found their way across and up and down over this extraordinarily difficult continent, have never been surpassed.

At the hangar at Flandés, a smaller town on the west side of the river opposite to Girardot, ended my first aerial journey, for which no better course could have been chosen. Aware of the long years of perfect service over this route, surely anyone would peacefully enjoy the novel sensation of floating high in air above the clouds, flying through them, or skimming along just a few feet above the river, now the pathway from the sea for airplanes as well as boats up toward the capital of a country, new indeed to the tourist, but in settlement by Europeans a century older than nearly all of our cities.

From the comfortable airship with courteous and skillful pilotage, though too high for details, one tranquilly surveys an immense area of jungles, distant and lofty mountains, smaller ones close at hand, noting here and there hamlets and towns where on landing are found people with friendly mien of high and low degree: these things and more make the day memorable if not exciting.

But the day was not to close without an amusing incident which partook slightly of the latter character. The scheduled landing hour for Flandés was three, but delayed by clouds we arrived at quarter past four; still with time for me to catch the five o'clock train for Apulo. Though disagreement between driver and pas-



FLANDÉS, COLOMBIA



APULO, COLOMBIA



senger is frequent the world around, with no time for bargaining I entered a waiting automobile which promptly carried me with hand baggage, all I had taken with me, across the river to the railway station, where I was soon aboard the train in the first-class car. Then followed the mildly exciting episode. On asking the chauffeur in Spanish, 'How much?' he replied, 'Ten pesos,' nearly ten dollars. I was greatly amused. He evidently regarded me as a tenderfoot, which I was not; so I merely laughed. After much talk the man came down to five. Courteous Colombians near by urged me not to be imposed upon. The proper price was \$1.50, at most \$2. I was willing to give more than the usual fee but not six times as much. My offer of \$3 was indignantly rejected. The train started. When the conductor arrived and learned the situation, he was indignant. He pulled the rope to stop the train for the man to get off, but did not eject him. I said repeatedly, '*Tres, no mas!*' 'Three, no more!' but the man would not take it and go. We had met two trains and gone halfway to Apulo, many miles, when the man at last grabbed the money and departed.

This man should not be considered a fair sample of Colombian wage-earners. Nowhere in my travels have I found a more willing and agreeable coterie of attendants than in the Hotel

## 20 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

Regina of Bogotá; a friendly atmosphere pervades all the hotels visited throughout the tour. My first flight was over; no real adventures or thrills; agreeable, comfortable, safer, it would seem, than an automobile ride, or a walk in New York City, a swim at our shore resorts, or a sail in a canoe.

## CHAPTER III

### BOGOTÁ

ALTHOUGH my first flight was over, my goal was not attained. Practically everyone who arrives at Girardot by any route is on his way to the capital city; and well-informed persons, not tarrying in the hot valley, altitude one thousand feet, have as a rule patronized the late afternoon train in order to spend the night at Apulo. Here the gleaming lights of a good hotel, seen from the station, seem to welcome the traveler to this delightful nook in the foot-hills of the East Cordillera. After a rather abstemious day, an excellent well-served dinner was fully appreciated. Then, promenading on the broad veranda under a tropical moon, it was happiness to inhale the fragrance and rejoice in the beauty of flowers, vine, and forest. A good night's sleep follows the long and strenuous day. One must arise early for morning coffee to take the train for Bogotá as it comes up from Girardot, though two hours later than if one remained below. A delightful ride follows as we ascend the East Cordillera to the *Sabana* of Bogotá. Many heights have I scaled on foot, on horse-back, and by train, but this was different from any others. One might fancy that mountain

## 22 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

ranges in the torrid zone would be very similar; but I have learned that each has especial characteristics and charms. The railways, indeed, mostly climb in very long curves; though the Oroya, in Peru, follows up a straight, steep valley and by means of tunnels, zigzags, and sharp curves attains the height of Mont Blanc in the shortest distance possible, about one hundred miles. In Colombia, the ranges are less abrupt than in Peru, and the buttresses, with more gradual inclines, are covered with luxuriant vegetation. In the six hours' ride there is much variety. Forests are dense, trailing vines plentiful. Continuing upward along the side of steep slopes, with surprise we perceive in the forest coffee bushes bearing white blossoms or ripe fruit, the mild coffee prized by many. Halts are made where there is but a single house, but as we go higher, we find sizable towns, where a fairly level space permits. Such is Cachapuy, where many people are in evidence, a fandango in operation. At Esperanza is a pretty girl with beautiful pink carnations and gardenias. On the way upward we admire attractive, bright-looking babies, some of them white, real blondes, as well as on the cool plateau. Much land is under cultivation even before we reach the broad *Sabana* of Bogotá, the largest fairly level section of Colombia save the great llanos east of all three mountain ranges, and the flats near the lower Magdalena and the north coast.

In the midst of this plateau at an altitude of 8680 feet, lies the city of Bogotá, first visited by Europeans in 1536. De Quesada and his bold companions made their way from the sea over the rugged, mountainous country, until, after conquering the native Chibchas, with a scant remnant of his original force he established a settlement. And not alone Quesada with men and horses arrived on this favored spot. In the same year came also from the south Belalcasar, an expedition from Quito, seeking the far-famed El Dorado. And still another band arrived, from the east, Federman, who had wandered three years over the marshy llanos, until, after losing three quarters of his men, in desperation the survivors climbed the Andes to this same haven: indeed, a strange coincidence: this meeting of three explorers, who then united in hunting, feasting, and laying out the city that was to be. Here have lived their descendants for nearly four centuries in an agreeable, healthful climate, preserving in their quiet homes an astonishing degree of culture: the most inaccessible of all the South American capitals, until the way was made easy by the ships of the air, it has been, nevertheless, one of the leading literary centers of Latin America.

Under their new President, the capable and broad-minded Dr. Olaya, this country, possessing great wealth in minerals, in possibilities for

agriculture, forestry, and other industries, will soon be on a firm financial footing and enter upon an era of greater development, without losing, let us hope, its distinctive type of civilization.

Bogotá, now a city of about 260,000, in unusual degree possesses the charm of the olden time, combined with the modern conveniences of electricity, water supply, sewers, electric tramways, etc.; recently, hotels comfortable if rather old-fashioned, but now with a brand-new one, the Granada, fully up to date, opened in 1930. Of especial interest is the imposing Capitol building of the Ionic style of architecture, not at all like ours; including broad patios it covers two and a half acres. Here the new President, August 7, 1930, took the oath of office, walking thither from his home near by; and after the quiet ceremony, proceeded, also on foot, to the Presidential Palace a block or two distant, where he was welcomed by the retiring President Obadía.

The Capitol faces the large Plaza Bolívar, with a statue in the center of the hero and General, Bolívar, the centenary of whose death was recently observed throughout the Americas. On another side of the Plaza is seen at the left the Cathedral; also a second church. Several of the churches are worth visiting, each containing a special statue or other unusual relic of interest.

The market, of course, presents many attractions, the Indians, less colorful than farther south, but with gorgeous flowers of both tropic and temperate climes, and a variety of articles of native manufacture.

Although a stranger to everyone except by reputation, my personal experience here was most agreeable. Cordially greeted by our Minister Mr. Caffery, and those of his *entourage*, as by others to whom I brought letters, I received many calls, and invitations to luncheons and dinner. Through the courtesy of our Minister and the *Jefe* of the Protocol I enjoyed a pleasant fifteen minutes' chat in the Palace with the now retired President Obadía, who seemed much interested in my air tour and in the book I proposed to write. Sandwiched in between an automobile ride to the remarkable salt mines at Zipaquirá and one to the lovely Tequendama Falls was a pleasant luncheon with the American Club, where I was constrained to give a little talk about my highest mountain climb and answer many questions.

One who cares to see something unusual will enjoy a pleasant drive over the plain twenty or thirty miles to visit Zipaquirá and its famous salt mine; observing on the way the character of the country and homes of the people. Salt-making is a Government monopoly, which brings in a handsome income.

The mine is indeed curious: a striking contrast to one I saw, years ago, near Salzburg, Austria. There I sailed on a lake, enclosed by walls and roof of pure white salt, later descending on a rail sled for an exit to the outer world. Here, on the contrary, conducted by the courteous superintendent, we entered through a tunnel into a great vaulted hall of blackness, save for electric lights which made the darkness visible. As we proceeded through galleries and chambers, the appearance was that of a coal mine rather than one of salt. In fact, the stuff is partly carbon, and coal mines are operated not far away. Strangely, this is called one of the largest and richest salt mines in the world, being estimated as ten thousand feet deep and at present two thousand feet through. After a survey of the lower floor we climbed a flight of stairs, cut in the earthy rock, by one hundred and twenty-two steps, each a foot high, to an upper story, so emerging on the mountain-side at a greater elevation.

What appears to be black chunks of earth is brought on small rail cars to the lower egress and dumped into a great reservoir; then into vats. The earth sinks to the bottom. In about three hours the salt is dissolved. The liquid drawn off is sent for evaporation and refining to sixty private laboratories in the town, sold to these at eleven cents a liter. The stuff as mined, called

*'sal Jema,'* is sold for the use of cattle, twenty-five pounds for forty-five cents. The Government is not unmindful of its duty to the two hundred employees, for whom there is a school where all assemble for an hour daily; it may be to hear a lecture on sanitation, or receive practical information of any sort. For the children and illiterate grown-ups, ordinary instruction is provided. The men, though ignorant, are self-respecting and respected, being addressed as 'Gentlemen,' 'Señores,' when summoned to assemble. The people of all ranks are polite and friendly.

An afternoon drive to the Tequendama Falls, hardly an hour away, brings us to a romantic spot from which we walk along the brim of a gorge 440 feet deep. Over the brink at our right rushes a brown, muddy stream, but pouring over the edge, it dashes again and again upon projecting ledges of rock, so throwing up clouds of spray, which in the sunlight, needed to display its distinctive beauty, is tinged with a pale yellow of hitherto unseen loveliness.

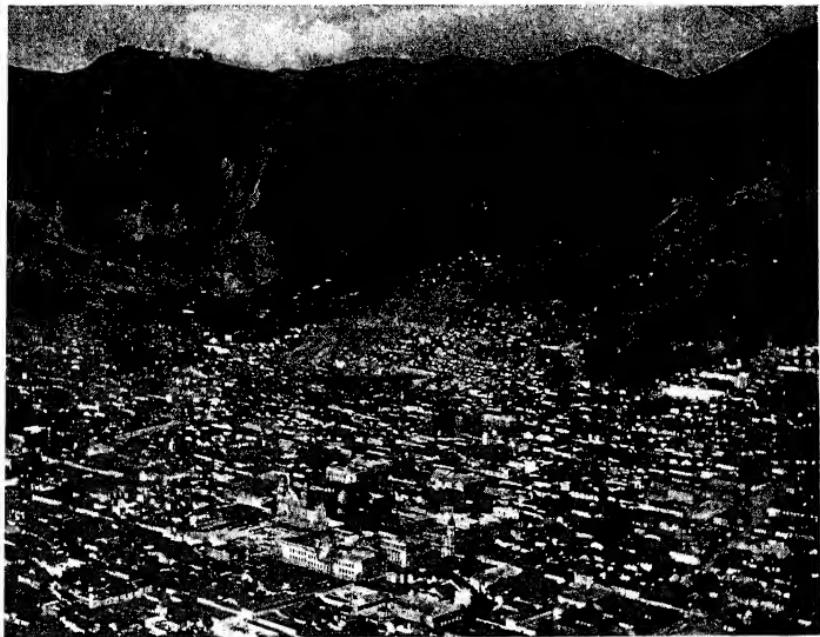
I could not depart without an ascent of Monserrate, even though the climb, with two friendly acquaintances, must be made by cable car up a very steep rock slope. One should sit on the right, as on this side is the best view of mountain-side and plain below. Still more delightful is the panorama, visible from the sum-

mit, of *sabana*, city, and distant mountains. Also, it being Sunday, we saw the people of all classes in holiday mood and attire. In a little church where service was going on, we noticed many climbing on their knees a stairway in the rear of the altar. Farther back from the steep mountain-face were pleasant walks, and tables where food and a variety of souvenirs were sold.

We descended in time for me to enjoy a drive to a fine house and a luncheon there with hospitable Americans, who like many others were happy in their work among friendly Colombians, in a climate just right for sports, cool enough to make electric heaters necessary to our pampered race, though quite superfluous for the *Bogotanos*. The temperature is continually in the fifties or sixties. If one had time, like Blair Niles, and proper letters to visit the homes and become really acquainted with those dignified, gracious, and cultured Colombians, and even with those not of 'first family,' it would be indeed a pleasure to all with intelligence to appreciate them. Failing the opportunity, by all means read her book, 'Colombia, Land of Miracles,' for all that I had no time to see or space to tell. Much will be missed all along the Cordilleras by a person not *simpático*. If one, like William McFee, is able 'to get past all the narrow and rancorous criticisms of the standardized Nordic mind,' he may perceive that behind primitive



FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA, COLOMBIA



BOGOTA

Monserrate, to which funicular leads, at left, with church on top;  
Guadelupe, higher, at right



conditions may be found graces of mind more essential to real civilization than three bathtubs and buildings of fifty stories. Meanwhile, read 'Sunlight in New Granada.'

## CHAPTER IV

### OTHER SCENES IN COLOMBIA: MEDELLÍN, BARRANCA BERMEJA, AND BARRANQUILLA

AFTER eight days agreeably spent in Bogotá, with regret I departed November 26 by the way I had come, entraining at one for Girardot in the hot valley. Another route, however, a day shorter, and now still another, is open to Barranquilla. Of the first I learned at the Hotel Regina, where one evening a mild sensation was created by the arrival of a man from Cartagena. Setting out about four that morning in a special railway car, he reached Calamar in time to take at seven the airplane which had left Barranquilla at six. At La Dorada he again took to rails as far as km. 96, there crossing the river by ferry to Cambao. From this point, over a poor if not dangerous road, which in earlier days was a much-used bridle-path, he climbed the mountain-side, seven thousand feet, in automobile, reaching Bogotá between eight and nine after a long and eventful day.

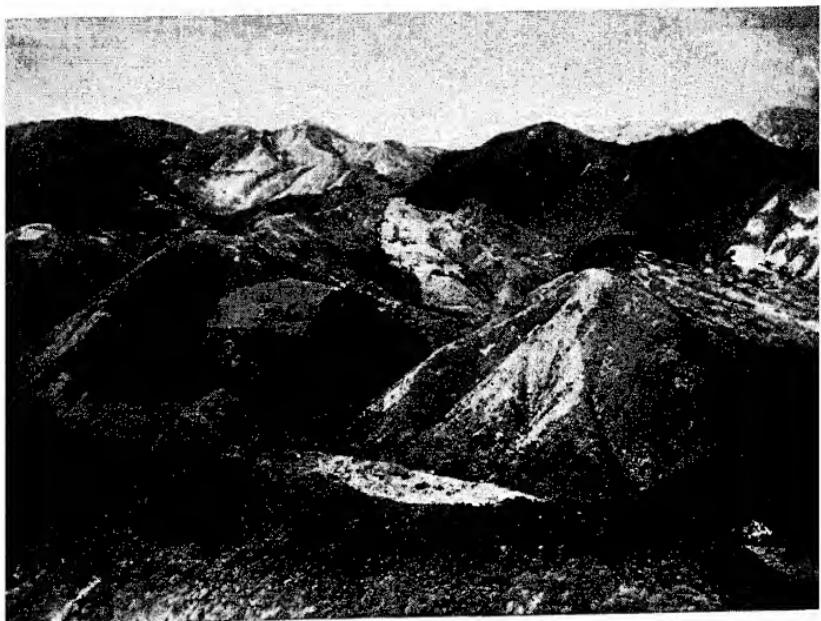
In Buenos Aires a few months later, I met a lady who, having made with her husband this trip from Cambao after dark, considered it perilous. But as the route was coming into favor, the road may have been made comparatively

safe. Nevertheless, from experience on steep mountain roads elsewhere, I can imagine that this climb of seven thousand feet in motor car on a road with sharp and dizzy corners would be a hair-raiser to many. It certainly would be an interesting change to employ this route in one direction, especially the early morning descent by daylight.

Another and safer way down to the Magdalena River has more recently been opened, especially desirable for passengers by river steamers. The Sabana Railway from Bogotá has been extended down to the river at Puerto Liévano below La Dorada. Thus passengers and freight may go from Barranquilla to Bogotá with but a single change instead of three or four.

On my arrival at Girardot about 7 P.M., a runner from Hotel Cecil arranged to take me there for the night and after early morning coffee carry me to the hangar at Flandés — all for the sum of five pesos. I found the room clean, the bed comfortable. Called promptly at four, after a hasty *desayuno*, coffee and rolls, in darkness and rain I was driven across the river to the airport, where the gate was still locked, but soon opened. The chauffeur, receiving \$5.50 in settlement of the contract, departed satisfied: a fairer sample of Colombian wage-earners than he who had demanded ten pesos for the drive across the river in daylight.

Cordially greeted by the German pilots and invited to share their breakfast, I indulged in a second cup of coffee, with a pleasant chat meanwhile. This homelike place accommodates half a dozen or more of the constantly changing Scadta personnel. I suggested that it might be a good idea to enlarge the establishment a little to accommodate two or three passengers overnight, obviating the too early morning drive. I heard later that the matter was under consideration; but the new airplane service up to Bogotá renders this superfluous. Heavy rain with sharp lightning creating unfavorable conditions, we waited till the worst was over, departing in a light rain about 6.30. Two other passengers were a priest and a man with a wooden leg. In spite of many clouds (the rain soon ceased), we had good views of the mountains close at hand, all in green, and of pleasant valleys; a few settlements. We called at La Dorada, a considerable town. Here the leisurely traveler may like to abandon airplane to descend the Magdalena by boat, the down journey two days shorter than the sail up. The express oil-burning boats of the Santander Line are supplied with all comforts, including sheets for the beds, in contrast with service in former days. The journey is agreeable to those who would enjoy a more intimate acquaintance with the country and the life of the people. However



MOUNTAINS NEAR HONDA, COLOMBIA



CASINO FOR PILOTS AND HANGAR, FLANDÉS



one goes, a stop-over at one or two ports will be interesting.

At 8.50 we reached Puerto Berrío, where I debarked to go to Medellín, an important place to visit then not on the route of the airplanes. A line has lately been established to Medellín and on to Cali and Buenaventura. Walking up to the imposing hotel, which some persons have praised highly, I waited on the pleasant veranda for the noon train to Medellín, chatting meanwhile with friendly people and treated to a glass of beer by a Colombian, just on his way home from New York. The *almuerzo*, luncheon, served at eleven, was hardly what might be expected for \$1.50.

On board the train at first it was warm, while we passed through sparsely settled open country or jungle, where gold-bearing streams flow among drooping ferns and flowering trees. It was cooler as we climbed higher and higher among wooded hills up to Limón, where for many years the up-going train dumped passengers and freight to be carried over the five thousand-foot mountain by a road on which 25,000,000 pounds of coffee were yearly brought out. A pleasant ride, no doubt, in cool fresh air, but it is cool enough in the tunnel, which it took many years to bore — perhaps from scarcity of funds. It now saves great expense to many, and time and trouble to thousands. We emerge into the cool, moun-

tainous country of the Central Cordillera, passing tidy villages and farms; a very pleasing landscape.

The Andes, coming from Ecuador in a single range, soon divides into three. But no simple ranges are these with broad valleys between. The hills and mountains cover the entire country except the great almost uninhabited region east of all the mountains, a few *sabanas*, and the lowlands near the coast west of the Magdalena. The Central Cordillera, containing several snow-capped peaks above eighteen thousand feet, occupies all the space between the Magdalena and the Cauca Rivers.

It was dark, 7.40, when we reached Medellín, capital of Antioquia, a Department with the largest, most enterprising, and prosperous population. It leads in mining, in industries, and in educational facilities, and has, in great part, a temperate climate. It would be extravagant to say that the streams are full of gold, but the majority carry enough to make dredging worth while. Medellín, with 120,000 inhabitants, has been called the wealthiest city in South America in proportion to its size. While young women go about more freely than in Bogotá, the code of etiquette is strict, and it behooves men of affairs to be supplied with evening clothes if they wish to make a favorable impression.

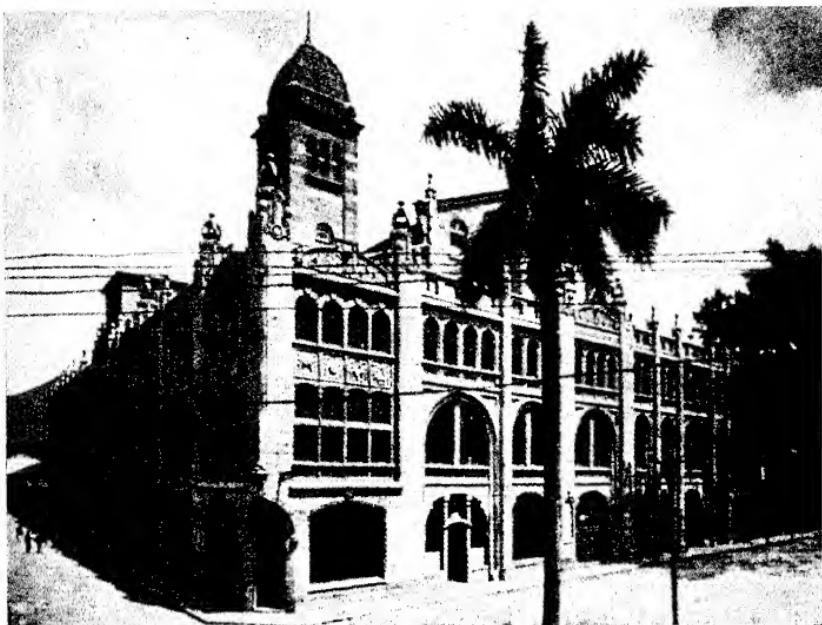
After a long fatiguing day I was soon at rest

in the Hotel Europa, and on the morrow merely wandered around the pretty town full of pleasant homes even in the poorest quarters, a river rippling through the center, overhung with graceful trees. I first made a call on our Consul, who later kindly arranged for me a drive on the Carretera al Mar; a second call on the Superintendent of the Railway, from whom I learned that I could take a train the next morning over to the Cauca River. The condition of the railway made this journey somewhat of an adventure. Leaving Medellín at six, an hour or two out the train halted, the single track being blocked by a locomotive half off the track with a very long train behind. We must perforce descend and trudge alongside, for at least an eighth of a mile, where no path existed and hardly space to walk between track and steep hillside; then we climbed into another train, where we waited while the employees, traveling back and forth, brought baggage, freight, and mail.

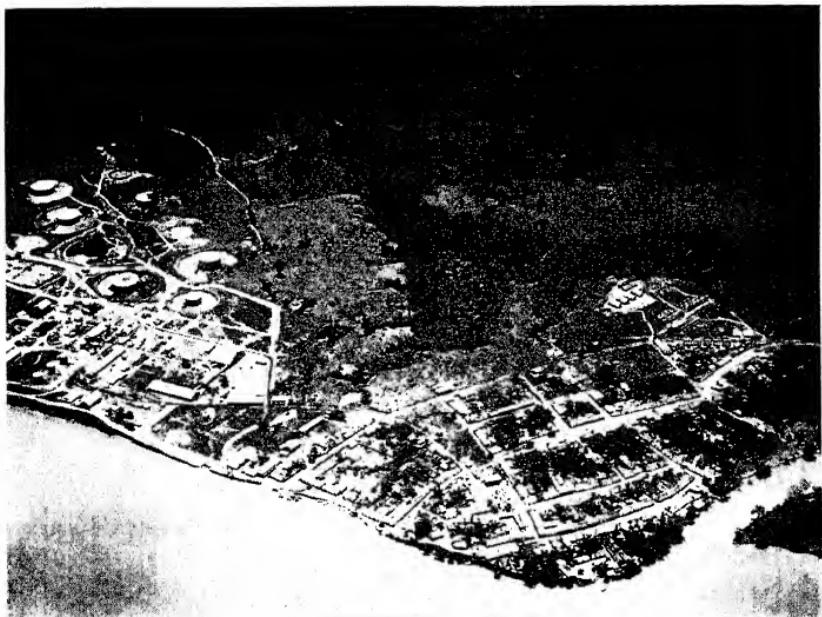
As we rode on, we passed an occasional station, near one of these seeing in the distance the town of Amagá, where the railway a long time halted. Farther on came the announcement that we must take another walk. This was on account of a landslide from a perpendicular cliff of soft earth, disintegrated by continuous rains. This walk was worse than the other. We could choose between keeping on the track and climbing over

slippery balls of earth and at last a barrier six feet high, or climb to a bank at the side, and on through damp grass over rough, uneven ground. Men were working to clear the track, but when we returned, hours later, no progress was visible.

The delays having made our train an hour and a half late, I decided to pause at Bolombolo, a village on the bank of the Cauca River, where a respectable hotel provided a better luncheon than might have been expected. The hospitable proprietor afterwards came out to the veranda and insisted upon my having something to drink; whatever I chose. Here in the valley it was warm, but not too much so for me to take a walk across the river and note that a fairly good road went on beyond, as did the hardly completed railway. The return by rail, beginning late, was worse than the ride out, so far as the walks were concerned; it was quite dark when we passed the stalled train, with only a locomotive headlight to aid us. A kindly Colombian took my arm as I was stumbling along, which made the going better. It was nine o'clock before I reached the hotel for a late dinner, where I learned that someone would call for me at seven the next morning for a drive on the Carretera al Mar. Please note that my visit was in November, 1929. By the time any of my readers reach Medellín, the railway beyond will be in better case, and they will find this excursion worth



HOTEL EUROPA, MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA



BARRANCA BERMEJA



taking for the unusual and most interesting scenery.

Still more delightful is the drive on the Carretera al Mar, which no one should miss, even though flying to Medellín and Buenaventura. This splendid road — I might call it a boulevard — also goes to the Cauca River, which it reaches much farther down, at the town of Antioquia, passing through a very different type of country from that on the railway. The road winds in great curves along the sides of steep slopes clothed with luxuriant verdure, the angles varying from twenty to seventy or more degrees. Occasional villages and attractive haciendas, splendid trees and grassy or cultivated slopes engage continual attention. So scarce is land even moderately inclined that one sees with astonishment corn growing and cattle grazing where one would be loath to walk. White specks on slopes of sixty degrees must be goats, one at first supposes; but no! they are white cattle. I wondered if my eyes deceived me, if the slopes were less steep than they looked; but I was informed that even on slopes of seventy degrees, corn is planted and cattle graze: a special breed, gradually inured to the conditions, and so domesticated that they die when taken to the flat pasture lands near the coast. They have so acquired the skill of goats as to footing that rarely does one slip. If that does happen, there

is no recovery. One rolls hundreds of feet down to a speedy end.

The Carretera, built by the R. W. Hebard Company, is a splendid piece of work, with fine stone bridges and easy grades, but alas, at the moment too expensive for Colombia. One man asserted that it would be better to build cheap dirt roads; but another, better informed, declares that only a good macadam road in a region with excessive rainfall and soft earth would stand the heavy traffic for which this thoroughfare is especially designed: the carriage of goods for export and import to and from a site on the Gulf of Urabá near Turbo. In Medellín 'To the Sea! To the Sea!' has long been the cry. It is hoped that presently, in better financial conditions, the extension of the road to the Gulf will give Antioquia a direct outlet, in place of the roundabout way by the Magdalena River; a fine boom to this enterprising section will follow. Each trip to the Cauca River was a revelation of the beauties and difficulties of Colombia.

An interesting feature of the journey was meeting Americans and others *en route*; one American, who had lived fifteen years in this Department, was engaged in platinum and gold mining, mostly by dredging in the rivers. He was evidently prosperous, now enjoying a visit from a daughter, just graduated from a college in the

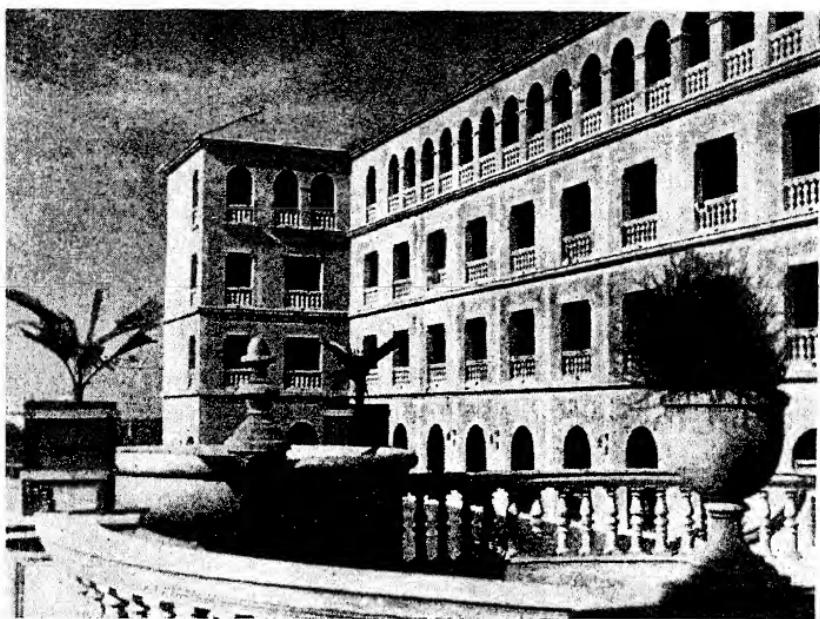
States, while his wife was making a visit here. Another man whom I met later had reorganized the tobacco business in the country, until a grade, equal to the fine Havana, he said, was now ready for export. Still another, whom I met in an airplane — quite a young man — was engaged on his own account in the lumber business with a chum of his own age. He was on his way back to the States to make a contract for mahogany and other choice woods that he was getting out of the jungle east of the Magdalena River.

Returning Monday, December 2, to Puerto Berrío, I spent the night there; but, not having been warned to look out for them, I missed seeing the swallows that come every night by thousands, says Blair Niles, to roost in three palm trees close by. At nine the next morning I embarked in the airplane from Girardot for the short flight to Barranca Bermeja, three-quarters of an hour. One must arrange his stop-overs with care, for some river ports receive calls but once a week, others three or four times each way.

At the landing at Barranca Bermeja, I was met by the local agent of the Tropical Oil Company, who drove me about the place, where there is a refinery, and many storage tanks. After luncheon, I went by rail seventeen miles to El Centro, where the oil wells are, and was

driven to the home of the Superintendent, where I was delightfully entertained for two days. Though I had written and lectured about oil wells, especially on my tour of South America in 1915-16 when I gave lectures in Spanish and Portuguese on the United States and some American industries, I had never seen one. It was, therefore, an especial pleasure to drive about the next morning to see wells being drilled, others flowing, and the homes and a clubhouse of the residents. A few may be interested to know that the oil production here, second in South America to that of Venezuela, was over 20,000,000 barrels for 1930, 2,000,000 less in 1931. My impression of El Centro may be summed up in a dedication which I was constrained to write for their new autograph album: 'Not an oasis in a desert, but a clearing in a jungle: a hive of industry, where contented people in pleasant homes enjoy their labors; their happiness enhanced by the watchful care of the *Jefe*, Mr. Myers, and the delightful hospitality of his charming *Señora*.'

From Barranca Bermeja one may fly over mountains to Bucaramanga, capital of Santander, and thence down to the river at Puerto Wilches; but the trip would have delayed me too long. At Barranca it was necessary to spend a night at the pleasant guest-house of the company, in order to take the airplane Friday morning



REAR VIEW OF HOTEL DEL PRADO, BARRANQUILLA



BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA



to Barranquilla, where I arrived about three. I went to the Hotel Moderno, very comfortable, a room with running water, electric fan and good light, the table better than at Puerto Berrío. Now, however, the Hotel del Prado is open, the newest and one of the finest in the Tropics of the Caribbean. It is on the highest part of the city, a little out from the center, so commanding a fine prospect of ocean, river, and distant mountains. Every room has a bath, and windows on each side; hence always a breeze. On the American plan prices are from \$4.50 to \$6 a day. In this section are fifteen miles of avenues and boulevards, and most of the fine residences of the city. Within three blocks is a modern country club, which I had the pleasure of visiting, equipped with tennis court, golf links, and the customary appointments of such places. It is open to hotel guests.

I give these details, thinking that some persons who may not care to fly may like to know about a new winter resort, which in 1932-33 will be accessible, not only by several other lines of steamers, but also by the new ones of the Colombian Line equipped with all the latest devices for comfort and luxury. Here at the 'El Prado' one may enjoy a more quiet, restful time than at some of the ultra-gay resorts, or may join in sports and social life, make excursions by air or steamer to Santa Marta and

Cartagena, sail up the river to Calamar and beyond, perhaps even be tempted to fly when convinced of the absolute safety of the service here.

With 140,000 inhabitants, the second city in Colombia, Barranquilla is one of the most healthful, and important industrial and commercial cities of Northern South America. The development of the suburb El Prado is due to Mr. Karl Parrish, of Iowa, who has spent many years in Colombia, first as a mining engineer, later connected with various commercial developments. At the time of my visit in 1929, the streets of Barranquilla were in poor condition; but through the agency of Mr. Parrish complete systems of modern waterworks, sewers, and concrete roads have been installed in the town. The city is not altogether American; on quiet streets, old Colombian homes may be found, inhabited by cultured and gracious Colombian families whom it will be a pleasure to meet.

## CHAPTER V

### CARTAGENA: ON THE WAY TO ECUADOR

CARTAGENA, a name known to all the world, was for centuries the Queen of the Caribbean. With a back country rich in gold and precious stones, the city was long a seat of government, of romance, and of adventure. The goal of free-booters, it was so often attacked that it was fortified by massive walls and bastions till it was deemed impregnable. Six times besieged, it was at last captured by Drake, who held it only long enough to escape with a part of the booty. Easily accessible by sea, its beauties are well known and its tales of romance and adventure; for some of which read Blair Niles. It surely deserves a week's visit, as the air service in 1929 required.

A night journey by sea from Barranquilla, it is but an hour by air. The planes going daily up the river started promptly at six; on Wednesday and Thursday, one left for Cartagena, five minutes later. The flight is especially delightful. Sailing north above the river, we soon turn to the left, noting Puerto Colombia with its long pier. Proceeding southwest along the shore, we admire the scattering green hills and headlands. Before we are aware, Cartagena lies

below, rarely beautiful as seen from above, an unforgettable picture of which one has no idea who sees on the same level the city scattered on islands and spits in a curve of the great bay.

On landing at seven, I found in waiting a chauffeur with a car of Mr. Ince, in which I was taken to Hotel Washington, the manager of which, a genial Irish-American, was not brought up, he said, to be an hotel man; just drifted into it. Nor was the building made for the purpose, an old Colonial mansion; though my room, comfortable enough, did have a shower bath. But Cartagena, now increasing in population, business, and tourist travel, greatly needs a new hotel on modern lines, like that in Barranquilla.

Through the courtesy of the gentlemen to whom I had brought letters, it was arranged for me to go the next morning to Mamonal on a far corner of the bay. By launch it is a pleasant hour's sail to the place where a new town was built by the Andian Pipe Line Company and the Tropical Oil, while the pipes were being laid to bring the oil produced at El Centro 350 miles to the port. Here Americans and Canadians are housed in pretty homes; Colombians too are employed. Escorted about the place, I saw the pumping machinery which aids the pipes to bring daily 55,000 barrels of oil to the great tanks holding 80,000 barrels each, or directly to waiting tankers. Many other points of interest



BOCA CENIZA, MAGDALENA RIVER



CARTAGENA



there are besides the fine new hospital with all modern improvements, open to natives and foreigners. This work has been a real stimulus to Cartagena's recent awakening to modern progress, aided also by other interests. Cattle-raising has advanced; the sugar industry is important, with a sugar mill at Sincerín; while invaluable is the dredging of the Dique by the Foundation Company, an old natural channel coming from the Magdalena just below Calamar to the sea twenty miles south of Cartagena. With the work already completed, the Dique, sixty-five miles long, allows passage of all steamers in use on the great river.

After luncheon at Mamonal, I enjoyed a sail across the bay to inspect the forts at the present single entrance, Boca Chica, once guarded by two forts; both now dismantled, one in ruins; but the other, San Lorenzo, still with massive walls and moat; a lighthouse too, is well worth a visit. Here we landed, strolled around on the broad walls, and peered into dungeons. Returning, we pass by Boca Grande, a broader entrance, but for the greater protection of the city in the stormy days of old it was blocked by the sinking of ships and drifting sand. Now there is talk of dredging it out, but that may wait for better times. Nearer the city we passed a lazaretto where lepers are well cared for in isolation, and many are cured.

More perhaps than any other, Cartagena preserves the aspect of a really old Spanish city, with its narrow and crooked streets, its overhanging windows, its many churches, its inquisition, long fallen into disuse; but its appearance is modified here and there by modern office buildings, especially a new and real skyscraper of twelve stories, erected by the Andian Corporation. The Cathedral, and other churches — the San Pedro Claver, named for a famous Saint whose body is there preserved, the Santo Domingo — these may appear of no great interest unless one knows or would learn of the memories which cluster about them. The massive walls and bastions along the water-front, thirty feet high and forty thick, are an attraction unusual. Here everyone will wish to promenade by sunset glow or light of the moon. Curious are the *bovedas*, no longer prisons, but housing families. Outside the walls, along the sandy shore, one may see an old woman digging for water in a *cacimba*; for here in a shallow, temporary cavity will pure water be found.

Other scenes an automobile drive will disclose; the homes of leading officials of foreign companies out on a narrow spit, or in the suburb Manga, where are many pretty villas, and the Miramar Clubhouse, built right over the water. Tennis courts, too, may be seen. Farther out is the Club de la Popa. Everyone drives up the

dominant hill, La Popa, as far as possible and some may climb to the top to see monastery, chapel, and the beautiful view, second only to the one from the air, but better in that it is not so fleeting. The market must surely be visited, and the docks, unlike any others, where the little sailboats come bringing fish and fruit, and where hundreds of burros are seen.

One may meet pleasant people of varied nationality in offices or hotel; one American, here long enough to become acquainted with the people, spoke of the poetic taste of chauffeurs and fishermen; poor and ordinary they seem, but perchance with a type of culture lacking in some of their betters (?).

A delightful trip which I missed is the crossing of the Central Cordillera by rail and automobile; but in a limited time one cannot do everything. Descending from Bogotá by rail or airplane to Girardot, one may go forty-seven miles by rail up to Ibagué, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, a little above four thousand feet. From ancient days there has been a much-frequented mule trail over the Quindio Pass, the highest point above ten thousand feet. Now from Ibagué to Armenia on the west side of the range, there is an excellent automobile road over or on which one may roll along in comfort, beholding beautiful and majestic scenery: snow-capped peaks rising above eighteen thousand feet, deep

gorges, and many accompanying splendors. From Armenia a railway extends up the rich and beautiful semi-tropical Cauca Valley to Cali, and on to Popayán, capital of the Cauca Province, at the foot of an extinct volcano and but seventeen miles from an active one. Here are fine old buildings, a university; and some say that here the best Spanish in America is spoken.

Cali is a larger city, capital of El Valle, important commercially, with fine buildings old and new, a modern hotel, a country club, etc. From this city a railway goes over the West Cordillera, with more beautiful scenery, to the important Pacific port, Buenaventura. The entire journey from Girardot may be made in two days, with one night at Armenia; but better with a day or two spent at Cali, if not elsewhere. I regretted missing the automobile ride over the mountains, which gives a finer and more intimate view than the broader one from the air. From Cali or Buenaventura one may return by air, so making a visit to Medellín on the way back to Barranquilla.

After an interesting week in Cartagena, I was ready to fly south to cooler climates. Although right on the sea, Cartagena seemed warmer than Barranquilla, a few miles inland, where a good breeze generally prevails. The Scadta agent was to send for me at 6.30 A.M., so I was up at 5 and below at 6.20 all ready. A car soon appeared,

the chauffeur saying that he had been sent for me. But he first took me to the railway station; then at my insistence to the office of the company where the agent was not; next, to Boca Grande, miles from the airport, so that only after much wandering and excitement, as I saw the airplane from Barranquilla flying above, did we finally reach the landing-place. The Scadta agent, who had called for me just after my departure from the hotel, flatly refused to pay the chauffeur or to allow me to do so, as I certainly had no desire. The man learned a lesson, I trust, which may benefit others. In good time on board the plane, I departed.

The nine-hour flight to Buenaventura was of great interest, revealing scenes quite unlike those along the Magdalena River. Our route was down the coast, to Sautatá, the plane keeping most of the time over or near the water. Crossing Morrisquillo Bay the land quite disappeared. We had a little rain and more fog, enough to shut off distant views. At first there were occasional clearings, and fishing villages among hills close to the shore, but later the country was flat and all jungles. One rainbow was promising, but followed by more showers, afterwards sunshine and clouds. We crossed a broad wooded headland to the Gulf of Urabá, then sailing over water with unseen shores. A short landing was made at the small but im-

portant town of Turbo on the east side of the Gulf and at 2.30 a longer stay at Sautatá, on the Atrato River, where planes to and from Colón at that time called. Of course I landed, and the genial hotel proprietor offered an orange-ade. Apparently few ladies had flown in this region. We took on two passengers here, leaving one. A Colombian inspector — I forget what he inspected — was one of the new passengers, a pleasant gentleman who lived at Quibdó, the capital and chief city of this, the Chocó Territory. He told me that the journey thither, which we made in two hours, required by boat three days going up the river, two going down. So great is the benefit of Scadta to Colombia.

I took a walk from the landing at Quibdó, a town said to have a population of twenty-five thousand, but appearing to have hardly half as many. The ground was very wet; the way led across a gully with a bridge of slats which I passed; the gentleman who lived here had invited me to go to his house, but I gave it up. Quibdó, however, is a place of real importance, a busy trading center for a large section, a headquarters for gold and platinum miners who find in the streams hereabouts a rich store of these metals; Colombia's production of platinum having been for many years the second largest in the world.

At Quibdó three men came on board to fly to

Istmina, a town on the San Juan River which flows south into the Pacific, while the Atrato, much larger and longer, flows north into the Gulf of Urabá. West of both rivers is the Baudó Range, not a part of the Andean West Cordillera, as has been stated, but a prolongation of the North American system coming down from Panamá and ending where the San Juan turns west into the Pacific. To cross the divide, our hydroplane must leave the water for a while, but the elevation is so slight, twenty-five hundred feet, and so gradual, that from above, the region seems quite level with a few hills here and there.

On our call at Istmina, as a fat woman, a man, and a negress entered the plane, I decided to abandon the back bench, where I usually sat, for one of the armchairs in front. We took off very well, but shortly turned back, as the pilot had forgotten to deliver a package. This time the mechanic had to work hard before our ship could rise. The San Juan Valley, in contrast to the Atrato, is quite narrow, the latter being broad with forested flats.

Where the San Juan turns west, we left it to fly some miles over land to Colombia's most important Pacific port, Buenaventura, on an island at the head of a bay. As we flew over it, the city, of ten thousand people, looked very pretty, with its new mole, docks, and fine ware-

houses, plenty of trees, and pleasant homes. Since the dredging of the harbor, a canal permits the approach to the docks of ships drawing thirty feet or more. It is claimed that the construction of this port placed Colombia at the head of South American countries in respect to the reception of deep-draft vessels. A railway bridge connects the city with the mainland, and there is said to be a new and excellent hotel; but I deemed myself fortunate in being invited to stay at the hangar on the mainland with the nice boys who form the *tripulantes*, as they are called, many of whom I had met in previous flights. Thus I was saved the trouble of going over to the city in a boat and returning early the next morning. I had a quiet, restful time, pleasant chat with the boys, and cool fresh air instead of the sultry atmosphere of the city.

After a good night's sleep, I was up at 5.20 in time for coffee, bread, and jam before going on board the plane. One of the best pilots, Boyd, who during the night arrived by train from Cali, now took charge, and under clear skies we set off about seven. The mountains of the West Cordillera, which farther north are inland between the Cauca River east and the San Juan and Atrato Rivers west, are here close to the coast, with a height in places of eight or ten thousand feet. The entire west



QUIBDÓ, COLOMBIA



BUENAVENTURA, COLOMBIA



coast of Colombia has very great humidity and slight population. Farther down, the visible coast is low, the mountains concealed by clouds. A small rainbow appeared without rain, but rain soon followed, with heavy clouds. Keeping near the land, in pleasant weather we arrived at Tumaco, Colombia's other Pacific port. I had forgotten to get a visa for Ecuador, but, informed that one could be obtained here, I gave Boyd my last three pesos for the purpose. We had landed at a float, but someone going ashore kindly arranged the matter for me. Tumaco, a small place with houses on stilts, offered no temptation to land.

Here at the last coast town I bade good-bye to Colombia, hoping some day to revisit the country so full of charm for the lover of scenic beauty or romantic history, a country which we may hope will preserve its own type of civilization while it advances in certain lines of progress and presents to business men and capitalists opportunities of widely varied character. With the recent development in transportation by air, rail, and roads, and new hotels in Barranquilla, Bogotá, and Buenaventura, Colombia becomes extremely attractive for tourists. By rail and air one may reach Bogotá in four days from New York. Flying from Miami, after a night at Kingston, one arrives at Barranquilla at noon the next day, and on the morrow may reach

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Bogotá at 3.45 P.M. Or, arriving on time at Barranquilla, one may in good weather by airplane express reach Bogotá the same afternoon, in three days from New York City.

## CHAPTER VI

### ECUADOR

ESMERALDAS, the first town in Ecuador — at least for us — we reached an hour and a half after leaving Tumaco. The mountains here lie farther from the shore; one sees only small green hills, no houses, or rarely one alone. Esmeraldas with six thousand inhabitants has importance, receiving calls from small steamers on the way to Guayaquil. Farther on, a steep bluff shows some trees or is bare; again all is green. Now comes a broad bay, and we halt at Bahia de Caráquez, coming down to a float, while a launch brings out needed gasoline. In the town the houses are on stilts, and men and horses are seen along the shore. After a while we make a wide sweep around another bay and over a larger town, Manta, where, without a pause, we merely drop a mail bag. The shore becomes more varied. We fly through a narrow passage, seeming little wider than our wings, between a rocky bluff on the mainland and the cliff of a rock island. Some hills are bare, others green. We fly fast and straight, at times a thousand feet up, and now quite low; but thirty feet above the water, said the pilot. At length we leave the shore and fly over barren country, a short cut to Guayaquil;

for to go around the corner of the Cape Santa Elena and up the Gulf of Guayaquil would add a hundred miles to the journey. In the distance on our right we see the derricks of oil wells near Santa Elena, from which a million barrels have been produced in a year. A half-hour more and there is the city, over which we soon fly in graceful salute and land in the broad Guayas River, where a boat comes out to meet us. The Scadta agent, Mr. Chanange, bids us welcome, escorts us to the shore, to the custom house, and me to the Hotel Cecil; this, the Ritz, and the Tivoli, being called the three best.

Travelers by air or by sea, if they have time to spare, will be glad to spend a few days in Guayaquil. Those appreciating splendid scenery may enjoy an excursion to the capital, Quito, famed as the city on the Equator, of which it lacks but a few miles. Guayaquil, stretching two miles along the river front, Ecuador's only port of importance, is a pretty place. With the yellow fever eradicated it may now at any season be safely visited.

At the Hotel Cecil, American plan, I had a comfortable room with shower bath and salon, on the principal street at right angles to the Malecón. The city, with 300,000 inhabitants, seemed busy and prosperous, carrying on various improvements, widening streets, erecting new buildings, etc. Of course there is a cathedral and

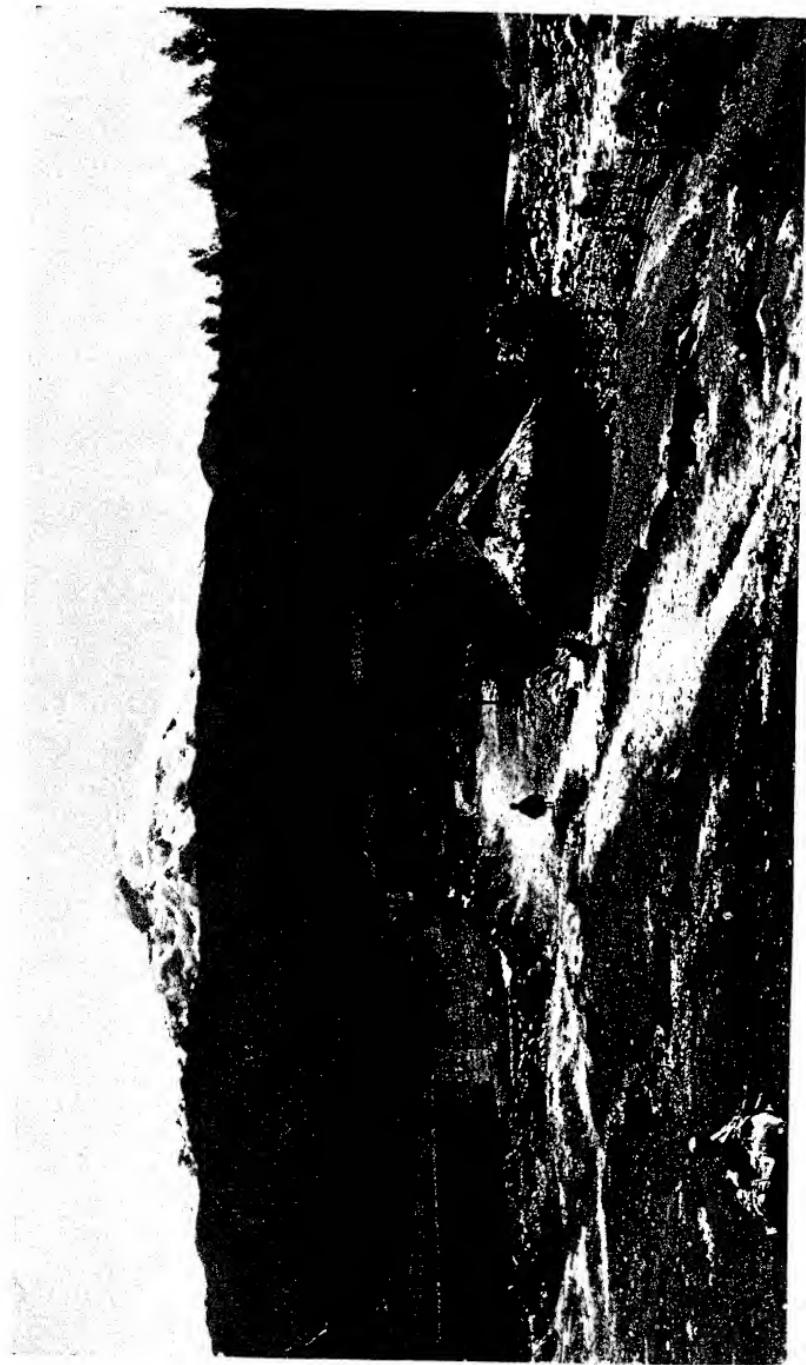
other churches, and good public buildings; several clubs, one of which, the *Unión*, was called by a globe-trotter the second best he had seen in the Tropics. But that was twenty years ago. There is a handsome municipal library and museum, also pretty plazas with rare and luxuriant vegetation, a great hospital on the hill above the town, fitted with modern appliances, a park, monuments to Bolívar, Sucre, and others, and a notable centenary monument to the Heroes of the 9th of October, 1820.

The swift current of the river is noticeable, a strong tide running up and down, six hours each way. By its help small boats may go in either direction with no trouble, but against the current with hard labor. Native *balsas* made of tree-trunks lashed together may be observed, many with small houses upon them occupied by the family. Of purchases to be made, Panamá hats are the most important, the best called Montecristi, for which a good price will be asked; but the sale may be for less. Similar hats, made in Peru, are bought to the best advantage at Paita, but are sold also in Lima.

As I had never been in Quito, I now took the time to make a hurried visit, a two days' journey by rail, though distant but 297 miles. At present Ecuador has military air service only, and that of the Pan-American Grace Airways along the coast. They hope to inaugurate service to Quito

as soon as times are better. Going some miles up the river in the early morning by what is called a ferry, one boards the train leaving Durán at 6.30. The journey is slow, even across the lowlands through tropical vegetation interesting in character, and past sugar estates. At the station, Bucay, fifty-seven miles from Durán, the steep climb begins, 10,628 feet in the next fifty miles, a stiff grade with sharp zigzags. The scenery is of real grandeur, utterly different from the mountain railway to Bogotá, or from others farther south. All who love mountain scenery will greatly enjoy comparing the different types seen among the ranges of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile; not with the purpose of proclaiming the superiority of one to another, but with admiration for them all. The diversity in contour, the vegetation or the lack of it, the snow-fields or the rock cliffs, the beauty or the grandeur displayed among them, all are of intense interest, as is the contrast between Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn.

Between four and five thousand feet the way seems barred; but the American engineer cut a path, by means of four zigzags rising to nine thousand feet. A similar *cul-de-sac* is surmounted to reach the Pass of Palmyra. Before sunset and our arrival at Riobamba, where the night is spent, I was fortunate in having a fine view of Chimborazo, altitude 20,498 feet, a splendid



CHIMBORAZO (ALTITUDE 20,408 FEET)



mountain, if not so high or steep as Huascarán. First ascended in 1880 by the noted English climber, Edward Whymper, it was once supposed to be the loftiest of the Andes: a great mistake, as a dozen peaks farther south are higher.

One does not see the town of Riobamba, some little distance from the station, for too near this are the two hotels where travelers spend the night, distracted and to some extent sleepless from the tooting of locomotives and the rumbling of cars. Leaving Riobamba, altitude 9177 feet, at 6.45 A.M., I enjoy another splendid view of Chimborazo before reaching the highest point of the railway, 11,841 feet, at the Chimborazo Pass. Thence a descent of two thousand feet is made to Ambato in a pleasant valley, where a famous 'Fair' is held, attended by throngs of picturesque Indians. Later we should be admiring the famous rows of volcanoes on each side of the Machachi Valley; but alas! they were veiled by clouds on the way up and down. Not even the beautiful truncated cone of Cotopaxi was visible except in part: the highest active volcano in the world, said to be smoking continually. I thought I recognized the Inca's Head, as it is called, a huge mass of rock (the story goes) torn from the top on the day of the execution of the Inca, Atahuallpa. After crossing a comparatively level and barren section, about 4.30 P.M. we reach a charming green valley, where in

a cone-shaped basin lies the city of Quito. Others who left Riobamba by automobile an hour or two after the train, arrived, I learned later, two hours earlier.

The best hotels, the Metropolitano and the Savoy, are similar to those in Guayaquil, sufficiently comfortable for a few days; but seven sures was enough for an inside room, even though real bathrooms with hot water were near. *Desayuno* was sixty centavos, luncheon and dinner each 2.50; the sucre is worth about twenty cents. Sight-seeing will include the principal plaza with the Cathedral and the Government buildings on the sides, the Jesuit church in scarlet and gold, and of course the market; but of greater interest is the town itself, with the charm of antiquity, narrow and steep streets much as in colonial days, though sanitary and other improvements have been installed: cars, concrete pavement, automobiles, etc.

The hills look tempting for a climb, especially the real mountain Pichincha, sixteen thousand feet, which may be ascended on horseback in a very long day. It has even been done on foot by a young Ecuadorian who, setting out at 3 A.M., was back at nine in the evening, having seen, he said to me, twenty-two snow-capped peaks from the summit: a splendid panorama, well worth a horseback ride, but possible on foot for few. On the other hand, a half-day's journey

will bring one down to a sultry valley, with rich tropical vegetation. Christmas Day I spent quietly, but called the next morning at the Legation, when I was invited, by the Chargé d'Affaires, to return for afternoon tea, as I was leaving the next morning to descend to Guayaquil. Unhappily all of the mountains were invisible on the way back.

For the ordinary tourist, the charm of antiquity, the splendid mountain scenery in good weather, the strange people, the Indians, llamas, etc., may not atone for the fatigue and slowness of the journey, with unconscionably early hours, the nightly din at Riobamba, etc. They will be happier in making the trip by air a little later. The energetic few will enjoy it now. Already, indeed, there is opportunity by another route. The motor road from Quito to Riobamba has been prolonged to the town of Babahoya, far down in the coastal zone on a branch of the Guayas River. Going up or down on the west side of the Andes the scenery must be magnificent in splendor and variety. Babahoya, thirty-six miles from Guayaquil, is accessible from that city by river steamers, which, on a strong flood tide, ascend in eight hours.

## CHAPTER VII

### FLYING IN PERU: LIMA

AFTER six agreeable weeks among unwonted scenes in Colombia and Ecuador, traveling chiefly in charge of the genial Scadta pilots, welcomed by the President of Colombia, and the recipient of kind attention from officials of State and of companies of importance, on a pleasantly cool morning of the second day of the year 1930, I embarked at Guayaquil in a Panagra plane for my ninth visit to Peru.

It was almost like a return to my native land; for here in 1904 I was first offered a genuine home in the Casa Vinatéa at the foot of that glorious mountain Huascarán, highest in Peru, towering fourteen thousand feet above the city of Yungay and twenty-two thousand above the sea. The headlines in our daily papers, which had declared before my departure from New York that I was going to fly over or around my mountain, alas! could not be realized; since the Panagra planes fly along the coast, the route to Iquitos lies far in the interior, and, as I foresaw, no especial plane and pilot were available for my service. The best I could hope for was a glimpse of the almost as lofty Coropuna, two peaks of which,

21,250 feet high, I climbed in 1911, when sixty years of age.

Two miles upstream is the Guayaquil port for hydroplanes, near which a field for landplanes was being prepared by the Ecuador Government. A waiting-room is convenient, but the attraction outside is greater on the banks of the Guayas River, where the tide is ever fighting for control. A plane floating at the bank is not for us, but soon after nine the Panagra arrives from Talara. Quickly passengers, mail, and baggage are disembarked and the two travelers going south are on board.

As the plane ascends, we have a fine view of the broad river, here two miles wide, the city on the right; its old churches, new buildings, and plazas, conspicuous from above. Beyond are low forest-covered banks, though in places a blight has left little in the way of green. Thirty miles downstream we pass the large island of Puná, quarantine station for ships, beyond which the Guayas River is lost in the broad Gulf of Guayaquil. Flying near the left shore, which for a time continues green, we soon reach the real desert, which in Peru extends twelve hundred miles along the coast. At once I begin looking for oil wells, knowing that there are thousands within a stretch of sixty-five miles.

From a passing steamer years ago, I had seen in the distance derricks close to the shore and

some, strange to say, actually in the water. Yes, there they are — oil still rising out of the sea. The wells, I hear, were not drilled in the ocean, but the receding coastline left them out in the shallow water, where the rich petroleum is still secured. This field, the Zorritos, dating from 1883, the oldest in Peru, was opened and is operated by Peruvians. A short distance beyond is the larger British-owned Lobitos field.

After a three hours' flight we descend to the fine harbor of the oil port, Talara, and are soon on shore. A landplane is waiting, to which my companion repairs for his journey to Lima, while I am escorted to the city. One may be surprised that hydroplanes are not employed along the Peruvian coast as in Colombia. The explanation is simple. The ocean along this coast is too rough for a plane, and good harbors are few. To fly over land is the safe and proper course. On the coastal desert a good field is easily prepared, and almost anywhere a landing may be made in safety. Twin-motored Sikorsky amphibians are in use between Panamá and Talara.

It is a pity to fly along the coast without a pause, for every landing-place has points of interest. The wide horizon, the broad outlook, is superficial unless supplemented by a nearer view of details. In Peru passenger and airmail service was inaugurated by the Panagra Company June 28, 1928. Since January 15, 1930, it has operated

for both passengers and mail to Colón. The flight from Arica to Colón occupies three days, instead of the eight or nine by steamer.

In Colombia, at Barranca Bermeja, I had seen, not an oasis in a desert, but a clearing in a jungle. What a contrast is Talara! Is the desert hot? Certainly, in the noonday sun; but with a cool breeze from the sea, the average temperature is lower than at the oil field in Colombia. In spite of this, Mr. Myers, who had previously lived at Talara, preferred his present location in the jungle section of Colombia.

Talara, twenty-five years ago a fishing village, now a city of five thousand people, leads all the ports of Peru in the value of its exportation. 'Petroleum' tells the story. Water from the River Chira, supplied in ample measure, is sold to passing vessels at two dollars a ton. Pleasant houses (for married foreigners), with cheery flowering plants in front, are high above the water; the busy town is below. Enlightening was the sight of a thousand oil wells in a long drive through the centers of Negritos and Lagunitos to the latest development at La Brea, near the mountains. A diversion was a side-trip to Point Pariña, the western extremity of South America, where seals should have been disporting on the rocks, but in the mid-afternoon were not.

On Sunday at ten, I left Talara for Trujillo in a Fairchild monoplane accommodating six pas-

sengers. Twenty minutes later, we reached the airfield of Paita, in 1903 the first port in Peru visited by steamers from Panamá. 'This,' said the Captain, 'is the driest place on earth.' Its appearance did not belie the statement; not a scrap of green was visible; but having heard that in Paita it rains once in seven years and in Iquique never, I inquired how this could be. 'That is easy,' said the Captain. 'In Iquique there are heavy dews; here none at all; and now it has skipped one shower and it is fourteen years since it rained.' This was no idle jest. The next shower occurred after seventeen years of drought. But in 1925 came more than the usual shower. The coast of Peru was drenched all the way down, bringing serious injury — destruction even — to houses, roads, crops, and railways, and immense financial loss to the country. Too much rain in a dry land is as bad as elsewhere a protracted drought. Another downpour has occurred more recently.

Piura, a larger city, though not a port, we reach half an hour later. The landings are a mile or two from the cities, which we see, if at all, only from above. Passengers arrive or depart in automobiles, while others gathered at the fields on foot or in cars to watch the arrival and departure of the planes, then somewhat of a novelty; not so any longer; and excellent waiting stations have been provided. The city of fifteen

thousand inhabitants, capital of the Department Piura, is a pretty picture, conspicuous in a broad strip of green: an irrigated section, noted for the production of a special and valuable variety of cotton resembling wool. With this last it is generally woven; thereby, for many purposes, improving the fabric.

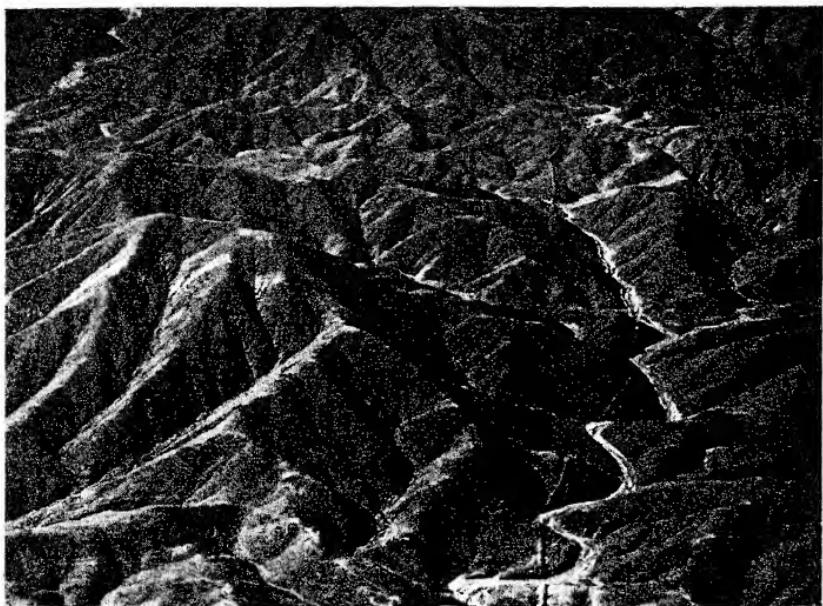
A few miles distant may be descried the town of Catacaos, where most of the twelve thousand people are engaged in making Panamá hats; some of these so fine in quality as to be called 'Montecristi' by a New York dealer, a well-deserved compliment to one I had bought in Paita. Such hats, sold in New York for one hundred dollars or more, are purchased to the best advantage in Paita or Piura. They may also be obtained in Lima, varying in quality and price. The finest of all are doubtless made in Ecuador.

Forty minutes are required to reach the desert landing for the city, Pimentel, again a port. The halts, please note, are made on schedule time, more punctually than on some of our railroads. Gasoline taken on here gave time for a hasty ride to the city, and a call at a fine mansion close to the sea. At 1.10 P.M. we pause at Pacasmayo, at 2.05 at Trujillo, where I descend for a few days' halt.

This flight is of greater novelty than might be supposed. On the right one sees the curving

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Pacific shore, bluffs and beaches with the breaking surf; on the other side mountains: at first low and distant, presently higher and close at hand. Amazing is the contrast defined by a sharp line between the yellow barren desert and the beautiful green of the irrigated lands: a broad belt greatly varying in width along the course of the winding rivers. The plantations of cotton, rice, or sugar, and other products present tints of diverse colors; many cattle also are raised. Interest was heightened by the knowledge that the 162,000 acres of land already cultivated in the State of Lambayeque, where Pimentel is located, were to be tripled through a great irrigation project inaugurated by President Leguía. In 1930 it was well under way when the project was abandoned. An American engineer, Charles W. Sutton, long in the service of Peru, was adding to his fame and usefulness by undertaking to bring from the Huancabamba River, tributary to the Amazon, by means of a tunnel through the mountains, water to supplement the service of the coastal streams. A large landholder of Lambayeque was later reported as a leading conspirator against President Leguía, doubtless preferring to employ Indians and half-breeds at fifty cents a day rather than to risk the purchasing by some of them on the installment plan, as proposed, small tracts of land which they could cultivate for themselves. Leguía's idea of build-



THE GREAT WALL OF PERU



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF CHAN CHAN



ing up a middle class was not popular with some of the aristocrats.

From Trujillo may be visited the famous ruins of the once rich city of Chan Chan, ruled by the Grand Chimú prior to the Inca dynasty, but overthrown by them four centuries before the arrival of Pizarro. With an area of fifty or sixty square miles, once no doubt the largest city of the New World, it now presents a sorry spectacle. Plundered by the Spaniards of gold and silver treasures worth many millions, it proved a storehouse also of pottery and textiles, etc., of amazing excellence. Formerly the plan of the city could be traced to some extent, but the great downfall of rain in 1925 left the then existing walls and palaces practically ruined; hardly worthy of a visit from the ordinary tourist.

In striking contrast, a drive on a fine road up a splendid valley, in places almost a gorge, to Samne, altitude five thousand feet, and Quiruvilca, fifteen thousand, will give intense pleasure to all lovers of scenic beauty. Monday I spent in looking about the important city of Trujillo, and in making calls which resulted in a delightful drive to Samne on Tuesday. There I was entertained in a charming home where no comforts were lacking. Still more enjoyable was the drive Wednesday morning up to Quiruvilca, where are copper mines and a smelter. Here is a point from which Mount Huascarán is sometimes

visible. Of course I wished to have a look. As I was about to ascend a ladder for the purpose, an attendant in tones of horror said, 'You are not going up there?' I responded that I certainly was, and promptly did, with no ill effect; but unhappily the snow-covered range at the south was concealed by clouds. A tenderfoot, going so high in a single day, might well be cautious of such exertion. I once heard of a man who, journeying by rail to Oroya, was dared (criminally) at the highest point, 15,665 feet, to ascend a longer ladder. He foolishly did so, but on reaching the foot again he dropped unconscious. If his heart had not been sound, he might have died.

In this mountainous section are some of the richest properties of gold, silver, and copper, found in all Peru. A few miles from Quiruvilca is the La Guardia silver mine, developed, as they say, 'on a shoe-string,' by the Boza brothers of Lima, who are reported to have taken from the mine four million dollars in five years. It is now operated by the American Smelting and Refining Company.

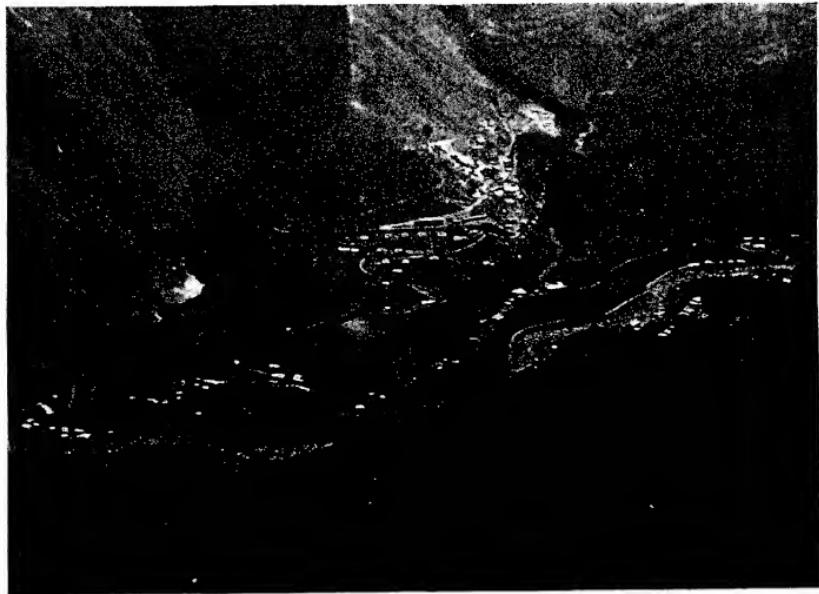
Returning from Quiruvilca in the afternoon, there was time for me to go for the night to Cartavio, one of the large sugar plantations in the vicinity belonging to the W. R. Grace Company. It was dark long before I arrived, and the automobile ride along the beach, much of the



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**HUASCARÁN FROM TEN THOUSAND FEET ALTITUDE**

The North Peak (21,812 feet), at left, was ascended by the author in 1908 and has been named by the Lima Geographical Society 'Cumbre Ana Peck'



**SAMNE, NEAR TRUJILLO, PERU**

Quiruvilca, reached by a lower road, is out of the photograph, to the right



time in shallow water where the tide seemed to be coming in, was not altogether to my liking. Doubtless the chauffeur could make better time on the hard beach than on the poor sandy road at the right, but I confess to feeling more uneasy on this spooky, watery drive than in any other part of my trip of twenty thousand miles. At Cartavio the Superintendent and other American officials have comfortable homes in separate dwellings, while the laborers, Indians or half-breeds, are better housed than in their own *chacras*, small farms. In a village of several thousand they have permanent homes if they wish to remain, as, on account of even climate and irrigation, the cane here may be cut all the year around. Thus far less labor is needed, though the production per acre is double that of Cuba and is equaled only in Hawaii. In the morning I visited the sugar mill, where one year thirty-four thousand tons of sugar were produced; from the roof there was an interesting view of the village and the cane fields. A closer inspection of these followed when returning to Trujillo, where I was to set out for the airfield at one.

The flight of three and a quarter hours, Trujillo to Lima, was made with the same pilot, Moore, who had brought me from Talara; but in a well-filled Panagra Ford trimotor plane, accommodating thirteen passengers. The crew,

besides pilot and mechanic, included a steward who provided luncheon and cold drinks for the hungry and thirsty, also newspapers, magazines, and writing-paper as desired; all free of charge. But the scenery demands the watchful admiration of all save the hardened traveler. We fly over low mountains as well as near them, some showing a little green, while others are brown or gray. All rise abruptly from the desert. A writer who recently flew along here speaks of a 'painted desert.' As in my nine visits to Peru I never saw or even heard of anything of the sort, I conclude that perhaps the gentleman has a good deal of imagination. A veil of delicate mist soon blankets the sea, gradually fading out over the land; but I had a glimpse of the familiar port of Chimbote, the finest on the entire coast, from which a railway now departing penetrates the Black Range by a wonderful cañon into the Huailas Valley. Unless delayed by financial considerations it should shortly arrive at Yungay at the foot of the great Huascarán, when tourists in throngs will visit this wonderful valley, hardly equaled in splendor on this hemisphere, on one hand the Black Range with peaks rising fifteen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea, on the other the White Cordillera with snow-clad peaks twenty to twenty-two thousand feet.

Just beyond Chimbote is Samanco, a port

with a few houses only, where I usually debarked to ride up and over the Black Range to the Huailas Valley by a pass above fourteen thousand feet. At Samanco I was met by a man with animals to take me to the sugar plantation, San Jacinto, for the night. Several days were spent with the hospitable Brysons, their home at twelve thousand feet, their rich silver mines two thousand feet higher. Then I went over the pass, down to the city of Yungay at the foot of magnificent Huascarán, where for weeks the house of the Vinatéas was my home, and headquarters for my several attempts on Huascarán, concluding with its conquest in 1908. A single expedition would have sufficed if adequate funds had enabled me to procure competent Swiss guides in 1904.

All the way to Lima are marvelous combinations of light over the mist-clad sea, the cloudy sky, the rugged shore; and the buttresses of the Black Range, ever concealing the magnificence of the loftier White Cordillera. Ancón, a fashionable watering-place, and seat of the Naval Aviation School, will be noted if clouds permit; at Callao, the great docks, constructed by the Snare Company, the finest and most extensive on the West Coast below Panamá. If the plane does not move too swiftly, La Punta will be observed at the right, a well-equipped bathing-resort with a good hotel, and the edifice

of the Naval School. At the left is the new slaughter-house and cold-storage plant, and the port of Callao; the sights of that city require a special visit by trolley or motor car from Lima. Now we fly over the old and new city of Lima, far surpassing its former limits, to the landing-place at Las Palmas where many automobiles are in waiting as we descend promptly at 5.20. Cordially welcomed by Captain Grow, of the Peruvian Navy, also Inspector-General of Aeronautics, we drive through the beautiful suburb of Miraflores, residence of many foreigners, and up the splendid Avenue Leguía (its name recently changed to Arequipa), lined with handsome new dwellings, to the stately Hotel Bolívar. This, with splendid salons for dining, banquets, and dancing, two hundred suites or rooms, each with bath and telephone, has been pronounced by an enthusiast equal to anything in Europe or America.

The unhappy custom of tourists, who, voyaging thousands of miles, pass Lima with a hasty glance, would not prevail if they knew what they miss. The charming old capital advanced at high speed in an era of wonderful progress under the inspiration and guidance of the cultured, democratic, able, and efficient President Leguía, who, in a Limanian magazine, was described as 'Restorer of the Ancient City, Creator of Modern Lima.' In spite of partial trans-



ANCÓN, PERU: WATERING-PLACE AND NAVAL AVIATION SCHOOL



CALLAO: PORT WORK IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION



formation by the construction of new avenues, parks, and plazas; attractive six-story buildings, office and residential, with elevators and all modern conveniences; up-to-date sanitation, and important public edifices, the best remaining from ancient days has been preserved.

The old Plaza de Armas retains its air of distinction. On one side stands the great Cathedral, founded by Pizarro, largest in South America save the incomplete basilica in La Paz, and containing important works of art. Adjoining is the new Palace of the Archbishop, whose elaborate balcony windows bear witness that the ancient art of wood-carving, exemplified in the old Torre-Tagle mansion, is by no means lost, the Quichua Indians preserving their remarkable skill in this and other handicrafts. On another side of the Plaza, site of the Palace of Pizarro, where he was murdered, is the notable though not imposing Palace of the President, covering a whole block. Here are residential quarters for His Excellency, reception and banqueting halls, patios, and barracks for the guards, ever in attendance.

Americans who still arrive with the idea that the Peruvians are half-civilized and largely Indian would have been amazed, if admitted in 1924 to the Centenary Ball in the Palace, which, in illumination, decorations, refreshments, gowns, and jewelry, could be surpassed in few cities of

the world; in elegance and good taste in none. That a young American was refused admission because he wore a black tie instead of a white one indicates their extreme punctiliousness in matters of dress and etiquette.

The other two sides of the Plaza preserve the fascinating old *portales*, back of which are some of the principal shops and restaurants, and on the floor above one or two of the principal men's clubs.

The new Country Club, of course, is elsewhere, delightfully situated on the sea side of Avenue Leguía, which extends four or five miles to the fashionable suburbs of Miraflores and Chorrillos. Called by some travelers the finest country club in Latin America, it is equipped with every desideratum: an eighteen-hole golf course, polo ground, courts for tennis, squash, and racquets; a swimming-pool, library, ballroom, billiard and game rooms, dining-room, bar, and forty bedrooms. Windows look out on the ocean; the grounds cover one hundred and fifty acres.

Not far away is an institution quite different in character, perhaps also preëminent: the Magdalena Hospital for the Insane. This establishment, due to a millionaire philanthropist, Don Victor Larco Herrera, is a model of its kind; in style, equipment, and management leaving nothing to be desired. The estate, covering more



LIMA

The large building in the middle of the foreground is the Palace of Congress  
on the Plaza de la Inquisición (with trees)



MIRAFLORES, SUBURB OF LIMA



than sixty acres, has above twenty different pavilions and departments. Torture and violence are entirely suppressed, and the proportion of cures is large. Many patients are maintained free of charge; others pay twenty to fifty dollars a month.

A more attractive institution, dedicated during the Centenary, is a new Museo Arqueologico. With a façade in the style of Tiahuanaco, the salons, finished in magnificent detail, contain a vast number of valuable historic treasures. These, classified by epochs, begin with Chimú relics, long antedating those of the Inca period, and follow with objects from other sites: many pieces of gold and silver, pottery, weapons, cloth, utensils; four gold ceremonial vases and sixteen of silver of extraordinary beauty and value, lately discovered, with wonderful textiles, resembling if not surpassing in beauty the finest of India cashmere, still wrapped around mummies of the earliest period, thousands of years B.C.

Time fails to enumerate, much less to describe, the several other museums, the University, nearly a century older than Harvard, the National Library, the Torre-Tagle mansion, two centuries old, a gem of colonial architecture now occupied by the State Department; the various monuments, many presented by foreign colonies to commemorate a Centenary: a clock-

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tower by the Germans, an art museum with Italian paintings by the Italians, a statue of Washington by the Americans, etc. Moreover, scenes of awe-inspiring grandeur and visions of fascinating beauty may be admired, the first in a single day, both in four, and a glimpse of the real jungle in five, as I shall now relate.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A VISIT TO IQUITOS

MY FIRST duty, after my arrival in Lima, was to arrange a new flight, omitted by those aviators who, proclaiming a good-will tour, speed around South America to advertise a special airplane or engine, or to make a new record. My tour was not so announced. From my previous visits and writings, my good will is recognized there. To make a flight to Iquitos, it is necessary to go by rail up to Oroya, down in an automobile to San Ramón, and there take an airplane to Iquitos.

Setting out from Lima by train early Monday morning, I enjoyed, as several times before, this railway ride, matchless in grandeur on this hemisphere. Persons not sure of their hearts would do well first to have them examined. At least they should stop over a day or two at Matucana, eight thousand feet, so becoming wonted to this altitude, then proceeding with less danger of *soroche*, mountain sickness. Except in airship or plane, no one in a few hours can rise so high as by the Oroya or Central Railway of Peru, which from Lima follows up the Rimac Valley, in places a real cañon. One may look up at magnificent perpendicular cliffs rising three thousand feet, dash through sixty-

five tunnels, cross sixty-one bridges, tremble at overhanging rocks, or great boulders half out of steep inclines, apparently ready to roll down upon the passing train, and in seven hours attain almost the altitude of Mont Blanc (or on the branch line to Morococha surpass it), an hour or so later arriving at Oroya three thousand feet lower. To Oroya, every tourist with a sound heart should proceed; others may go part-way.

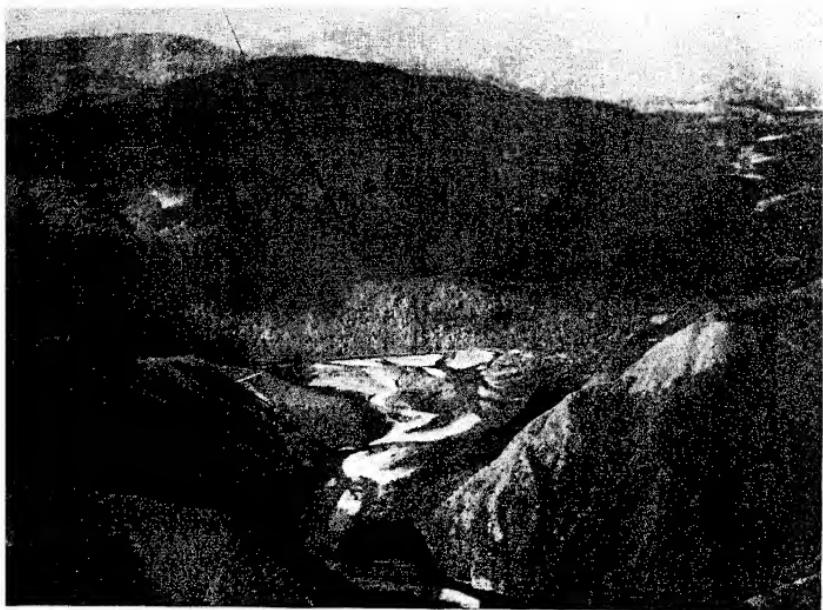
The daily train reaches Oroya about three, in time for one to drive over another range and down to Tarma to spend the night. But arrangements had been made for me to set out a day earlier, and remain overnight at Oroya. Here I was entertained in a pleasant home, where several others were invited to meet me at dinner. Tuesday forenoon I proceeded in automobile over the *cumbre*, one thousand feet above, and down to Tarma at ten thousand feet, where I spent the night in a rather poor old-fashioned hotel. The town of five thousand is well situated in a good-sized basin, where eucalyptus and other trees grow and agriculture flourishes. In the swift descent beyond, the vegetation rapidly becomes tropical. The road over the ridge and down to Tarma is a good one, as is that to San Ramón, except when in the latter section landslides are caused by heavy rains. But most of the way is so narrow that general traffic is permitted in only one direction at a

time. Even so the drive is sufficiently awesome to the timid; the curves are extremely sharp, the slopes below are long, and at angles terrifying to many. But no matter! the drivers are skillful; they *must* be. I would trust no New York chauffeur on his first drive down this valley.

About 7 A.M. begins the ride to San Ramón. Not far below Tarma the valley is almost as narrow as the gorge of the Rimac River; but instead of sublime rock cliffs, the almost perpendicular walls are somehow clothed in beautiful green, large trees growing on slopes of more than eighty degrees. The stream falls so rapidly that the road at times is a thousand feet above, and climbs down in long zigzags on the face of an extremely steep incline. Feathery streamlets from side valleys fall from great heights. Some slopes have lost their verdure for a space, and when there is rain, perhaps the night before, earth and stones perchance come down and block the way. Ahead, three large cars are standing. Can we pass? Are they pausing for breakfast? Ah, no! A small landslide is the trouble. A wait of ten minutes and all proceed with care. Farther on is a longer line of vehicles and a longer wait, while men shovel the wet and still moving gravel to make at last a stretch barely wide enough to permit passage, hardly an inch to spare. A few dwellings and small hamlets are scattered along the way, the former occupied by

laborers for the continual repair of the road. Whatever the conditions, it is a most delightful drive, well worth taking even for one not going farther.

Very different was my first journey down this valley, and in truth still more enjoyable: from Oroya to La Merced, a little below San Ramón, it was a three days' ride on muleback, with time to enjoy to the full the delightful scenery along the way. Bleak, brown, and bare is the *cumbre* above Oroya, and steep at first was the way beyond. (I remember how my miserable mule slid on his hind feet, and how on level ground far below he would stumble over his own feet with no stick or stone in the way.) But soon came green, then trees growing of their own accord, which rarely happens along the West Coast; then a rippling stream with calla lilies growing wild along the banks. (I saw none from the automobile.) The first night was spent at Tarma; the second at Huacapistana, a solitary, romantic hospice, almost over a gurgling river; now visited by muleteers only, though seen at a distance from the new road passing high above, on the side of the valley. San Ramón was our halting-place for the third day's luncheon, La Merced for the night. At the Perené plantation the next day I had my first sight of Indians of the forest: tall, fine-looking, with a proud and stately bearing, garbed in their native dress,



FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES IN PERU



SAN RAMÓN, PERU, WITH FIELD AND HANGAR ACROSS THE  
RIVER ON THE LEFT



flowing robes for both sexes. Good people all, unless they have been ill treated by white men.

The opportunity to fly from San Ramón to Iquitos, the great outpost and port of Peru on the Amazon River, twenty-three hundred miles from its mouth, is indeed a boon to residents of the latter city, to those who have occasion to go there on business, and to the increasing number of colonists along the rivers. The swift carriage of mail only would be a blessing, and a financial benefit to the country. In addition, the possibility of making the journey in two days from Lima (often longer in the rainy season, December to April inclusive) instead of eighteen to thirty, is of great value to all whose time is money, and to those who would not enjoy riding seven or eight days on muleback through the forest, sailing a day or two in a canoe, and six to ten in a launch (for which a wait of some days is frequent) down the Pachitea, Ucayali, and Amazon Rivers to their goal. Welcome is the service of the airplane in such a region.

San Ramón is a town with a single long street, a hotel similar to that at Tarma, clean, and well enough for a single night. Passengers arriving from Tarma, perhaps at ten, may have time for a simple luncheon. The flying-field is half a mile away. In wet weather it is difficult to make a prompt start. Besides myself, two gentlemen were also on the way to Iquitos: a

Mexican experienced in the lumber business, mahogany, about to engage in it with an Iquitos company; the other, Colonel Lopez, of the Peruvian Army. The Colonel and I were assigned to the first plane; the Mexican would come later with the baggage, but I never saw him again.

This plane was the first I had seen with an open or roofless cabin, if that is what they call it: a Keystone carrying two passengers, the pilot sitting behind. A broad good-sized strap was buckled around each of us, and at about eleven we departed, circling over the town and among the surrounding hills to get sufficient height to proceed. Soon we were above beautiful green mountains, but the view on each side was impeded by clouds. Not until my return did I fully realize the picturesque beauty then revealed. An hour or more was enjoyed with mountains below and around, before we gradually came out to the enormous plain, covered with real jungles, interwoven by many rivers.

Puerto Jesup, at the end of the Pichis Trail, is pointed out, where a canoe is taken to Puerto Bermudez, which we see some minutes later. To this point, when the river is high, a steam launch comes with passengers and mail from Iquitos. Puerto Leguía, a half-hour beyond, is a flourishing settlement on the Pachitea River with about five hundred people, a school, church, doctor,

etc., developed by an American from California, Mr. Tomenotti. As in smaller colonies seen farther down, the jungle is cleared, houses are built, cattle raised, and many varieties of agriculture and fruit-growing are practiced. In this and many other parts of South America with a comfortably warm and healthful climate, persons unemployed, willing to lead a simple life, may establish themselves. There is a landing-field for planes, which occasionally call. The concession extends across to the Ucayali River into which the Pachitea soon flows, both streams with many windings. The river, lost behind the trees, again appears ahead. It is often difficult to perceive which way it flows.

About two, we descend to a broad field at Masisea on the Ucayali. The village has twenty or thirty dwellings and a small store; other houses are scattered farther along the bank. We should meet a seaplane here to carry us on to Iquitos, but unfortunately, delayed by bad weather in the morning, it did not arrive until five, too late to embark on a five-hour journey. There is no hotel at Masisea, merely a house for the pilots, where the travelers must be accommodated, though room and meals leave something to be desired. This, the most beautiful part of the flight to Iquitos, the wonderfully picturesque view of the mountains and valleys until they flatten out to the plains, with a glimpse of the

real jungle beyond, may in the dry season be enjoyed in a single day from San Ramón by returning from Masisea the same afternoon.

Happily the next morning was favorable, and about eight o'clock the Colonel and I embarked in the plane, which was floating on the water. The landplane had been housed in the commodious hangar. The seaplane, like the other, had no covered cabin: a seat for two passengers with the pilot behind. Again we were belted in, but with a single strap confining us both; less agreeable, especially in a warm climate. After a while I unbuckled the strap and, as the Colonel did not object, it so remained through the rest of the flight; in my opinion safer in case of a too swift descent to the water, as well as more comfortable. The plane rose easily, and our flight to Contamana, capital of the Province, an hour away, was soon accomplished. This is a regular halting-place for gas, giving us time for a stroll on the shaded parkway along the river, where the Mayor, well attired, gave us cordial greeting, manifesting much interest in the mountain-climber whose fame had reached even the interior jungles. A wide difference in the garb and complexion of the residents was noticeable, as also at Dos de Mayo, where we landed soon after.

The windings of the Ucayali are extraordinary, much worse than an 'S.' A short distance below Masisea the river wanders so far and returns to



AIR BASE AT MASISEA, PERU, ON THE WAY TO IQUITOS



THE RIVER PACHITEA, PERU



a point so near where it was before, that the plane cuts across in five minutes, the natives in a few hours, while a launch requires a whole day for the journey. An unexpected and irregular descent at Dos de Mayo was explained by our cautious pilot, saying that a bank of clouds in the direction we were tending betokened storm, and a wait of an hour was desirable; though to a novice there seemed no real threatening. We were cordially received in a home near the shore by the lady of the house and others. Time passed, the sky was brighter, but as luncheon was being prepared for us, we must needs wait. When this was over and payment offered, the hospitable hostess declined all recompense. 'A pleasure to entertain us,' she said.

The need of a mechanic or a local helper was now apparent. For fear of rain the plane had been covered with canvas. To unfasten the lacings was a long job in which neither the dignified Colonel nor any bystander offered to assist. I should have given aid myself had my apparel and the position of the plane permitted. At last, in haste to be off, we bade farewell to the assembled crowd. More clouds were in the offing than earlier. We had not gone far before we saw at the left a dark one approaching, obviously pouring water upon the already damp forest. From a good distance it was advancing rapidly. We were going at right angles to its course, per-

haps faster; and though it drew near and nearer, we were well beyond its track before it crossed our trail. Soon a similar cloud was seen, still another ahead at the right. We sped onward, deviating slightly from our course, and passed them by. Later, four showers were advancing; one at the left, two ahead with small space between, and a fourth at the right. That we could dodge them all we hoped, and not in vain.

The view below of the curving river and the continuing jungle was less exciting than watching the showers. This was the time when a nervous person might have had thrills. Happier those without them, though, on the other hand, their stories, too, lack thrills.

I had told the pilot of my desire to see the junction of the Marañón and Ucayali Rivers to form the mighty Amazon. The Ucayali is the larger stream, but the Marañón, rising farther west, nearer the Pacific, is considered the primary river. In 1906 I had stood upon a glacier seventeen thousand feet above the sea, the ultimate source, feeding Lake Santa Ana, from which a streamlet flows; and in several places I had observed, even crossed, the river a few thousand feet lower. At last the pilot touches me, points to another stream at the left, and says, 'Marañón.' A few minutes later, we see in front a sharp forested point, at the end of which the waters

partly mingle; and a narrow island, beyond which the union is complete.

Sailing then over the Amazon, the forest at the north appears unlike the jungle earlier seen bordering the Ucayali. The woods are denser, the trees seeming all of the same height, a solid mass which few would care to penetrate, or could without a sharp machete. It grows dusky, but we are nearly there. Houses are seen, and lights; then a real city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Flying over it, we light upon the water close to the dock, and walk up a steep incline toward a welcoming crowd. It was assembled especially to greet Colonel Roberto Lopez, well known in Iquitos as chief of the Commission which, in accordance with a recent treaty, had been engaged in definitely marking the boundary line between Colombia and Peru. A few were also interested in the arrival of 'the heroine of Huascarán,' they said. Especially a young lieutenant who, in addition to the cordial words and hand-shakes of the rest, gallantly impressed a kiss on the top of my head, a polite gesture duly applauded by the others.

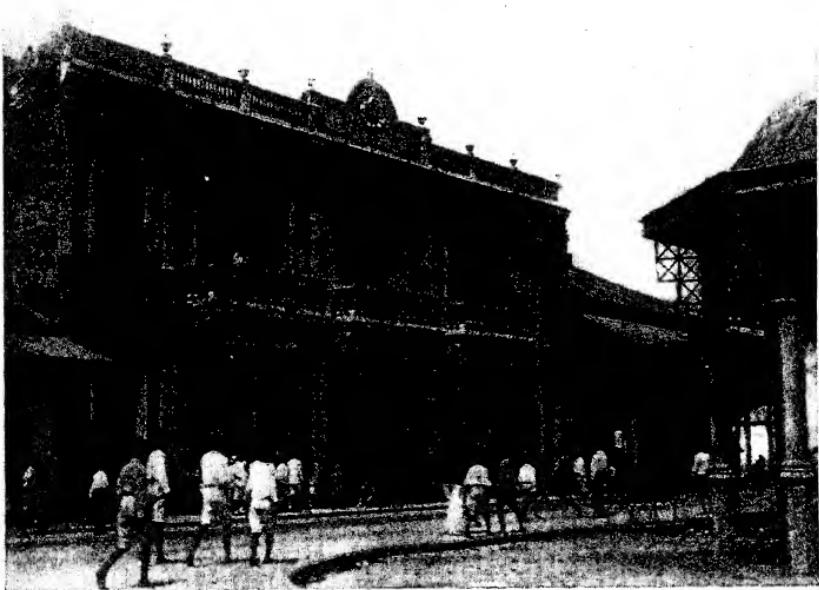
Arrangements for my entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Israel were suspended for an amicable discussion between them and Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Ker, whose telegraphic invitation to me at Masisea had not been delivered. It was finally agreed that I should go to the pleasant

home of the latter, facing the principal square, where my expected stay of two or three days was prolonged to six awaiting the weekly air service. Due to the cordiality of my hosts and the attentions of leading citizens, the time was agreeably spent. Numerous calls were received, among them one from the Prefect of the Department, Loreto, by far the largest of them all, but mainly forest, with less than one inhabitant to a mile. Several cards bore the inscription 'Bienvenida,' or 'Welcome.' Reporters came, too, and my gentlemanly pilot in quite different garb, an army officer, to whose collection I must add my autograph.

Invitations to luncheon and dinner followed, and to a formal tea. On two of my return calls I listened to fine classical music, excellently rendered by lady pianists. A drive was enjoyed about the town; and in the outskirts, past a pretty lake, a park where tennis was being played, and through the forest; for not merely street cars but thirty-six automobiles are here in the wilderness, after journeying twenty-three hundred miles up the great river to a place but 356 feet above the level of the sea. As yet the roads do not penetrate very far into the jungle, but they were soon to be extended many miles to reach a town (or hamlet) in Colombia. In the cool afternoon it was a pleasure to walk past the docks for ocean steamers, which regularly if not



CALLE PRÓSPERO AND PLAZA PRINCIPAL, IQUITOS, PERU



HOUSE FACING PLAZA, IQUITOS  
Where the author was entertained



often call, and to gaze across the mighty river a mile and a half wide, not counting the long island midway.

Especially interesting was a dinner visit at the home of a bachelor, an oil prospector and geologist, living happily in his small zoölogical garden, with a tapir, a variety of rare monkeys, and other animals and birds, gorgeous macaws, etc., all of them real and especial pets. Hundreds of miles of the jungle on both sides of the Ucayali had he explored, where some of his subordinates were then engaged, finding indications of petroleum; with no expectation of early drilling of wells, but with an eye to the fairly remote future. No fear of Indians had he. Friendly persons acquainted with their customs find no occasion for alarm. Not entirely flat is the country near the Ucayali River, but the low hills or mountains are hardly discernible from the air.

In spite of the collapse of the rubber trade (now slightly reviving), which was thought to put a finish on Iquitos, the city is again fairly prosperous; the entrepôt for a thousand square miles, in which diversified farming and other industries are being developed, it is a distributor for a large section of Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. The hospitality received I did not regard as altogether personal, as even with the present air service the town is not thronged with visitors. It is not strange that Dr. Charles H. T. Town-

## 92 FLYING OVER SOUTH AMERICA

send, scientist and explorer, called Iquitos a delightful little city, quite cosmopolitan. There is air service now from Iquitos to Moyabamba, capital of San Martín, in a more mountainous section, which a few persons may like to visit.

## CHAPTER IX

### RETURN TO LIMA

IN THE midst of the rainy season, the weather was bad for flying, but on Tuesday it cleared, and Wednesday I repaired to the docks in good season for the flight appointed for seven. There were three passengers, a lady and an army officer besides myself. The officer and I were seated in one plane, the lady in the other. I regretted that the nice boy (twenty-seven, married, and with three children), my pilot from Masisea, was not allotted to our plane; but I was surprised when at Contamana he exchanged with the other pilot and brought us to Masisea, where we arrived about one. The next day he remarked in Spanish, 'I should like to have you for a passenger all the time,' at which, considering my age, I was much amused. '*Usted muy fuerte*,' he said. Other ladies and some men '*nerviosos*,' and if so they made him nervous as well. *Fuerte* literally means strong. He doubtless meant to say that I had good nerves, was calm and cool. Apparently some others show fear. But if you are afraid, why fuss? You can do nothing about it and may better stay quiet; in readiness to act, jump if occasion demands, spring out in case of fire on landing, or if down on the water.

Though the weather had been favorable for us,

the planes from San Ramón had not arrived at Masisea. None appeared that afternoon or all the next day. On Thursday about two, a heavy storm suddenly broke. To me in my room it came without warning and poured in the window to which I hastened in order to close the shutters. A stream from the passageway was running under the door. I was glad not to be in the air just then. Later I inquired of my pilot what he would have done had he been out at the time. He said, go quickly down to the water (of course he would have seen the cloud coming) and get close to the shore, in the lee if possible. Evidently all would have been drenched, even if the plane were lucky enough not to be sunk. I prefer not to be fastened in when sailing over the water, or at any other time.

On Friday we had given up the idea of departing that day, when I heard a familiar sound, ran out, and saw a plane circling above. We watched it light and wheel toward the hangar, but at two o'clock I had small hope of leaving. Then came the Agent saying, 'You can go in half an hour.' Hastily and gladly I packed my few belongings while the pilot took his luncheon. At 2.45 the Captain and I entered the plane and were off for San Ramón. Two planes, the pilot said, had set out that morning for Masisea, but when separated in the clouds the other evidently turned back.

Our pace was good, and soon after five we settled on the San Ramón field, though the pilot said afterwards that at one time, when approaching the mountains, he thought of turning back. He probably would have done so if his passengers had shown alarm; but as we both sat quietly, he continued. A rather strong wind shook the plane a little, we had some sudden drops, and there were heavy clouds; but these sufficiently broken so that the pilot could see the way. Once I had feared that we were turning back, but the pilot only circled to gain height to pass over the mountains.

The clouds were beautiful, mainly white, heavy on one side but leaving mountains visible on the other; often dense ahead, but broken, some down below, but also broken there. The varied contours, the changing mountains, the forested hillsides, the narrow gorges below, were a continual source of delight. In the distance I saw a river which I recognized as the Perené, making a long circle before it joins the Ucayali, which we had so recently left. Then it was nearer, the plantation, Perené, with its million coffee trees came in sight; a few minutes later, La Merced, in a narrow gorge a little below San Ramón; then our landing-field there and our flight was over.

Unfortunately, we arrived so late that the waiting chauffeurs in San Ramón had on ac-

count of the clouds concluded we were not coming and had departed with their cars for Tarma. We were obliged, therefore, to stay overnight at the hotel and all the next morning, as we could not leave to go up until after half-past one, when all coming down the valley had arrived, or passed on farther. In spite of the very narrow road, our ride up to Tarma was at an extremely rapid rate. We whisked around sharp corners where the slightest blunder would have sent us over the edge, practically a precipice, to land hundreds of feet below. It was useless to worry. The drivers are accustomed to the road, and have no more desire to go over the brink than the passengers. Accidents have happened, but not often.

We reached Tarma by five o'clock, when I at once made an effort to continue the journey, preferring to pass a more comfortable night in Oroya. On inquiry, I learned that I must first obtain a pass from the Mayor of the city, whom I found with some difficulty at his home. Courteous and agreeable, on learning who I was, he willingly gave me a permit, with the understanding that I must not set out until after seven, as cars were now coming down.

After some trouble I finally secured a driver and car at a good price (paid in advance), though less exorbitant than others had demanded. It was already dark when we left, two men besides

the driver, one on the rear seat with me. It did seem a little weird, but I concluded that the men must realize that as I was well known they would get into trouble if I disappeared, so I did not worry about that. The road though narrow was good, and there were no more precipices at the side, merely steep slopes here and there. Lights appeared in the distance. We must halt at the first place possible for an automobile to pass. Again and again we halted to let other cars go by. Some distance from the town my pass was examined. The man at my side apparently had none, and he was obliged to stop. As we went higher to pass over the *cumbre* three thousand feet above, it seemed to me very cold; it *was* cold (it generally is above thirteen thousand feet, especially at night); but the man by the driver in front kindly lent a coat which I put over my knees and feet. It seemed a long, long way. The driver had promised that we should arrive by 9.30. It was more than that when, after crossing the bleak and level *cumbre*, we saw the lights of Oroya a thousand feet below. The driver had said that he knew where my former host lived, who had invited me to stop there on my return; but only after several inquiries, and driving around and around, did I at last find myself at the proper place. No light was visible, but I was safe in a home at 11 P.M., chilled through and through. Cold and

hungry I went to bed, supposed, of course, to have had dinner in Tarma; but I had been too busy to dine. In spite of splendid blankets, it was long before I was warm and comfortable.

I had a good rest the next day, with a late breakfast in bed. A doctor made an unnecessary but interesting call, during which he took my blood pressure and tested my heart with a stethoscope. He then asked, 'How old are you?' I returned, 'How old do you think?' After gazing at me intently for a moment, he said, 'I can tell your age within a year.' Quite sure that he could not, I retorted, 'Do so!' He responded, 'Sixty-four!' 'You are only fifteen years out of the way,' said I. 'I don't believe it!' he emphatically declared; but I think I convinced him of my veracity, though when my eightieth birthday was to be celebrated in New York nine months later, it appeared that many had shared his opinion.

In spite of the ever cool climate at 12,178 feet, some persons might like to spend a day or two at Oroya, a much larger and busier place than in 1903 when I made my first visit. For in recent years the Cerro de Pasco Company has transferred the smelter from near Cerro to this place; the larger new one, capable of treating three thousand tons of ore daily. The whole, with up-to-date equipment including power plant and a great reservoir with capacity

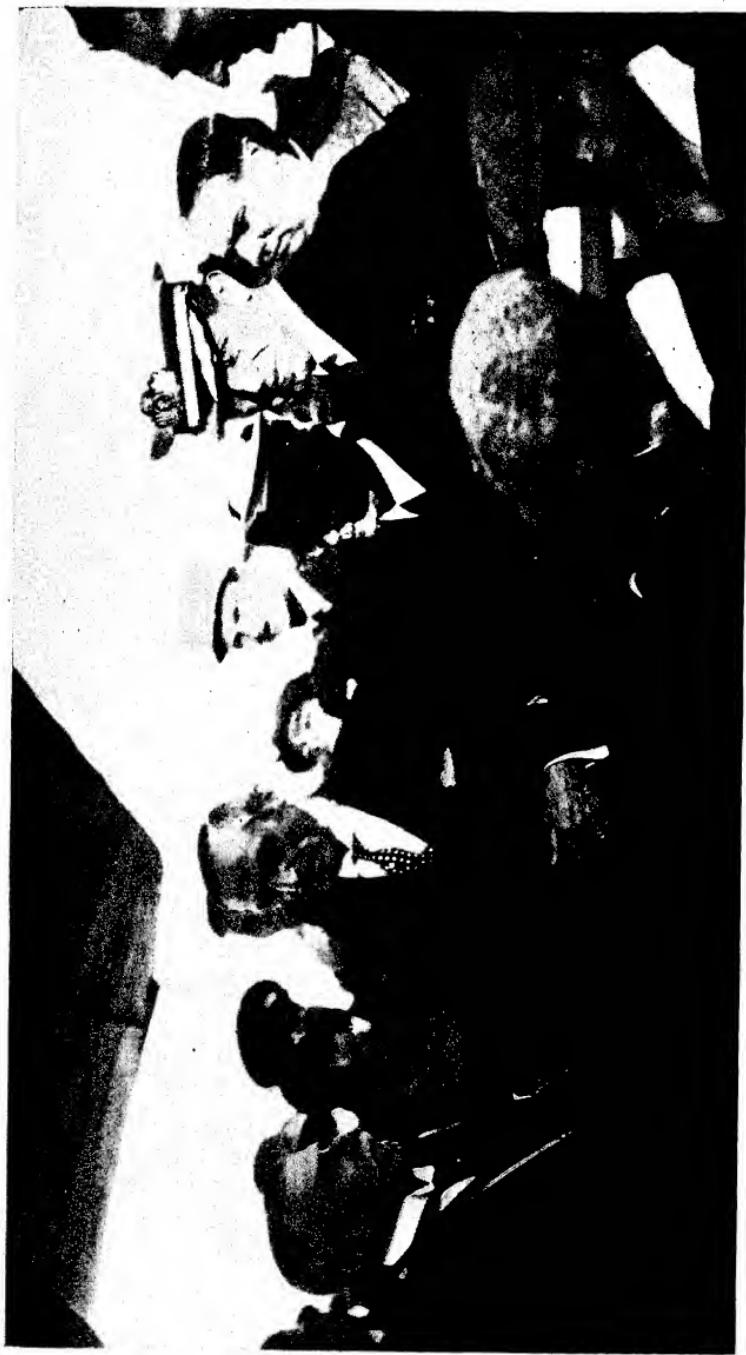
of a million gallons, is said to have cost fifteen million dollars.

I should have been glad to go south from Oroya to Huancayo, seventy-eight miles, long the terminus of the Central Railway, and to Huancavelica beyond, famed for rich mines of quicksilver. Cerro de Pasco, ninety miles to the north, site of the world-famous copper mines, I had visited in 1906. Traveling in either direction one would see hundreds of the plateau Indians, Quichuas, who perform most of the labor in the mines of that region, as well as in the haciendas, great estates or plantations along the coast. These Indians, of course, are of an utterly different type from the various tribes in the low country east of the mountains. But my trip to Iquitos had occupied two weeks, and I felt that I must hasten my return to Lima; so on Monday I once more enjoyed the splendor of the Oroya Railway, the majesty of whose cliffs is beyond compare. On the way down, perhaps when above fifteen thousand feet, the train conductor politely inquired how I felt. I promptly replied that I was all right, which he seemed to think remarkable, as young women, he said, were flopping. I enjoyed a good meal at luncheon, and pleasant chats with several traveling men on the way, as well as the familiar scenery of which I should never tire.

Happy again to be in Lima, I repaired to the

Hotel Bolívar, where I was glad to spend some time, and to renew my acquaintance with President Leguía, whom I first met in 1904, when he occupied the post of Minister of Hacienda, the Treasury. Through his prompt interest in my purpose to ascend Mount Huascarán I was favored with entertainment at the sugar plantation, San Jacinto, on my three journeys over to the Huailas Valley. To his initiative as President in 1908, I owe the honor of the very beautiful heart-shaped gold medal, twenty-two carats fine, bestowed upon me by Governmental Decree. On one side is a representation of the mountain, on the other the inscription, '*Nadie llegó antes que ella a la cumbre del Huascarán*' — in English, 'No one arrived before her at the summit of Huascarán' — a prettier phrasing than to say as we might do, that she was the first to reach the summit. It may be added, as a paper in Rio stated, that 'No one has arrived there since'; also, that no other American has attained so great an elevation on this hemisphere, the record of 21,812 feet, made in 1908, unbroken after twenty-four years.

During my interview with President Leguía, I remarked that very likely I should not see him again; another visit was doubtful, since I was now in my eightieth year. 'I don't believe it!' he exclaimed; but I assured him that it was even so. I did not, however, dream that after



PRESIDENT LEGUÍA OF PERU SPEAKING

The man next to him is Ambassador Moore; then come Admiral Loyaza and Commander Grow (the taller) in naval uniform



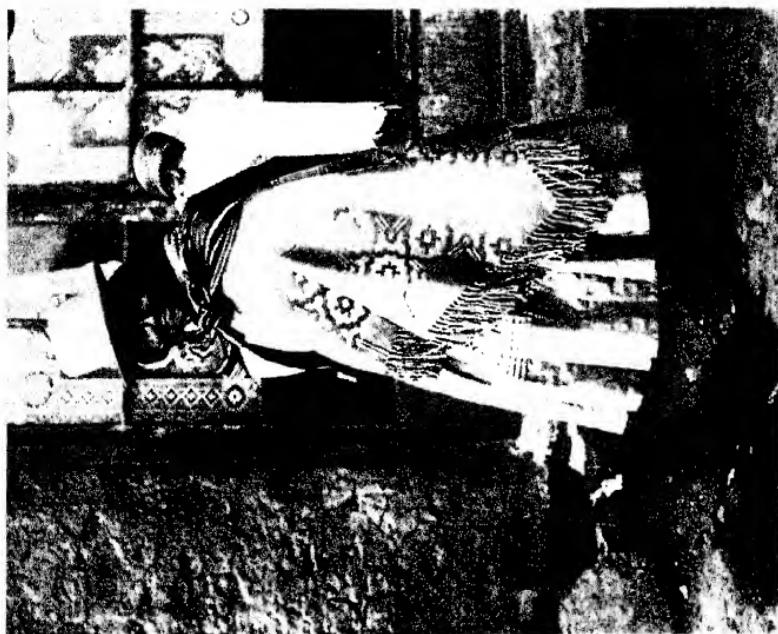
his election in 1929 for a third consecutive term, and the wonderful service he had rendered to his country, he would in a few months be expelled from office and confined in prison *incommunicado* until his death in January, 1932. In spite of his tragic and unmerited fate, I dare to repeat the final words which I wrote in a beautiful album, presented to him as a souvenir of the Centenary of the Battle of Ayacucho: 'When the next Centenary comes around, with those of Bolívar and Sucre, the name of Leguía will be honored as that of the great President who first set Peru on her forward march to the place she will rightfully hold as one of the leading Republics on this hemisphere.'

One night in the Centro Naval during a Venetian fiesta on the Bay, Señor Leguía said to General Saenz Peña, 'You Argentines are proud that your capital is a great port. Within fifty years we shall have the satisfaction that Lima is united to Callao and is a great port like Buenos Aires.' The General replied, 'It is very possible that it be so.' Eighteen years passed. The fine Avenue Progreso connects the two cities, buildings were going up between, splendid docks have been constructed. Now there is a pause; a setback even. But some day the dream of Leguía will be fulfilled.

Engaged while in Lima in writing and in procuring data for revision of my earlier books,

I regretfully resumed my journey, fidelity to what I had undertaken preventing the renewal of delightful acquaintance with the many charming people, society leaders, and women prominent in club life and in educational and philanthropic work, from whom I had received attentions on previous visits. Of my old friends I met only the Brysons, now living in Lima, who, on my several mountaineering trips, had been my hosts above, and Victor Pezet (brother of the late Ambassador Adolphus Pezet), whom I first met in 1906 in Chimbote as American Consul. He was now greatly interested in having my 'Industrial and Commercial South America' translated into Spanish for circulation on that continent.

The condition and prospect of aviation in Peru may be of interest. Commercial service along the coast, begun by Panagra in June, 1928, is carried on by the Panagra and Faucett Companies, both American. The Panagra planes included twin-motored Sikorsky amphibians for four passengers, with a crew of three, and three trimotor Fords for thirteen passengers, with a crew of four; all of these affording service by radiograms; also six Fairchild monoplanes for six passengers, with a single pilot. Mail is now transported twice a week between Montevideo and Panamá. Passengers have been carried be-



A CHOLA OF BOLIVIA



A PERUVIAN LADY



tween Panamá and Arica, but in September, 1931, international passenger service was inaugurated between Cristóbal and Montevideo, 4545 miles. In the other countries there is no restriction, but, as Chile has local Government service, Panagra is restricted to carrying passengers through Chile, leaving them at any station in the country or taking them from Chile to a country outside. Local service is not permitted. The Faucett Company, with four Stinson-Detroiter planes for five to seven passengers, provided service twice a week from Lima to Talara, and once from Lima to Arequipa. Both companies supply special service as may be convenient.

The Government had a Minister of Marine and Aviation with, early in 1930, an Inspector-General of Aeronautics, Captain H. B. Grow, of the Peruvian Navy, Commander in the Naval Reserve of U.S.A. His first work, 1924-25, was the development of the Ancón Naval Flying School, then counting thirty-two flying officers including seven students. In 1928, a similar work was undertaken for the Military Flying School at Las Palmas, which in 1930 had thirty-two officers with twelve students. In February, 1930, eighteen planes were in Government service, six of these in the mountains; and new planes had been ordered. The first service opened by the Government, January, 1928, was the San

Ramón, Masisea, Iquitos, operating weekly in the rainy season, December to April; the rest of the year twice a week, when fine weather usually permits through service in a single day. From Iquitos there was a service twice a month to Yurimaguas, important port on the Huallaga River, and to Moyabamba on the River Mayo.

Another line was to be established from Pacasmayo on the coast to Chachapoyas in the Marañón Basin; to be continued to Moyabamba, thus forming a second route to Iquitos. In a very different direction a line was proposed to Puerto Maldonado with a population of two thousand, capital of the Province, Madre de Dios, and on a river of that name, tributary to the Madera. Far to the southeast, six hundred miles south and two hundred and fifty miles east of Iquitos, so remote as to be a fortnight's journey from anywhere, this town would then be four hours by air from Masisea and two or three days from Lima. By this plan of Leguía's, the outermost edges of Peru would be connected with the capital city, colonization speeded, Indians attracted to civilization, and progress of all kinds advanced.

## CHAPTER X

### SOUTHERN PERU

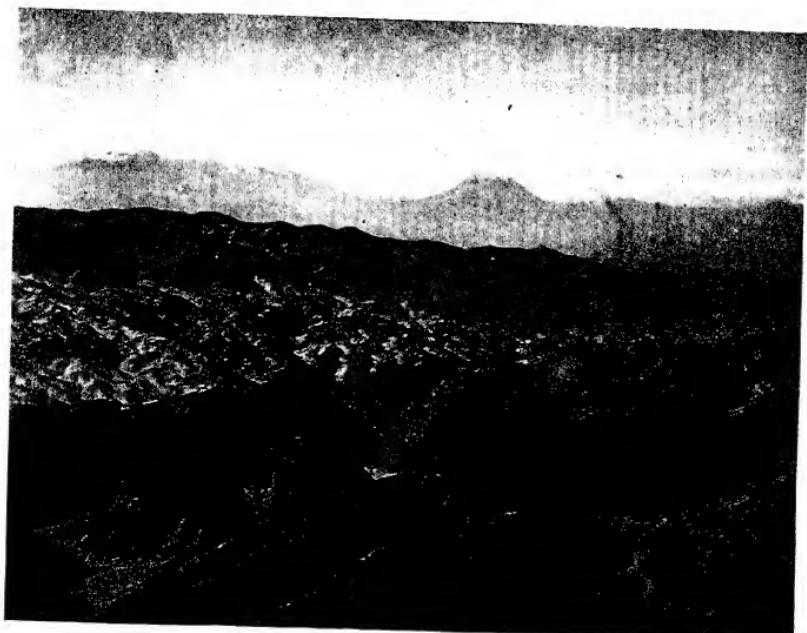
IN ACCORDANCE with my plan to make use as far as possible of all the different air lines in South America, I desired to go from Lima to Bolivia where such service had been established for several years. If proceeding directly to Chile, I should have continued with the Panagra to Arica, in order there to transfer to the Government Line, the only one then allowed to transport passengers in the country. There was no air service to Bolivia. The best I could do was to fly to Arequipa, thence travel to La Paz over the familiar route by rail to Puno, steamer to Guaqui, and rail again to La Paz. Desiring, as I said, to try all the various lines, I flew to Arequipa with the Faucett, which has a field in the vicinity of the Country Club. It was a gray morning, February 21, when a little before ten I arrived at the field. Unusual weather had prevailed in this the Peruvian summer, which is generally warm and dry (not too warm, in spite of being in the tropics), with no fog. This season mist had been frequent and even light showers were occasional. Fog is expected along the coast of Central and Southern Peru from May to October, but not in the summer.

At the field, the morning was said to be favorable for flying, with mist in evidence only along the shore. A good view was had of Miraflores, Barranca, and Chorrillos, Lima's beautiful coastal suburbs, although some clouds already appeared beneath us. Presently we fly over low mountains, green at the top, but brown toward the base. At first the scenery resembles that at the north, but it soon changes. Instead of a sandy desert little above sea-level with single detached hills, or an occasional range coming down to end in a coastal bluff, there lies, between the mountains and the sea, a desert elevated three or four thousand feet, broken by cañons in which rivers come down, serving to irrigate lands near the shore. This plateau from above appears to be bare rock with slight irregular depressions, rounded curves, and strange markings; some of these as if made by rivulets, others queer, looking like corrals, or a hacienda, a house and grounds, but with no speck of green or soil.

· A large tract of green fields with scattered houses now appears: Cañete, no doubt, a section where agriculture has lately been extended through an irrigation project executed by President Leguía; the land thrown open to purchasers on the installment plan for the benefit of common laborers. At first we fly near the shore, then farther back. The plane shakes and dips, more than before, with slight drops. The moun-



MOLLENDO, PERU



FOOTHILLS WITH CHACHANI AND EL MISTI IN THE DISTANCE



tains are near. Now descending to a very large green valley, we make our first call near the city of Ica, very pretty from above, with good houses and many trees, sixty miles by rail from the port of Pisco. The Province is famed for producing fine grapes and wine, with a variety of other products.

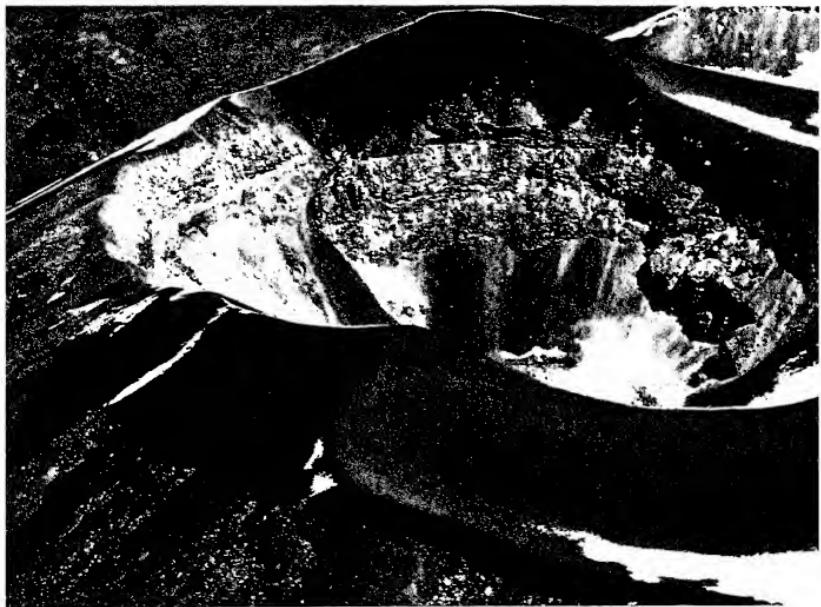
Near the coast town of Camaná, where we make our second call, I had hoped to see in the distance the splendid snow-covered Coropuna (climbed in 1911, 21,250 feet, when I was already past sixty), Peru's second highest mountain; but adverse fate willed otherwise. There was only gloom, clouds concealing the entire range. Ahead, too, dense clouds were lying across our route, for Arequipa is by rail one hundred miles inland. The weather is unprecedented. The plane aimed straight for our goal, but when neither the ground below, the city in front, not even the volcano El Misti, 19,200 feet high at whose base Arequipa lies, nor the mountains, Chachani and Pichu Pichu, on either hand, were visible, advance was impossible. Our pilot turned west; but still hoping to find a loophole, he curved again toward the city. In vain! With no desire to dash against a mountain, he again flew west, where the skies were clear, and surprised us by landing in sight of the ocean on the field of Mollendo at half-past five. Terminus of the South Peruvian Railway, it is noted as the worst port in Peru.

The hotel where we spent the night I was happy to find enlarged and greatly improved since the time in 1904, when, after spending a few days there, I called it a wretched little place. Now there is far more travel. The rooms are clean, the dinner was unexpectedly good, and the service satisfactory. The next morning at ten, in spite of dense clouds concealing the steep rocky slope which leads up to the plain above, a desert, famous for the beautiful curving sand-dunes twenty feet high which ever move slowly over it, we began climbing, climbing, till we were above and over the thick white tufted spread covering the plateau, at first from three to four thousand feet above the sea. No land was visible; merely a dark shadow toward which we fly, doubtless veil-covered mountains. Presently the clouds beneath were thinner, there were glimpses of brown earth, then more; but we have missed a sight of the gracefully curving sand-dunes observed from the train, as they traverse this portion of the desert. Now we see green grass, houses, and trees. Soon 'Arequipa!' is the cry. Hardly half an hour had passed when we descend to the field on the lower slope of El Misti, at a short distance below the city.

Near the hangar automobiles were in waiting, one of which I entered, and I was soon on the way to Quinta Bates, a hotel-pension of which I had long heard and written, but never before enjoyed.



EL MISTI AND THE CITY OF AREQUIPA



THE CRATER OF EL MISTI



Its popularity is so great that few casual transients are able to secure accommodations. This time, having telegraphed of my coming, I was cordially welcomed by the genial American hostess, 'Tia' ('Auntie') Bates, as she is called, being 'Aunt' to all the English-speaking folk who frequent this section.

I might have taken the night express to Puno, but our failure to penetrate the fog and the forced visit to Mollendo prevented this. The Panagra pilot chanced to find a loophole, so that a passenger who was eager to go on caught the train at Arequipa. It is, however, desirable for the ordinary tourist to pause a few days at this delightful spot, both to visit an interesting city with a day climate of perennial June (the nights more like November), and to become wonted to the altitude, about seventy-five hundred feet, before going up to Bolivia.

The second city in Peru with a population of sixty thousand, the place, having an ample supply of water from the Chili River, is a garden spot in the desert. On the lower slope of El Misti, it is sheltered from the winds by this mountain and its neighbors, which in every direction provide delightful vistas. To Arequipa, seldom visited by rain or mist, in the wonderfully clear atmosphere the beautiful cone-shaped Misti presents an admirable picture, with the loftier Chachani on the left and Pichu Pichu on the right; by moonlight a scene of rare loveliness.

A favorable view of Misti is enjoyed from the principal plaza, which has on one side the Cathedral, more imposing within than without. On the other three sides are stone *portales*, called the finest in South America. Among other objects of interest are several churches, a fine market covering two and one-half acres, a splendid hospital to which the Goyeneche family donated more than half a million dollars, a picturesque garden, etc.

A unique possibility is the ascent of El Misti, the summit, 19,200 feet, probably the loftiest height in the world to which one could ride on muleback. Years ago, when the Harvard Observatory here had a station, a bridle-path was made to the top, where observations were taken. In 1903 I made this ascent, and went to the bottom of that half of the crater which was not smoking. Part of the way down I slid on the ashes, and pocketed some pure sulphur crystals which I still have somewhere. After climbing the wall between the two parts — not so easy as sliding down — I had a good view of the slightly smoking crater. It would be more difficult to ascend the mountain now, as the pathway, no longer in use, may have utterly vanished. It would be no joke to walk up. It is much less fatiguing, though more dangerous, to scale rock cliffs or steep slopes of snow.

Happy to have enjoyed for a few days the

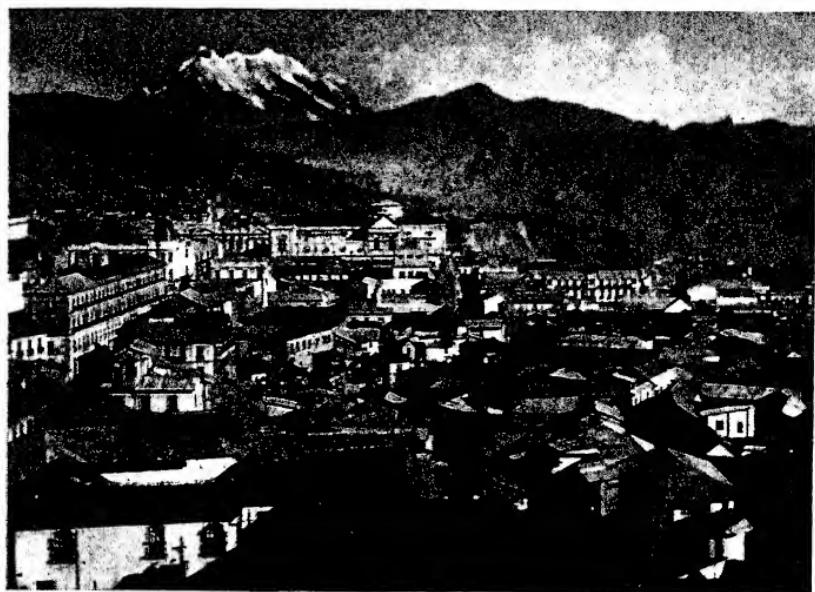
hospitality and good food found at Tia Bates', I went on to La Paz by the route I first followed in 1903. Had I not (in 1908) visited the ancient Inca capital, Cuzco, which should be omitted from no one's itinerary, I must have spared a few days for the trip. The hotel at the station is called good, the location of the city is said to surpass in beauty other world-famed sites, while the wonderful ruins with their historic associations cause some persons to consider their visit to Cuzco the high light of the entire tour. The opportunity now opened to visit easily the extraordinary remains in the neighborhood, including Machu Picchu (discovered by Hiram Bingham) amid scenes of incomparable loveliness, is an additional incentive to the traveler.

## CHAPTER XI

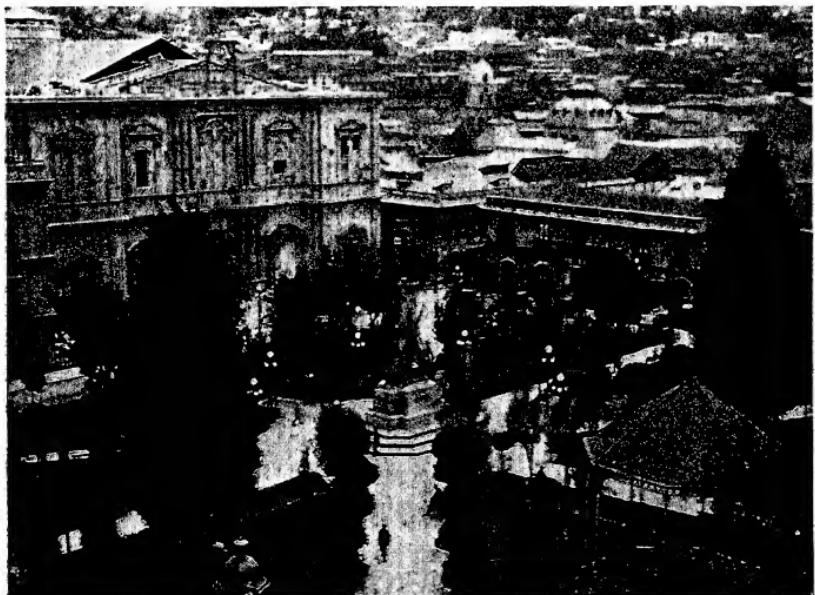
### BOLIVIA

THE sail at night across Lake Titicaca, twelve thousand feet above the sea, from Puno, Peru, to Guaqui in Bolivia, is especially memorable for the morning view of the hundred-mile stretch of the magnificent snowclad 'Cordillera Real,' from Mount Illampu to Illimani, the range also visible at times in the railway ride across the desolate plateau. Then comes the astonishing spectacle of the unique city of La Paz, as seen from above, a strange but fascinating place in a cañon more than a thousand feet deep, yet twelve thousand feet above the sea: the highest capital city in the world. Two railways from the 'Alto' now descend the walls of this cañon, which in many places are far too steep to climb.

From the Hotel Paris on the principal plaza, the Murillo, one may see on the opposite side the Presidential Palace, where in 1908 I attended a grand ball, the elegance of which would surprise those who see the queerly costumed Indians and Cholos on the streets or at the market-place: ladies gowned in the latest Paris modes, refreshments most elaborate; with dancing from eleven to seven in the morning. Across the corner at the left is the newer Hall of Congress.



A PART OF LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, WITH MOUNT ILLIMANI IN THE BACKGROUND



ANOTHER VIEW OF LA PAZ



Next to the Palace is a great cathedral long in construction, capable of seating twelve thousand persons, and designed to be the largest and most expensive basilica erected in South America since the Independence. Other attractions there are, but the llamas, the Indians and Cholos in their quaint costumes, with queer customs, and the scenic splendors, the strangely carved cañon walls above which, farther down, looms the magnificent snow-crowned Illimani, must long be the chief sources of interest.

Knowing that Bolivia had for several years possessed an airplane service, as one had been installed as early as 1925 between Cochabamba and Santa Cruz, I had hoped that it might be available for me. I soon learned the difficulties. I must first go by rail two hundred and fifty miles to Cochabamba, headquarters of the company. Service in the then rainy season was likely to be delayed either by storm or soft ground. With the greater part of my air journey still before me, it seemed inexpedient to run the risk of being detained a week or two in a jungle or in some other out-of-the-way place. Accordingly, I concluded to be satisfied with a promised flight in a Government plane over the great and splendid mountain, Sorata or Illampu, over twenty-one thousand feet high, whose summit I almost reached in 1904, and might have quite, had not my companions refused to proceed

when we were but a few hundred feet below the goal.

But the complications in celebrating Easter created delays. Government permission was slow to become action. In the end, the day arrived when I was to leave by rail for Arica. A person who was to call at ten o'clock to take me to the field on the Alto, to which there is now a motor road as well as the two railways, failed to arrive. Finally, the Englishman authorized to pilot me on the flight, who was then at the hangar above, telephoned that after several trials he had found it impossible to get the heavy trimotor Ford off the ground, which had been softened by a shower. The flight must, therefore, be abandoned. This was a bitter disappointment.

Bolivia really has now an extensive air service by the Lloyd Aereo Boliviano, which has a workshop and a school of Commercial Aviation at Cochabamba. The service includes semi-weekly flights — Cochabamba to Santa Cruz and Cochabamba to Sucre; a flight weekly from Cochabamba to Todos Santos and Trinidad at the north, liable to suspension during the rainy season; and further a service twice a month from Santa Cruz to Puerto Suarez, on the Paraguay River, and to Corumbá in Brazil. Connection is thus made with steamers on the Paraguay River to Buenos Aires and with the Brazilian Railway to São Paulo.

## CHAPTER XII

### CHILE: ARICA TO ANTOFAGASTA

WITH the greater part of my flight still before me, it seemed necessary to depart from La Paz by the weekly train to Arica, Thursday afternoon, March 8, thence to observe Chile from the air. Being happily immune to sudden changes of altitude, I found the journey very comfortable, including a good dinner and morning coffee. Ordinary tourists I advise, if convenient, to avoid this night journey, the shortest to the coast, whether going up or down, as the drop or ascent of fourteen thousand feet in a few hours is to the majority more unpleasant by night than by day. However, oxygen is always at hand if needed. An offer was made to an American lecturer coming up from Santiago to travel by air. Although he had flown across the Andes, he declined, and made the ascent by rail, but he gave the lecture with difficulty. It is probable that he would have been in better condition had he made the trip by air.

I should have been grateful, indeed, for such an opportunity; for in addition to a magnificent view of the deep cañon of La Paz from a height, and of the great snow-capped peaks at the east, I might have had a glimpse, west of the western

range, of a practically unknown cañon, the Jamiraya, said by two English explorers whom I once met to have walls rivaling in height those of the Yosemite, and in gorgeous tints those of the Colorado.

At Arica one may recall the long controversy between Peru and Chile over its ownership, the unfortunate and fruitless mandate of our President for a plébiscite, and rejoice that at last the long-standing imbroglio was settled through the coöperation of the Presidents of the two countries, Leguía and Ibañez, whose great service in this direction seems hardly to have been appreciated. Close to the splendid hotel, the finest on the coast except the Bolívar, is the famous great rocky Morro, where June 7, 1880, seventeen hundred Peruvians, surprised in a land assault by four thousand Chilians, perished after a heroic defense. Colonel Bolognesi, having used his last cartridge, was killed, and many soldiers leaped over the edge of the cliff, preferring this death to slaughter.

Arriving at Arica soon after nine, I was happy to find the hotel Pacifico fully up to its reputation. Pleasant calls were made on the Governor of the Province and the Superintendent of the Railway to return thanks for courtesies rendered, and arrangements were made during a stroll about the neat and attractive town for my departure the following morning by air. The

passenger air service in Chile has been a Government monopoly. Foreign lines were welcome to bring passengers into the country at Arica or Santiago for transfer to Chilian planes, and were allowed to continue with mail if they so desired, as the Panagra Line had been doing since December, 1929. Now, however, Panagra may bring passengers from other countries to any point in Chile, or take them out, but may not engage in local service.

It may be noted that Chile is regarded as the foremost flying nation in South America. Her Military Air School was founded in 1913. Chile is the only one of the countries in which general service is maintained by the Government and carried on by its own citizens. Colombia, on the contrary, is famous as having the first permanent air and passenger service established anywhere in the world, beginning in 1920, but carried on by foreigners.

On Saturday morning the weather was fine, and driving to the field, I soon embarked in a Fairchild monoplane, expecting to arrive in eight hours at Copiapó, and on Sunday at Santiago after a flight of five hours and a half. Alas, I was sadly disappointed, as I shall now relate. The plane was comfortable, with a single pilot and room for four passengers; there were two, gentlemen, besides myself. All of the country is desert: the plain over which we fly, the high

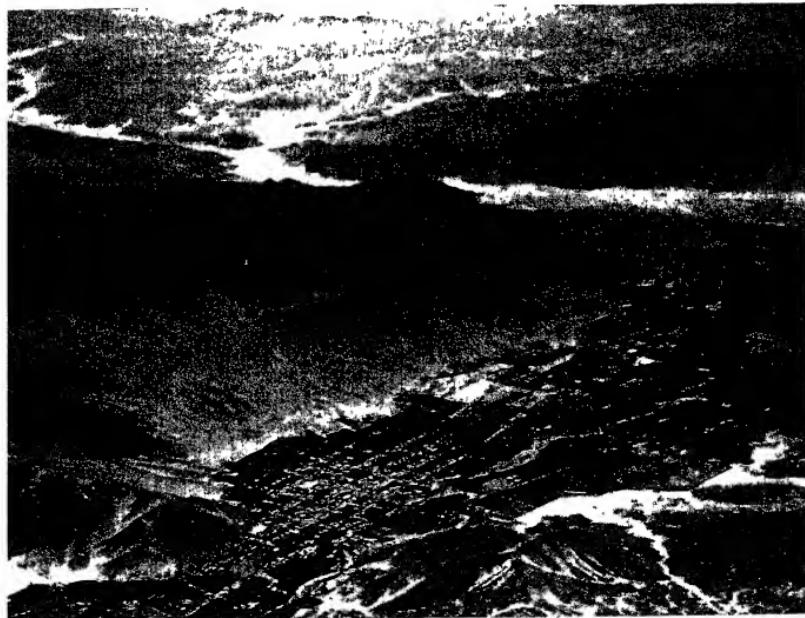
mountains, hardly visible at the left, and the low hills concealing the ocean on the right. The nitrate section begins a little farther down, in the Province of Tarapacá, Arica containing none of this rich fertilizer.

Our first call was made in an hour and a half on the field near the city of Iquique, where one passenger departed. The city was long noted as the leading nitrate port, a position now held by Antofagasta. This desert region differs from the Peruvian coast in the fact that Peru needs only water to make the land blossom like the rose; but in this region it is necessary to provide soil as well as water in order to have grass and trees for their parks and plazas. Formerly water was conveyed to Iquique by ships. In those days they had their little joke by saying that people drank champagne because water was too expensive, at times two dollars a gallon. It is reported that two miners of that period, once making a feast, sat down with two cans of pâté de foie gras, a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy; and two cans of condensed milk which was eaten with spoons as a dessert. Now water comes down from the mountains one hundred and fifty miles by a ten- or twelve-inch pipe, enough to have flowers and even small fountains in the plazas, and in a few private patios.

The city has a pleasing aspect from above, and is a more agreeable place than one might suppose



HOTEL PACÍFICO, ARICA, CHILE



COPIAPÓ, CHILE



for a brief visit from the tourist, or for residence; as there is a large colony of British who engaged in the nitrate business here, before it was entered by Americans. Proceeding in the airplane, one may descry a collection of buildings on the gray desert, the establishment called an *oficina*, where the Superintendent and the employees live who are engaged in operations by which the nitrate is obtained from the deposits in the desert; sometimes on the surface, but usually a few feet below. Iodine, too, is a very valuable article obtained from these deposits. It must be rather dull living in this desolate region, though the Superintendent and other officials receive good salaries and have as many comforts as possible.

Three hours from Iquique we reach the landing-field of Antofagasta (seven or eight miles from the city), where I am requested to descend from the plane. I had been informed at Arica that I might have to change here, but what was my astonishment and dismay to learn that the small plane in waiting, to which the other passenger at once repaired, accommodated but a single person besides the pilot, and that, instead of proceeding to Copiapó for the night according to schedule, I must go to Antofagasta, there to remain until Friday, six days, before going on to Santiago. I at once protested to the officers at the hangar, who were indeed polite and

sympathetic, but without authority to do anything. Orders were orders. This one had come by wireless from Santiago. I explained to them the situation; that I was flying around South America as rapidly as possible, with pauses at important cities for observation and fresh information. I had been in Antofagasta before. I was in particular haste to arrive in Santiago, as I had long been cognizant of the unpleasantness between Peru and Chile and was delighted with their peace-making; I was most eager to be in Santiago when a section of the Peruvian Navy, making a friendly visit to Chile, would on Thursday visit the capital city.

The chief officer courteously declared that he would do his utmost in the matter; he would at once send a wireless to his chief in Santiago, and he hoped that some arrangement could be made so that I might arrive in that city before Thursday. The hangar is on the plain in the midst of the nitrate region which in a stretch of three hundred miles extends from Pisagua, a little north of Iquique to Chañaral. The section, with a considerable upward slope to the east, is sometimes called a plateau, and also a central valley. The Cordillera of the Andes is at the east, while along the coast is an older, lower range; the latter is highest, ten thousand feet, back of Valparaiso, but lowering in each direction till it practically disappears. The range at this point does not

look like much from the higher interior; merely a few hills, but on the sea side it is much steeper and appears more like real mountains.

The other passenger meanwhile had departed for Copiapó. An automobile, long waiting, now carried me, together with the pilot from Arica, to Antofagasta. The drive seemed more dangerous than my journey by air, for the pace was swift, regardless of sharp curves, over an uneven hilly road, with many ups and downs; but there were no precipices, and if we did tip over, the sandy hillsides may have been moderately soft.

Antofagasta, with a population above sixty thousand, is larger than Iquique, but similar in desert conditions: an important port, shipping, besides nitrates, copper from Chuquicamata, and traffic to and from Bolivia by the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway. I went to the Hotel Londres, recommended as the best (though on this point opinions differ), remaining there through several days of uncertainty and eagerness to depart. At the last moment, Tuesday evening, the news came that I could leave Wednesday if I would go in a small plane with no baggage to speak of. I was ready to agree to anything, and packed accordingly, putting a dress with a few other articles in a hatbox which could go in a compartment for the mail, and a little more in a flat pasteboard box to be carried in my lap. A large and heavy black

suitcase containing most of my clothing and papers, I left at the hangar with the promise that it would surely be sent on the Friday plane and delivered at the Hotel Mundial, Santiago, by 6.30 P.M.

Wednesday morning about nine o'clock I embarked at the hangar on my ride. Aware that the plane was for a single passenger, only then did I discover what it was like. It was a Haviland Moth, a name familiar as that of a good and popular machine. Now I learned more. I had been told that it was an open plane and I might find it cold; so I wore all the clothing available: my heaviest underwear, a closely woven woolen suit with a sweater under the coat, and in addition my old long coat; also a woolen scarf around my neck and over my close-fitting felt hat. I hoped this would be sufficient. Before entering the plane, I was surprised to be halted and harnessed, so to speak, with canvas straps and buckles; and, after being seated in the plane on what seemed to be a cushion, to have these straps buckled on to others in such a way that I could hardly move. I wore my heaviest gloves and carried the pasteboard box on my lap.

I was very uncomfortable, but there was no help for it. We were off! This was different, indeed, from the open planes in Peru, where the pilot sat behind. Here he was in front, concealing the view, though I was able to look up,



NITRATE WORKS, CHILE



ANDEAN PEAKS



and over the high sides, so that I could glance around occasionally. But first I tried to make myself more comfortable. I began to unfasten all the buckles I could reach. Though it was a little bumpy, the way did not seem very rough, and I thought I could easily stay in this small cabin by taking hold of the sides if necessary. On account of the box in my lap, for which there was no space elsewhere, I was unable to unfasten all the straps, but presently I could squirm around a little. I had no fear of accident, but felt cold, uncomfortable, and nervous. The wind was so strong that I held my head down as much as possible. It was a very disagreeable ride. I began to wish that I had remained in Antofagasta, and wondered if I could possibly endure going all the way to Santiago in this manner, completely chilled through, a nine hours' journey. On the left are fairly high and barren mountains, a desert below. The sun heats the desert; cold winds come from the mountains and the sea, so that the air is apt to be bumpy from the currents up and down. It was later that I heard the story of an accident which occurred on this route some months before. On this occasion the pilot apparently was not, like the passenger, fastened in. Perhaps he never is. By a particularly heavy bump when at no great altitude the pilot was thrown out. His parachute opened so late that he struck the ground hard enough to be made

unconscious, though he soon revived, unharmed. But the passenger? He may not have seen the pilot go. In any case, what could he do? Nothing, unless he jumped. The plane, unguided, flew on and dashed against a mountain. Not until afterwards did I learn that I was sitting on a parachute, perhaps of a kind that opens itself. At all events, I received no instructions as to using it.

If I had heard this tale in advance, it would not have mattered. I wanted to go, and I minded the grave discomfort more than the possible danger. I never like to give up what I have undertaken. It is not my custom. But when we arrived at Copiapó, I had not decided whether I could endure to continue in this manner five and a half hours more. What, therefore, was my joy, when, as someone came to help me out of the plane, I saw close by a larger cabin plane, which, I was informed, would carry me on to Santiago!

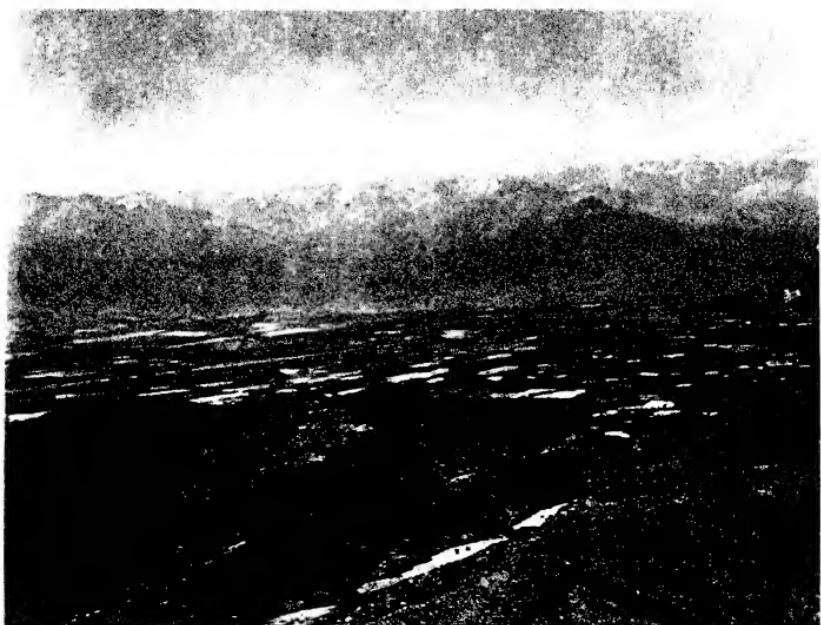
Although discomfort had prevented my taking much note of the scenery, I had observed here and there a nitrate *oficina* and verified the almost total absence of verdure; but Copiapó presented a pleasing aspect from above. Situated on the bank of a stream, with some green in the city and an irrigated district around, it forms a real oasis in the desert. The city is important, being at the end of the nitrate section

and at the beginning of the mineral region, with gold, iron, copper, etc.; and there is a little agriculture. Worthy of mention is the fact that the first railway in Latin South America was constructed to Copiapó from the port of Caldera, fifty miles, by a Bostonian, William Wheelwright, who later organized the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the first line giving service from Europe to the West Coast of South America.

According to the regular routine, travelers come from Arica in a single day and spend the night here, though the accommodations are called rather primitive. But with a morning flight from Antofagasta, I was glad to proceed as speedily as possible in the larger plane at my disposal. The desert region continues until we pass from the Province of Atacama, into that of Coquimbo, where the rich agricultural valley begins, extending south nearly thirteen hundred miles to Puerto Montt. Three hours from Copiapó is our next landing-place, Ovalle, a city beautifully situated in a fertile valley, with a population of ten thousand, I judged, as we saw it only from above. Near the hangar fine automobiles and well-dressed people were standing, persons of evident culture and style. Several of these soon came forward to enter the airplane; a gentleman, his wife and daughter, and a young man who was going to Santiago to pursue his studies in the University.

After taking gas, we sped on our way south. I began to look eagerly for the great mountains, of which in clear weather one must have a splendid view. Below, one sees a fertile, variegated valley, narrower than farther north. On the east are some of the loftiest peaks of the Andes, including the highest, Aconcagua, 22,800 feet; on the west, the Coast Range, with summits up to seven or eight thousand feet. But unfortunately, fog, mist, or clouds prevented clear vision, and with the coming of additional passengers I could not skip across often to look out on the other side.

All the way in Colombia and down the West Coast I preëmpted the left back corner to have the best possible view of shore and mountains, or of mountains only, the higher ones being always on the left, as later on the East Coast. Near the end of this journey the clouds separated for a space, and at last I saw splendid mountains, partly snow-covered; one of them perhaps Aconcagua. But the majestic vision was brief. It may seem strange that in the temperate zone, so much farther from the Equator, the mountains should have much less snow and fewer glaciers than many in the torrid zone in Peru and Bolivia, and are therefore much easier to climb. The reason is clear. It is due to the fact that the precipitation on the mountains is far less here. At a height of twenty thousand feet, it is cold



VALLEY OF ACONCAGUA WITH MOUNT ACONCAGUA IN THE DISTANCE



VALPARAISO



enough anywhere to keep a great part of the snowfall in position.

Twilight is approaching when our plane in good time descends to the field of Los Cerrillos, where many persons are waiting. A car quickly carries the passengers to the city and to their respective destinations.

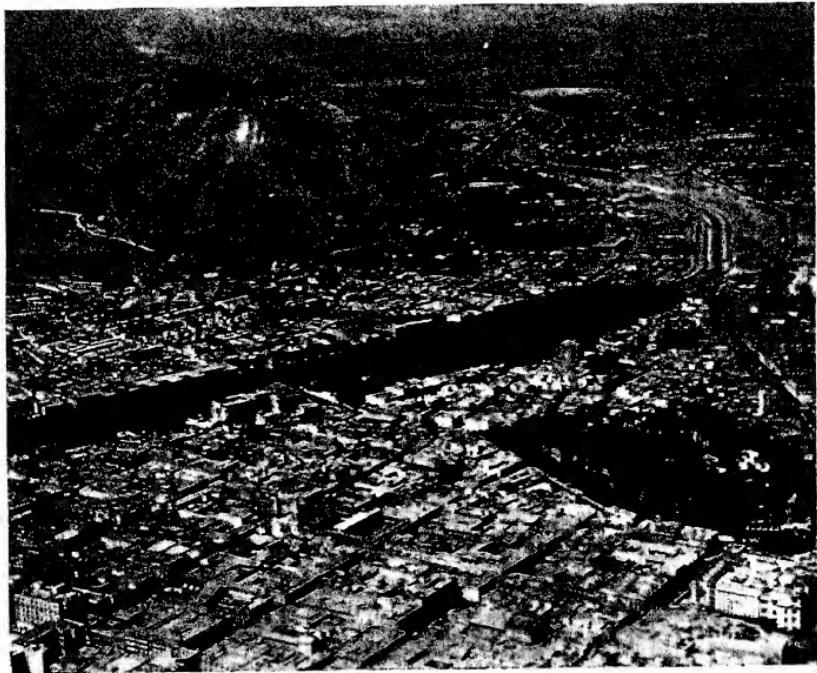
## CHAPTER XIII

### SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO

HAPPY to arrive once more in the splendid capital city of Chile, I was delighted to be in time to witness a little of the visit made by a contingent of the Peruvian Navy to their long-hated Chilian enemy. Both navies had fought valiantly in 1879 and '80, but the Chilians, finally victorious, seized and occupied Lima, which they refused to evacuate until a treaty was signed surrendering the rich Province of Tarapacá and permitting for ten years the occupancy of Tacna-Arica by Chile. At the end of the decade a plébiscite was to decide which country should have permanent possession of this Province; but as agreement on the conditions of voting proved impracticable, no plébiscite was taken; and for forty years ill feeling existed between the countries, which at times seemed on the verge of war. The well-intentioned but unfortunate ordering of a plébiscite in 1925 increased the bitterness. To persons familiar with the facts, it seemed wonderful that after all that had passed the Presidents of the two countries should get together in spirit if not in person, arrange a compromise and a treaty, and that less than a year later two ships of the Peruvian Navy were



SANTIAGO, LOOKING EAST



CERRO CRISTÓBAL WITH OBSERVATORY AND COLOSSAL STATUE  
OF THE VIRGIN ON THE SUMMIT, OVERLOOKING SANTIAGO



making a week's visit at the port of Valparaiso, during which a contingent was coming to Santiago to be reviewed by the President and royally entertained.

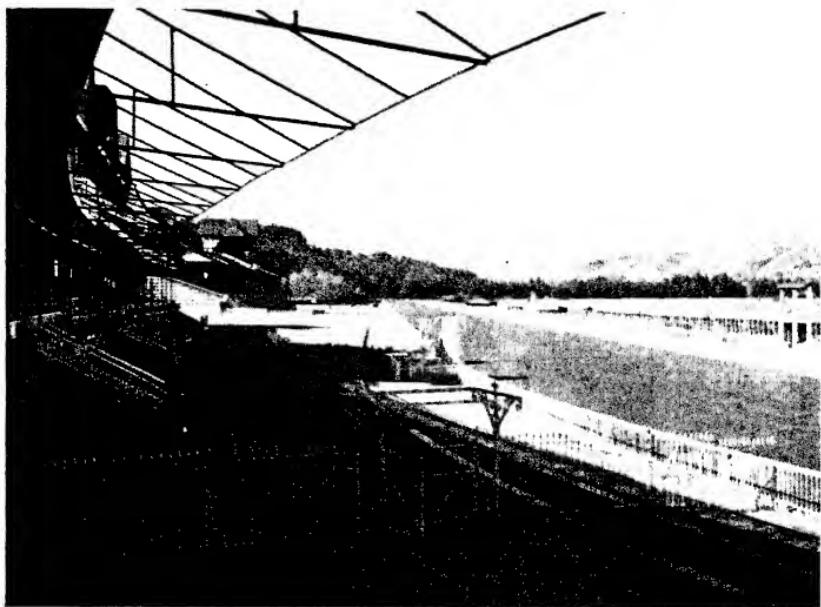
So, on the morning after my long flight from Antofagasta, I betook myself from the Hotel Mundial to the Plaza Moneda near by, facing which is the Palacio de la Moneda or Presidential Palace, from which His Excellency, President Ibañez, was to review the procession. After a long and tiresome wait, during which I gradually edged my way through the large crowd to the barrier rope, a military and naval escort approached, followed by one or two hundred Peruvian officers, cadets, and sailors. My plea to get nearer so that I could take a photograph at the last moment was granted, and I slipped under the rope to a point where I could get a snap-shot. The throng that had patiently waited was a trifle less cordial in greeting than I had expected (the Chilians are less demonstrative than Americans): I heard later that this was because of proximity to the President and the Palace, and that farther on, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. All kinds of attentions were showered upon the guests, banquets, luncheons, and dinners, though the sailors in the late afternoon returned by rail to Valparaiso.

A pretty little incident, noted next day in the *Mercurio*, seems especially characteristic of a

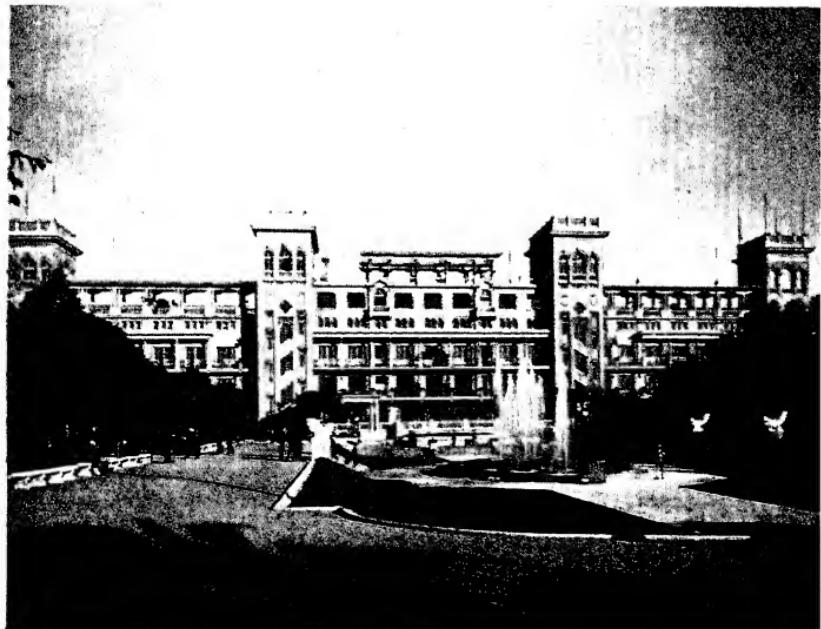
Peruvian. In the crowd assembled near the station to bid farewell to the departing sailors, one of these respectfully approached a lady with several daughters and said, 'Would you like to do me a favor?' Smiling, the lady assented. The sailor then quietly kissed one of the young ladies and vanished in the crowd.

Every tourist arriving in Chile should spend a full week in Santiago, if not more, in addition to a few days in Valparaiso and Viña del Mar. (Please note that the name of the port should be pronounced Valpareyeso, the *s* as in *sing*.) The air tourist may like to fly from the capital to the port, though the journey by express train, a trifle over three hours, will afford some worth-while glimpses of the country and the people. I recall the agreeable sight at one of the stations of a row of women garbed in white, sitting on the floor, with baskets in front, containing an assortment of delicious fruit and other eatables.

To one arriving by sea, Valparaiso, a city of more than 200,000, presents a view of the largest and most picturesque port below Panamá: a semi-circular bay, the city hugging its shores and climbing up the hills and cliffs at the back, presents a unique and attractive picture. On landing at the new and modern docks, one perceives the bustling activity of a great center of commerce. In the Plaza Sotomayor, close by, stands a monument to the Heroes of the 21st of



SPORTING CLUB OF VIÑA DEL MAR NEAR VALPARAISO



JOCKEY CLUB (CLUB HÍPICO), SANTIAGO



May, surmounted by a statue of Arturo Prat, recalling the noble death of the hero, whom the Peruvians, at whose hands he fell, on their recent visit fifty years later, honored by placing a wreath at the base. A deputation also paid a sympathetic visit to his aged widow, presenting flowers, and when about to board ship at the close of the week's visit, the entire squadron halted and stood a moment before the statue. The ships on which the Peruvians came recalled the names of two heroes who also perished in battle, the Bolognesi and the Admiral Grau. The tales of heroism on both sides are told in many books.

The city looks rather new, as it is, on account of the terrible earthquake in 1906, when a large part of the business section was laid low; but staid, middle-aged women still are active conductors on the double-decked street cars. In a busy day, one may visit the fine Naval School on a bluff overlooking the sea, to which one may drive, or ascend in a steeper place in an ascensor drawn by cable. An excellent luncheon may be enjoyed below at the Hotel Royal (the lobster is fine), a dinner and a night's lodging as well. The Astur is well spoken of, but the Royal, with its genial, English-speaking hostess, is the one I have always patronized.

No one omits an excursion to Viña del Mar, a fifteen minutes' drive along the shore, by motor, car, or tram: a notable and attractive shore re-

sort, called by the Chilians the finest in South America. Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil make similar claims for theirs, thus showing some resemblance to us. Truly, each has its special merits. Viña is more of a residential section than the others, containing the permanent homes of many business men of Valparaiso, especially of the English; the summer residences of others, as also good hotels, clubhouses, a hippodrome among the hills, with golf, tennis, cricket, and football grounds, all patronized by Chilians, British, and the fewer resident Americans.

## CHAPTER XIV

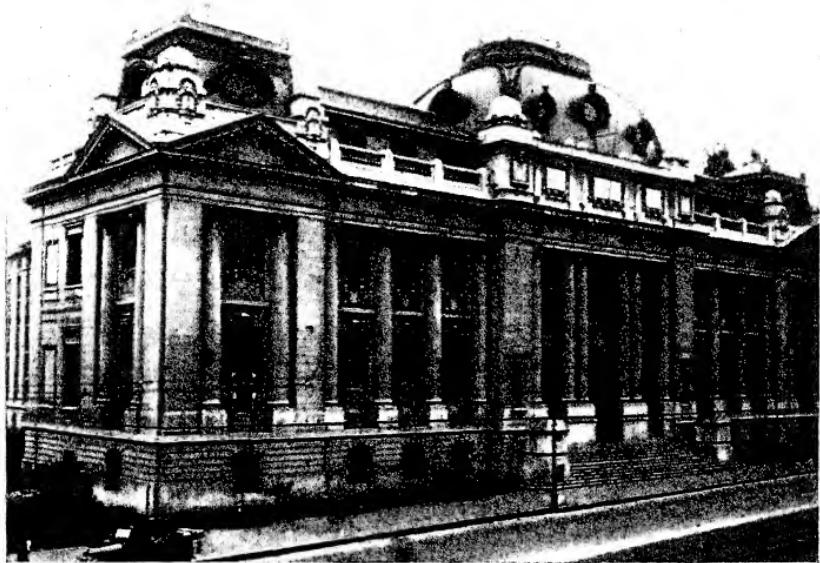
### SANTIAGO

THE capital city naturally has greater attractions than its port. First of all, its location is described by many besides Chilians as the finest of any capital city in the world. One or two only may dispute this claim. Fully to appreciate its beauty, one must ascend the famous rock fortress, Santa Lucía, converted into a unique and most beautiful park, the perfect hour a little before sunset, when, if fortune favors, the sunset glow with gorgeous hues on fleecy clouds and delicate tints on snow-capped mountains will afford a truly enchanting scene. No other city, extending widely on a broad plain, has at one end so remarkable a detached hill, delightfully embellished with vines, shrubs, trees, and monuments; among them stairs, cliffs, and roadways; walls, towers, and battlements. And at one side is a still loftier hill, a mountain, some may call it, rising nine hundred feet above the city, San Cristóbal, recently laid out as a park, a splendid road leading to the observatory at the top, from which a more extensive view may be obtained of the surrounding country.

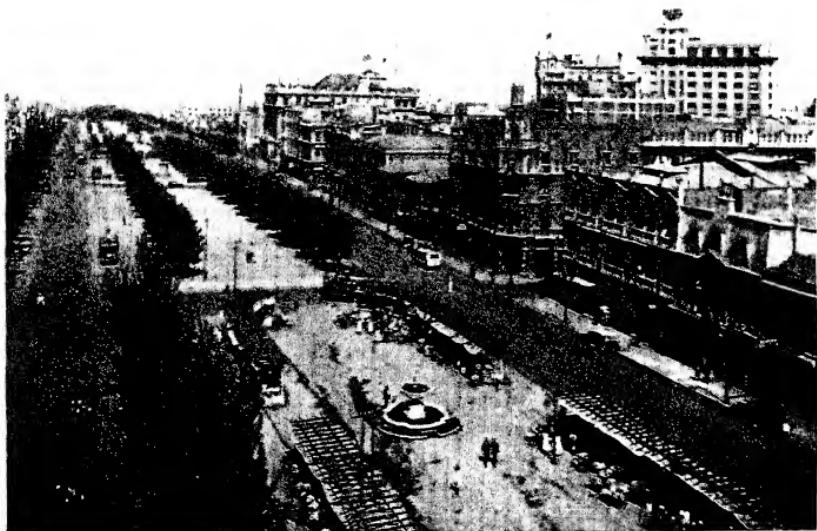
The city has the usual plazas, a cathedral, and many splendid buildings; the Capitol, oc-

cupying a whole square, with Chambers for Senators and Deputies like small theaters—steam-heated, too; many rooms for secretaries and other officials, and some for discussion and conversation. The Presidential Palace and residence is called the Moneda, the building around two patios containing also offices for several Ministers. This is no longer fine enough, and an ambitious plan has been made for the erection of a Palace and other buildings on the Alameda. But the present hard times, enforcing economy everywhere, will doubtless postpone its execution several years.

This Alameda, a block from the Moneda, is properly the Avenida de las Delicias, the most notable of the city, extending from Santa Lucía four miles to the Central Railway Station: a park-like promenade, three hundred feet wide, adorned with monuments to generals, patriots, and others who have well served their country in science, philanthropy, and literature, a distinctive feature, not found in any other city. Among splendid buildings along the sides, are a great library, new and thoroughly modern, containing six hundred thousand volumes, the Chamber of Commerce, and the wonderfully fine Union Club-house. I was so fortunate as to be taken over this building by the cordial Superintendent, after which I enjoyed a luncheon of surpassing excellence, including wine, all selected and prepared



NATIONAL LIBRARY ON THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO



ALAMEDA DE LAS DELICIAS, SANTIAGO



for my personal taste. The building was designed to surpass any other, and from swimming-tank, kitchen, cardrooms, etc., it appeared that nothing better could be wished. A fine ballroom and veranda for dancing are special features which the celebrated Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, I believe, does not share. Santiago also has a Jockey Club with a splendid new clubhouse in the city, the fine race-track and hippodrome on the outskirts rivaling, they say, if not surpassing, the world-famous race-course of Buenos Aires.

The Municipal Theater, though erected in 1873, has an exterior surpassing any in New York, and the interior, recently remodeled and improved, may be quite equal to our opera house. An opera season is a brilliant social feature, when society, in full evening dress, gorgeous gowns, and jewels, presents a spectacle of rare beauty. Art culture also thrives, as is shown in the Palace of Fine Arts, containing among works of old and modern artists, many by native Chilians, who have a special talent for statuary. The Palace is beautifully located in a park along the bank of the River Mapocho; but other parks are larger. The fashionable driving is in the Parque Cousiño between 5 and 7.30, this park presented to the city, by one who was the richest woman in Chile before she married the richest man. And she managed her property so much better than he did his, that when he died

he left it all to her. The palace which at the time of her death she was building in Lota is said to be superior to anything in Newport.

Among many other things worthy of notice I mention merely the market, attractive for luscious fruit and vegetables as well as unusual curios; but above all the cemetery, unlike any other, especially lovely in rose-time, the vines climbing over the marble houses or chapels making delightful floral bowers. Avenues of cypress, magnolias, and orange trees are lined with beautiful monuments, among which are many pieces of exquisite statuary by artists of Chilian birth.

## CHAPTER XV

### SOUTHERN CHILE

ARRIVING in Santiago Wednesday, March 12, on Friday I made a hasty trip to Valparaiso to see about the large black suitcase which, properly tagged, was to be sent there from Callao by a steamer which had already returned north. The bag was not to be found at the custom house, the *resguardo*, or elsewhere. After many cables sent to the steamer, and to Lima, I finally learned that the suitcase had gone to New York. Six weeks later, I received it in Buenos Aires. Long ago I wrote, 'Cling to your baggage in traveling anywhere,' but when making a tour by air, it is often difficult to do so. The other suitcase, left at the hangar of Antofagasta, promised to be delivered Friday evening at the Hotel Mundial, did not appear. At the office next day, I was informed that it would come on Sunday. Alas, it did not. The next airplane would not arrive until the following Wednesday evening, and I had no change of underwear. A silk gown, a hat for the street, etc., had seemed more important for a day or two.

I found the Mundial very comfortable, many rooms with private bath, others with bath close by, a satisfactory table, the location excellent. The Crillon and the Savoy are more fashionable

and much more expensive. Not until I arrived in Santiago did it occur to me that now, March 12, the summer season, as here September 12, was about over and that the air service to Puerto Montt, 660 miles south, might soon be discontinued. After interviewing several officials Saturday and Monday to see about making the trip, word came Tuesday noon that an airplane would leave early Wednesday morning for the journey, perhaps the last time that season. Now I was in trouble.

My heavy woolen suit which I must wear for the cooler southern climate had suffered hardship on that Moth airplane and was really unfit to wear. That very morning I had left it at a cleaner's near the hotel and had paid an extra price on the promise that it should be returned without fail Wednesday evening. I immediately visited the cleaner's and told my troubles; that I must have the suit that evening whether or no. If the cleaning had not begun, they should return the suit uncleaned. I must have it that night. After much telephoning, the young woman said it was all right. The suit would be returned about seven o'clock. It came duly, and, when the box was opened, to my great surprise, there was the suit all clean, as good as new, and without any odor. South Americans are far from being as slow as some of us imagine. Of this, many of those long in residence are aware.



CLUB DE LA UNION, SANTIAGO, WHERE MR. HOOVER WAS  
ENTERTAINED



PRESIDENT-ELECT HOOVER AT THE CLUB DE LA UNION,  
SANTIAGO, DECEMBER, 1928



Early Wednesday morning, March 19, the car came to take me to Los Cerrillos, the commercial flying-field, and a center for the Aviation Club. In my favorite place, the rear left-hand corner, I was soon seated in a comfortable trimotor plane, with two or three other passengers. I was hoping for good weather and a fine view of the lofty mountains at the east, as well as of the rich plain and the cities along the route. It was clear enough to enjoy a sight of well-cultivated fields, occasional towns, and some forests below, but fog or clouds prevented any real view of the mountains. Some important places were passed unseen; Rancagua, forty miles from Santiago, a great copper property around the crater of an extinct volcano, is second in output to the one at Chuquicamata. At one time its product could be placed in New York at a cost of 6.5 cents, but not now.

Flying over that part of the Great Central Valley, sharp eyes perhaps may distinguish the great fields of wheat, barley, and oats, those devoted to alfalfa or clover, the large orchards of apples and other temperate zone fruits, and the extensive vineyards raising luscious table grapes, or those from which are made fifty-three million gallons of a variety of wines, said to be unrivaled in quality.

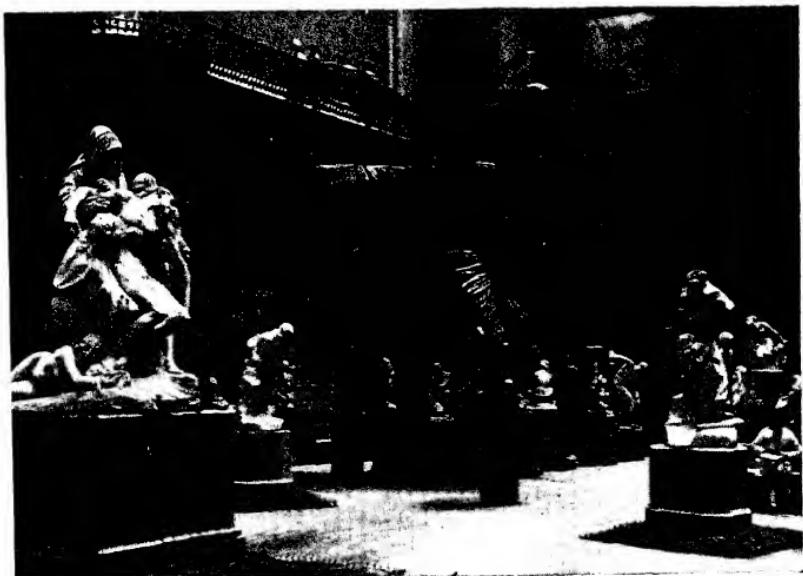
We have a fleeting glimpse of Chillán, one of the chief towns of the Valley, famed for its fine

horses and cattle, and notable for its market-place, visited especially on Saturday by the country people, when tourists would enjoy the rural sights. Sixty miles away, beautifully situated among the mountains at an altitude of eight thousand feet are the popular baths and hot springs of Chillán, curing a variety of skin diseases.

From the air, there is no view of the port cities, as these are hidden by the coastal range, several thousand feet high. One or two may be visited by rail, if one cares to return in that way. Concepción, near the mouth of the Bio-Bio River, with a population of seventy thousand, the third city in Chile, is a pleasant place in itself, and a center for several excursions. Its port, Talcahuano, nine miles distant, is the largest and best below Chimbote and hence the headquarters of the Chilian Navy. Forty miles south are the coaling stations, Coronel and Lota, at one of which many steamers from the north are obliged to call, coming down from Valparaiso for this purpose only. At Lota, Señora Cousiño, as noted for her business acumen as Hetty Green, but, unlike her, also for her extravagance, built and furnished a palace fit for royalty, with grounds of wonderful sylvan beauty: grottoes, fountains, cascades, a park with deer and other animals, an aviary, and stately trees, with all the plants of the temperate zone. Unfortunately, she



LAKE AND PALACE OF FINE ARTS, PARQUE FORESTAL, SANTIAGO



PATIO OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS, SANTIAGO



did not live to complete the project, and the place has diminished in grandeur. Unusual, too, are her coal mines, nearly a quarter of a mile deep and extending far under the sea. I regretted that I had no time for a visit.

Our plane keeps steadily onward over varied scenes of farming country and cattle ranches until we arrive at the landing-field of Temuco. Greeted by the local manager, we are soon driving in a motor car to the town a few miles distant for luncheon in the best hotel. From the menu we choose what we like from a number of courses; wine is freely offered and a liqueur in conclusion. No one seems in a hurry, and I become a little impatient, knowing that we have still a long way to go, and I dislike the idea of possibly arriving after dark. But it is not my business, so I keep quiet. The other lady, however, is very chatty, the wife of the pilot, and dawdles over her food. Fully an hour and a half, if not more, has passed when we take the car for the hangar.

The town of thirty-seven thousand inhabitants is commercially important, but not notable except for having a section where pure-blooded Araucanians are living, through a street of which we drove. They were of rather dark complexion and seem to lead a simple life. This warlike tribe gave the early settlers trouble for two hundred and fifty years, killing the invader, Valdivia, and controlling the South. But when the colonists

revolted against Spain, the Indians, never conquered, came to their aid. The two races then largely amalgamated, so that the number of pure Indians is small. Their principal settlements may be visited from Temuco.

Again on board our airplane, we proceed at a fine speed over a beautiful country, forest and meadows, diversified by green hills, pleasant towns, and distant mountains. We were due at Puerto Montt, our next and only halt, at the head of the Reloncavi Gulf, about six. What, then, was our surprise, when flying at an altitude of one thousand feet or more, to notice that we were coming down, and a moment later, not much after four, that we were landing on a broad green field. We three passengers looked at each other, and the lady said, as was obvious, 'Forced landing!' The landing was as smooth as on any regular field. We wondered what was the trouble and were soon informed that there was a leak somewhere. Of course we did not bother our crew by asking many questions. We were not in any danger.

Now there was real scurrying on the part of the mechanic, who was aided more or less by the pilot. The left-hand motor of the twins seemed to be the one out of order. It was a question whether repairs could be made in time for us to reach Puerto Montt before dark. The lady was positive that we could do this, for, she said, it



BEACH OF MONTEMAR NEAR VIÑA DEL MAR, CHILE



FALLS OF THE LAJA, CHILE  
Sixty-five feet high



would be light until eight o'clock. In this I knew she was wrong; that would be the case in the middle of summer, but on the 19th of March in the temperate zone days and nights are practically equal in length and the sun would set about six. However, it would be foolish to worry about that. Now there was for me one of the most interesting hours in Chile.

We had not been down five minutes when, although I had seen no houses, people began to gather around. Within half an hour from fifty to a hundred persons had assembled; some on horseback, the large majority on foot. It was a real farming community, none too prosperous, if one might judge from their appearance. Bare legs and feet were the rule for the women as well as the men, though the horsemen, except one or two boys, wore shoes or boots. Such a scene might have occurred in some parts of our West forty years ago. A few girls wore pumps with silk or cotton stockings. The small boys were like those anywhere. Some of the men were on fine horses. A boy of twelve rode a thoroughbred bareback. They apparently had never seen an airplane close at hand before, though they had doubtless seen them in the sky. During our stay, the attention of the crowd was withdrawn from us for a while by the sight of another plane flying high in the air at a distance. At first I thought they had seen us and were coming to

our aid. Not so. It pursued its way, very likely not observing us, and was soon out of sight.

I greatly regretted that I could not take a photograph, but it is forbidden to fliers in Chile, so my camera was packed away. I talked in Spanish with several who approached my window, and had a long chat in English with a Frenchman who spoke several languages. He had married a daughter of a farmer there and declared that it was a fine country with excellent climate; but the people, he said, were lazy, inefficient, and without ambition; satisfied to live in a primitive way, with plenty to eat and clothes enough to keep warm; but he wished for more: education for his children, etc. The cattle and sheep, he said, were of poor quality. He wanted his father-in-law, who was well able to do so, to buy good stock for breeding and to introduce other improvements; but he was not so inclined. The man was hoping to be able to branch out for himself soon.

Meantime, our men were working, with a little assistance from bystanders. Once they thought they could take off, but still there was difficulty. They discovered that some welding must be done. There was hard labor. Two hours passed; it was already a little dusky, before we could go. With a wave and farewell to the now diminished crowd, we took off, and had no further trouble. Soon it was so gloomy that we could hardly dis-

tinguish objects, but presently I could see that we were flying over water, evidently one of the lakes, not far from our destination. Somewhat later I saw artificial lights, those of Puerto Montt, and about 7.30 we came down in good form on the landing-field beyond, aided by a few lights shown at the hangar.

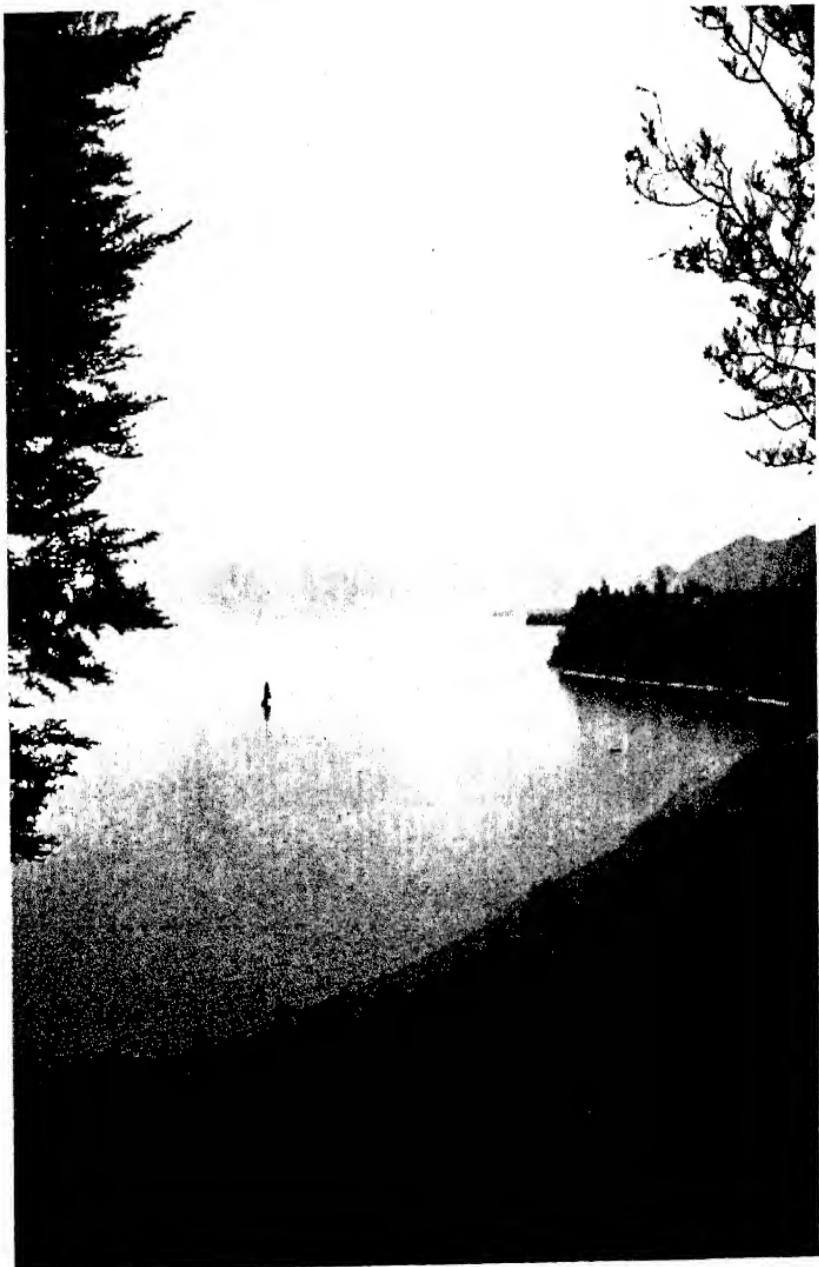
There was cordial greeting, but as our arrival had been despaired of, there was no automobile to take us to town some miles away. They could telephone for one, but rather than wait half an hour we agreed to go in a sort of bus or truck. We two ladies managed to squeeze in beside the driver, while the men stood in the rear. It was a rough road and a hard seat in a motor cart, seemingly without springs. Never mind! It was the more interesting. We enjoyed the scent of the forest, the glimpse of the sea, and at last the arrival at the city and the hotel; a little later the dinner, with a good appetite.

## CHAPTER XVI

### PUERTO MONTT AND THE LAKE REGION

THE plane was to return Friday morning, so I should have a whole day in which to see Puerto Montt and make a visit to Lake Llanquihue. The port is a pretty place, well located at the head of the bay, an attractive island in front, and green hills on the other three sides; low mountains in the distance; a place of commercial importance. Strolling around the next morning, I chanced to meet a man who lived farther south, on the way to Punta Arenas; at Puerto Aysen, where the Government was constructing a port, and a railway to the interior. Earlier in the season the planes flew to that point, and one trip had been made to the most southern city in the world. We may leave out Little America, as only penguins are there now. Punta Arenas, long famed for its location, as a coaling station (mines not far away) and now headquarters of an important district for sheep-raising, has recently had its name changed to Magallanes (the name also of the territory), in honor of the great sea captain who first sailed through the Straits called after him, and on around the world.

There is much worth seeing in this southern



LAKE LLANQUIHUE AND THE VOLCANO OSORNO



land, wonderful fjords, superior to those of Norway, they say, because their splendid walls are clothed in eternal green by splendid trees. The nearer if not more famous section back of Puerto Montt, with its picturesque lakes and snowclad volcanoes, has been pronounced by more than one distinguished globe traveler the most beautiful part of the world. It may be so. I have not seen the whole world, and I dispute with no one. With so many delightful spots, why insist that one is best? I once met an American lady in Montevideo, who assured me that Iowa was the nicest place in the world. I am often asked which city or country in South America I like best, but I decline to answer. Each has its beauties, its merits, its opportunities. Why should I decide which country is the best or where I should prefer to live until I have an opportunity to go somewhere? Under suitable conditions I could be happy in many places. The man at Puerto Aysen had an excellent job and good prospects; therefore the place was all right for him, though it rains almost every day, and often pours.

After an early luncheon I took a bus — they call them gondolas — to Puerto Varas on Lake Llanquihue, the largest of the group, connected by boat and motor roads with many others in the neighborhood. The bus climbs the hill back of the town, with many windings and con-

tinually beautiful views of hillside, gulf, and islands: a vista at every corner worthy of camera or canvas. Beyond the brow of the hill, we make a slight and gradual descent, passing through pleasant farming country till after an hour or so we come to the blue waters of the lake and drive a mile or more along the shore.

I have two hours to stay; no time, alas, for an excursion on the lake. To visit Lake Todos los Santos, the gem of the collection, or the other important sites, two days are required; though one jewel, La Poza, may be visited in a few hours. However, the view from Puerto Varas is sufficient reward for the entire journey. Across the beautiful blue waters with forested shores, one beholds three lofty snowclad volcanoes, Osorno directly in front, the loveliest frosted cone imaginable, Calbuco at the right, which gave a forceful eruption not long ago, and in the distance the mighty Tronador, the Thunderer. Leaving Puerto Varas in the early morning, one may sail in four hours to the foot of Mount Osorno and after luncheon at Ensenada proceed by automobile or horseback to the exquisite little lake, Todos los Santos. From Petrohué one sails onward to the foot of Tronador, arriving late at Peulla, for the lake is not so small after all, though frequently appearing so, as it is comparatively narrow, though forty miles long. One may return the next day, but Peulla is a

delightful place from which to make excursions; or one may go on horseback over the pass, 3465 feet, to Lake Nahuel Huapi in Argentina. An English couple whom I met at Puerto Varas were about to do this. But in that case one would miss the splendid crossing of the Andes from Santiago, unless one, like the English couple, had come from Buenos Aires. This region is sometimes called the Switzerland of America, but it is quite different; more lakes and forests; more picturesque and beautiful, but with less grandeur.

As to the comforts of travel in this region, while the hotels in Puerto Montt, Puerto Varas, and elsewhere are in local guidebooks called splendid, even luxurious, and are said to be provided with all conveniences, such announcement must not be taken too literally. Persons who care more for luxurious accommodations, elaborate menus, and French cooking than for beautiful scenery should not in South America stray from the regular route. In the large capital cities are hotels providing luxuries. In Southern Chile and in other sections, hotels have rooms with running water and bathrooms near, but few if any rooms with bath. The table is in general good enough for a healthy appetite, even that of a sensible millionaire; but not for a dude, man or woman.

I had thought of returning from Puerto Montt to Santiago by rail, as, after viewing the country

from above, it might be well to see it more in detail, the farm lands, the dwellings, and the people close at hand; also I might then stop off a day at some important city. But express trains do not run from Puerto Montt daily, and after careful study of the time-table I found I could do most in the least time by returning with the airplane Friday to Temuco, go by rail from there to the important city of Valdivia, and on Saturday take the train to Santiago which would have left Puerto Montt that morning.

Accordingly, Friday about nine we left Hotel Heim for the hangar, a pleasant ride through wooded country, partly along the shore. A half-hour's delay at the field, as earlier at the hotel, was due to the fact that at Temuco, which lies on the Cautín River, a heavy mist is usual in the morning. Hence we waited until news came that it was lifting. Promptly seated in the plane, we made a start with engines going well, but for some reason stopped a moment on the field; unluckily, as it happened, just where there was a slight ridge. Power on again, but the wheels would not surmount that little ridge two inches high. Frantic gestures were made, till some men came and gave the plane a slight push. Then we were quickly off and going well. Soon we passed over the lake, with a charming view of the snow-clad volcanoes; following this a very pretty country, with scattered farms and forests, and the pleasant town of Osorno.



MOUNT TRONADOR, CHILE



LAKE TODOS LOS SANTOS



After flying an hour or two, I was surprised when the mechanic came back into the cabin and asked for my map, which they had seen; a very good one on a tourist folder, by which I had carefully noted our route. The man explained that they had lost their map; blown away. Pretty careless, I thought, but did not say, and of course I lent him mine; I might say gave, for I never saw it again, to my sorrow, nor was I able to procure one like it, which I wish I had now. A while after, when I thought it about time to arrive, and observed that we were descending, I was making ready to get out as we landed, though I did not see the hangar or the usual personnel. Another forced landing, I found, probably due to the loss of the detailed map, perhaps partly to the slight mist which obscured the distant view, though it was possible to discern contours and dwellings a mile or two distant. One or two men soon approached and informed our crew just where they were and the direction of Temuco. In a few moments with no difficulty we were again in the air, and ten minutes later, a little after one, we came down where we belonged.

We drove as before to the hotel in Temuco and had a similar luncheon with the wine and liqueur. On most of the air lines it seemed to be customary to give passengers their meals *en route*; but I believe this was the only place where wine

was supplied. In Chile, it is very cheap and also very good. Our delay in setting out prevented my taking the noon train I had planned, but there was another at 3.39, on which I decided to go. The others, continuing by air to Santiago, at least a four hours' ride, dallied as if the whole day was before them, leaving the hotel about 2.45. Doubtless they arrived safely, but not before dark; I prefer to land by daylight unless a field is well lighted.

At 3.39 I was on the way to Valdivia, the most important commercial and industrial city of Southern Chile, situated on both banks of the River Valdivia which the railway seemed to follow. The special industry of this region is lumber; and vast piles of boards, drying or awaiting export, were seen at all the small stations. The houses were small, plain, and mostly of wood, like those in Saginaw, fifty years ago, or farther west on the then frontier. In places the country resembled the poorer parts of New England, many stones lying on the roads and on dry beds of rivers; stones varying in size from pebbles to large paving-stones. They also lay in heaps, but, unlike New England, no rocks were visible in the fields.

At 7.45 the train arrived at Valdivia. A taxi carried me to Hotel Shuster (four pesos), where the son of the proprietor speaks English. I had a good room, an excellent bed with plenty of

covers, and a fair dinner at 8.30. In the morning I enjoyed a pleasant sail down the river to the pretty port of Corral, and on my return walked about the busy manufacturing town Valdivia, the same afternoon boarding the train for Santiago, where I arrived the following noon.

## CHAPTER XVII

### CROSSING THE ANDES

MARCH was drawing to a close. It was high time for me to depart from this beautiful and progressive city, Santiago, which I did with one especial reason for regret. A week's delay would have afforded me the pleasure of being received by President Ibañez, whom I had hoped to congratulate, not merely on the evident industrial development and indications of prosperity coincident with his administration, but especially on the fact that through his personal influence and the warm coöperation of President Leguía the long years of hostile feeling had been ended and a new era had been inaugurated of friendliness between the two countries. The suggestion that these two great Presidents should receive the Nobel Peace Prize for their personal efforts to this end was one which should have been urged with enthusiasm in all quarters.

But it was important for me to arrive in New York early in June. Furthermore it was already autumn. Unsettled weather, high winds and storm on the great Andes might delay the operation of the air service over the range. It seemed wise, therefore, to improve the continuing fine weather rather than to risk post-

ponement for a week. Some days earlier I had met the pilot and the mechanic who formed the crew, capable and experienced Americans, the pilot said to have made the flight forty-five times without the slightest accident.

The first crossing of the Andes at this point, made in 1918 by the Chilean aviator, Lieutenant Godoy, was a real event in airplane history. The machines of those days were less powerful, and skilled aviators few. The crossing, too, in 1921 by a Frenchwoman, Mlle. Bolland alone, in a little plane of only 80 h.p. on the more perilous journey from east to west, was also notable. Now it is an old story, quite commonplace, though some writers today make it a thrilling and terrible adventure either for themselves or others. For the crew it would be trying if they were outside when the temperature changes from ninety degrees to twenty below zero; but this is not a regular occurrence, and they as well as the passengers are enclosed in the plane.

Of course, reporters like to make a good story; so, having read such a tale written by a newspaper man, though I said nothing of the sort, they wrote that this was my experience: that a change in temperature from ninety degrees at Santiago and Mendoza, to twenty below on the heights between, occurred within an hour and a half. In the fall of the year the temperature on

the flying-field of Santiago was probably sixty degrees and about the same at Mendoza. What it was outside as we passed over the range I have no means of knowing. The pilot, with a thermometer among his instruments, might know, but I did not inquire. In the cabin of the plane it was so warm that I threw off the fox scarf I was wearing and had no need for an extra coat. To the air tourist the flight is a memorable and delightful experience; the high spot of the journey both literally and figuratively. To the pilot it is all in the day's work.

I may here mention that, having been told that I must bring my passport viséd by the Argentine Consul to the Nyrba Agent before I could secure passage, I went on this errand. At the Consulate I was informed that my passport was insufficient, though with it were certificates of health and vaccination. I must get in addition some sort of verification from our Embassy. Luckily the places were but a few blocks apart, so I was able to return in a few moments with the proper credentials, when the Consul, though after office hours, for the proper fee affixed the needful stamp.

In accordance with the general custom for the air company to carry the passengers to the field, on the morning of March 31 an automobile called soon after seven at the Grand Hotel for the purpose. Others were picked up later and in

due course we arrived at Los Cerrillos. At the city office and at the hangar information as to the weather is always received by wireless from each side of the mountain before the take-off. No unreasonable chances are taken. Pilots of mail planes may feel obliged to go if the weather is not perfect, but not those who carry passengers. A Ford trimotor plane is the vehicle; a better climber than some others of equal power.

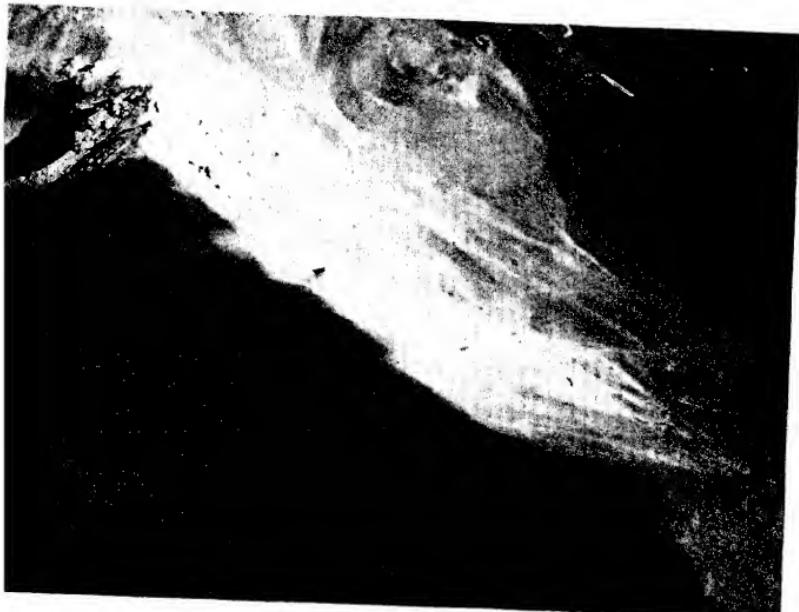
When all is set, we leave the ground in half a minute, I should judge, and then climb rapidly, the wings with a very obvious incline. All around are green well-tilled fields; but we soon circle over the city where we can distinguish the oval hippodrome, the cemetery, and San Cristóbal with the statue of the Virgin; but not for long. On the right are now seen detached hills, the river, and high mountains; several rows of them, apparently, at the east and south, with a slight haze. We are traveling north. Snow-capped mountains come into view. We fly over barren ranges, low in comparison with the snowy peaks. Approaching the high mountains I notice a green valley at the left. Now we turn east for the real crossing, flying over the lower sharp brown ridges, then over the Uspallata Pass, at a height above eighteen thousand feet among the loftiest peaks of the Western Hemisphere. Six thousand feet below stands the Christ of the Andes, symbol of eternal peace and

friendship between Chile and Argentina, but it is as invisible to us as from the railway passing through the tunnel two thousand feet lower. If Irvin Cobb wanted a barrel of adjectives to describe his journey by rail, he would need two barrels to tell of the flight across. To what end? A gentleman whom I induced later to go by air, at least one way, flew both ways, and then wrote, 'It was glorious!' What need of more? In the group of mountains on our left stands Aconcagua, with an altitude of 22,800 feet the reigning king on this hemisphere, though surpassed by many peaks on the other, despite a recent statement that it is next to Everest. For beauty, as in difficulty of ascent, it has many superiors on this side of the ocean. One is not allowed to take photographs from airplanes in Chile or in some other countries, for which there appears no good reason unless, as in Colombia, a company has a monopoly of service and desires to sell its own excellent photographs for its own benefit. Otherwise the prohibition would appear to be a mistake, if good publicity for the country is desired. If the idea is to prevent cognizance of fortifications, I am told that it is quite useless: that all countries have blue-prints of the plans of all the others' fortifications. Perhaps my informant was wrong.

Argentina is less particular. Perhaps I was over the line (as Aconcagua is) when I took my



ANDEAN AUTOMOBILE ROAD  
Note strange effect of shadows cast by a low sun



USPALLATA PASS AND THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES  
The statue is near the center and just below the line of shadow



four photographs. I feared that my efforts would be vain, as the views were taken through glass; but as I took the precaution of holding my camera square to the window-pane, happily the negatives turned out well, especially one of them, which luckily proved to be that of the great Aconcagua, as I was later assured by an aviator familiar with the mountain. Tupungato and Mercedario, the next highest mountains of this section, are at the south. Those I did not see, as I was too busy photographing the north peaks on my own side.

All too soon we have crossed and begun the descent; in fifteen minutes we land on the field at Mendoza, an hour and twenty minutes from Santiago. Here we get out to stretch a bit, and we take on more passengers. As we are standing near the plane, one of the gentlemen who has made the crossing inquires, 'Do your ears pain you?' 'Not at all,' I replied. 'Mine do, quite badly,' he said. It passes in a few moments, I am told; more quickly if one tries to expel his breath, with mouth closed and holding his nose. I do not know whether the man had cotton in his ears. I always have. It is generally provided, deadening the sound a little. Some persons are slightly affected in this way, many others not at all. Apparently age has nothing to do with it, as this man was probably thirty years younger than I, and Mr. Gannett, who crossed when seventy-six, had no trouble.

No one, young or old, who has journeyed to Santiago by air need fear to make this flight on account of going to greater altitudes. The sudden rise in an open plane might endanger many, but in one that is tightly closed, much tighter than most of the cabin planes, some of which permit quite a breeze to enter at the sides, little of the rarefied air leaks in; not enough to affect most people, though I believe oxygen is usually carried in case anyone is affected. As a rule tourists are too much occupied enjoying this magnificent experience to be thinking how they feel, or to *have* any feelings except admiration for this wonderful spectacle.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ARGENTINA

IF POSSIBLE, one should stop a day or two in Mendoza, where there is a fine hotel, then fly to Córdoba, an interesting old city with a famous university, and so go on to Rosario and Buenos Aires. This detour was not then feasible, but may be now. I had visited Mendoza earlier, a city older than Buenos Aires, famed for a severe earthquake in 1861, just three hundred years from its founding. The place was totally destroyed; as usual, promptly rebuilt, though some of the ruins remained when I was there in 1911. A milder shake occurred recently. The city on the banks of the Mendoza River has been called the most beautiful in the Republic. It has fine avenues; and palms, and other trees border miniature canals in which clear water is flowing. An extraordinary park of sixteen hundred acres is at hand, adorned with flower-beds and various novelties. At its edge is the Gloria Hill, surmounted by a magnificent monument, one of the finest in South America, of the great General San Martín, who led an army across the Andes to aid in freeing Chile and Peru from the Spanish yoke. In the near and more remote neighborhood are splendid vineyards, and *bodegas* where ex-

cellent wine is made. In 1911 I visited one of the largest, was shown around by the Superintendent, and of course treated to a glass of the best. Over one hundred million gallons a year are produced, none better of its kind; a variety prepared for early consumption which does not improve with age. It is much used in Buenos Aires, being sold at a more reasonable price than the imported article.

For some time after leaving Mendoza (we have now eight passengers), the country was green and fertile; great estates with vineyards. Later there was a desert region on the south and presently all was desert; not of sand like those on the West Coast, but an arid region like some of our Western plains, brown with dead grass or other stuff. After two or three hours of rather dull country, we pause for more gas and luncheon at Mercedes, but far from the town. A cold luncheon was brought, not very appetizing, but a generous passenger shared with me some fine grapes which were highly appreciated. Later the plain was yellow, in places wavy, with spots of green and small lakes near. After one passenger had sat awhile by the pilot, I ventured to ask the same privilege, which was granted. It was interesting to be in front, to see where we were going, the broad outlook on earth and sky. For a minute or two, when the pilot nodded assent, I placed my hands on the wheel of the dual



GOVERNMENT PALACE FACING PLAZA AND AVENIDA DE MAYO,  
BUENOS AIRES

Residence of President and offices of ministers



CONGRESS HALL AND PARK (MADE IN SIXTY DAYS), BUENOS  
AIRES

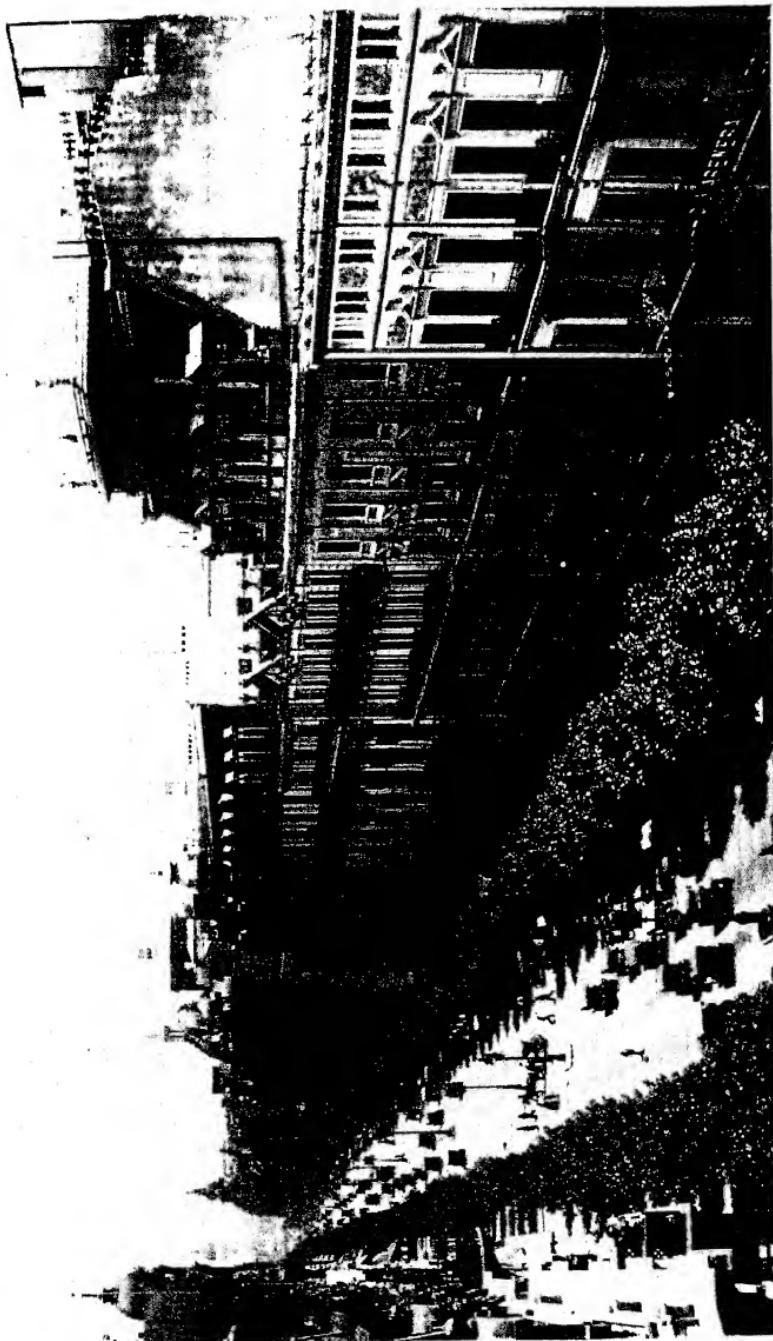


control before me, so feeling the vibration, but I did not venture, as I should have liked to do, to ask him to take his off for a moment. We were averaging from ninety to ninety-five miles an hour, with an altitude of six hundred feet. Heavy clouds in front soon caused us to fly lower. It was hazy all around and below, the sun rather dim. Then thicker haze, so the vision was shortened. High above were cumulus clouds; below them were others moving swiftly. The strong east wind, the pilot said, was unusual. Now large fields appeared, mostly brown. Blue sky shows ahead, and more sun. Houses become frequent, rectangular fields, green. It would have been interesting to fly low enough to be able to see distinctly the great fields of wheat, corn, and flax for which Argentina is famous; alfalfa, too, and many other products; also to catch a glimpse of splendid cattle and blooded horses (none better in the world) on great *estancias*, many of them with British owners.

Queer places on the sand are seen, brown in the middle; some round red buildings. We are too high to tell what they are. After passing Rufino, two hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Aires, the scene is very attractive. One can perceive that there are fine estates, clusters of buildings in the midst of groves, surrounded, no doubt, by gardens; orchards with fruit trees, and vineyards for their own use. Straight roads meet

at right angles or sharper. Rivers curve, but not the roads, many of these lined with eucalyptus. It is on this great plain that the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway has the longest straight line in the world, one hundred and seventy-five miles. Cities, towns, and villages are now frequent. As buildings become more and more numerous, we realize that we are near or in the suburbs of the great city, our destination, with over two million population spreading over, it is said, double the area of Paris.

About four o'clock we come down on a field near a suburb with the fitting (?) name Moron and are driven to a railway station, there to entrain for the city. Our baggage was to be transported by motor car, and was promised for delivery that evening. Unfortunately, mine did not arrive. It seemed rather humiliating, after flying over the Andes and the broad plain, to be traveling in an ordinary accommodation train half an hour. We could have flown it in five minutes. Even from the station it was two miles by taxi to a hotel in the center of the city. I chose, not the Plaza, half a mile beyond, patronized by millionaires and those desiring to be among them. My preference for location and comfort is the Grand, near the practical center of all things. On a corner of the famous Florida, the fashionable street for shopping and for the afternoon promenade, it is half a block from the



AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES



Avenida de Mayo. Within a block or two are the American banks; the National City, and the Boston First National, in the latter building the American Consul and the Commercial Attaché; also the Prensa Building, the Plaza de Mayo, etc.; and yet the hotel is as quiet as one could wish.

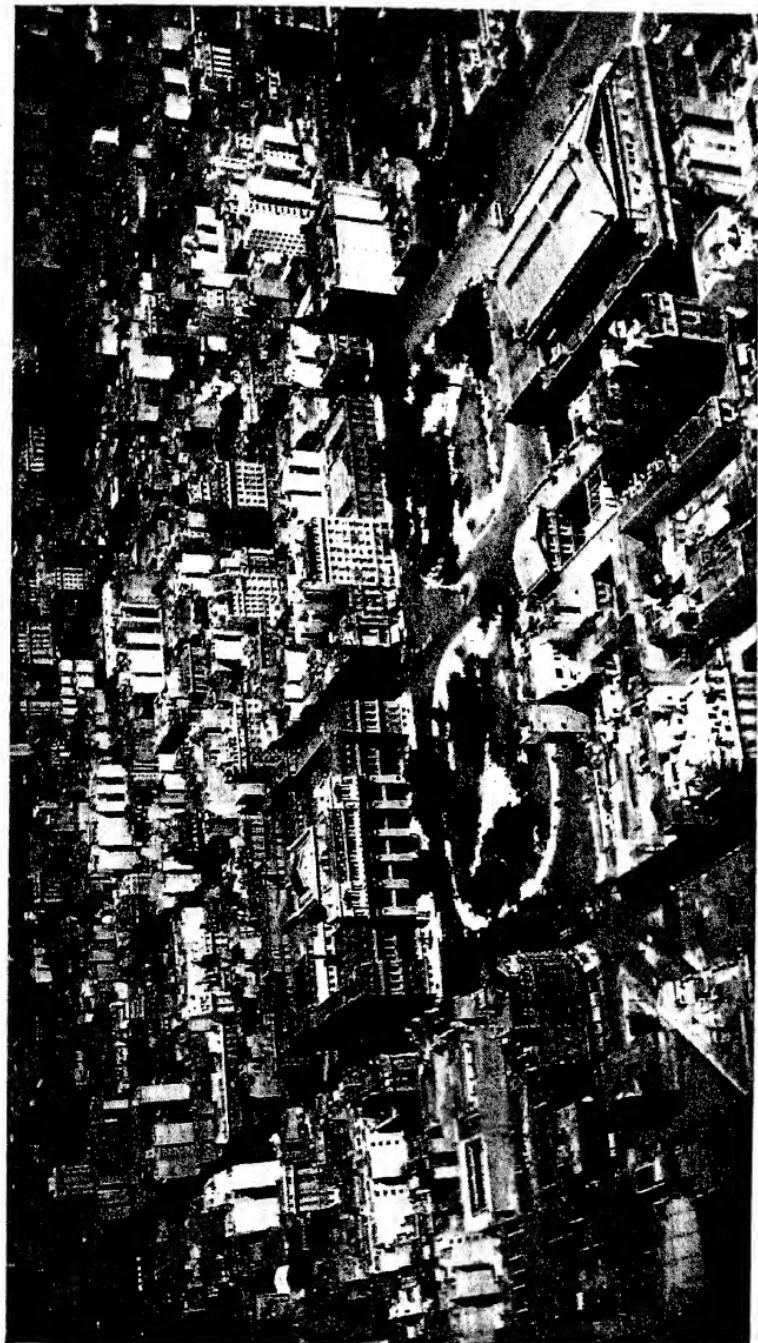
One week, two, or more will be enjoyed in the city, in any one of a dozen excellent hotels. A few attractions may be mentioned. The guide-books and many pamphlets, several in English published by hotels, a good one by the Grand, will describe these and others.

In spite of the fact that Buenos Aires like Chicago is not blessed with natural attractions, it is a splendid, a beautiful city, and modern; which to some may be regrettable. The only old buildings, one says, are the churches, though the narrow streets are also reminiscent of former days. On this account the center of the city is so crowded that, contrary to the ridiculous account of a popular writer, the automobiles simply crawl. Farther out, where the streets are wider, they go no faster than in New York and slower than in Rio. In the center, the Avenida de Mayo, extending a mile and a half from the Presidential Palace to the Capitol, is one hundred feet wide, and broad diagonals are very slowly being constructed. Besides the two mentioned, there are other fine public buildings: a splendid Palace of

Justice, a beautiful new Post Office, and many more; an opera house, beside which, as a foreigner said, ours would look like a garage.

But the parks and plazas are the real jewels. There are seventy-four of these, not defaced like ours with paper and garbage, nor even with signs, 'Keep off the grass,' but the people do keep off where they should, heeding the signs in Spanish, 'These parks are for the recreation of the people and are committed to their care.' The great Palermo Park, fashionable for driving, has not the natural beauty of the Central Park of New York, but is far superior otherwise. The prettiest feature is the Rosedal, where thousands of varieties are cultivated. Here also are beautiful lakes, pagodas, restaurants, golf links, etc. Close to the entrance are the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, and the grounds of the Rural Society, where the Cattle and Horse Shows are held. Near is the Hippodrome of the Jockey Club, each of world-wide fame. The club, probably the wealthiest in the world, hardly knowing what to do with the money it obtains from the races, has luxurious quarters on Florida, adorned with precious works of art. Many other clubs there are, including one of Americans, housed in the National City Bank Building.

The Cathedral deserves a visit especially for the splendid tomb of General San Martín. The



PLAZA LA VALLE, BUENOS AIRES

Palace of Justice beyond the plaza to the left, and opera house in right-hand lower corner



Recoleta Cemetery, famed for its magnificent mausoleums, is crowded with statuary which would embellish the finest museum. The remarkable docks, receiving a visit, will excite astonishment for their neatness, and for the manner in which they are shut off from the rest of the city by beautiful parks. Time fails. One will, of course, go to see the boating on the Tigre, and in the season may fly to Mar del Plata, called the Queen of the seaside resorts of South America. If there is air service to Córdoba, one should by all means fly there also, for this city, older than Buenos Aires, has many attractions. I greatly regretted the suspension of service when I was in the country. A hundred other attractions must go unmentioned.

## CHAPTER XIX

### FLYING SOUTH

THE air service to Southern Argentina, conducted by the French Aero-Postale Company, was still operating; which gave me an opportunity to visit a section in which I had long been interested. When lecturing in Buenos Aires in 1916, I had the pleasure of meeting a South African, owner of a large fruit-bearing ranch near Comodoro Rivadavia, which he was then disposed to sell for a reasonable price; or, as it was on the edge of the Government-owned oil fields, producing about three hundred tons daily, to make suitable arrangements with a reliable company for drilling on his land. For this reason, and as I had later written about the oil fields, I was especially glad to have an opportunity to go down and visit the place.

It seemed that one could not fly directly from Buenos Aires, but I must take a night train over the Ferro Carril del Sud to Bahia Blanca, where at the suburban station, Grünbein, I should be met by someone who would take me in a car to the air field. Accordingly, on the Thursday evening following my arrival from Santiago Monday, at 6.35 P.M. at Plaza Constitución, I took a train for the trip: a long one with ten



CASA ROSADA, THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, ON THE PLAZA DE  
MAYO, BUENOS AIRES



THE NATIONAL PRISON, BUENOS AIRES



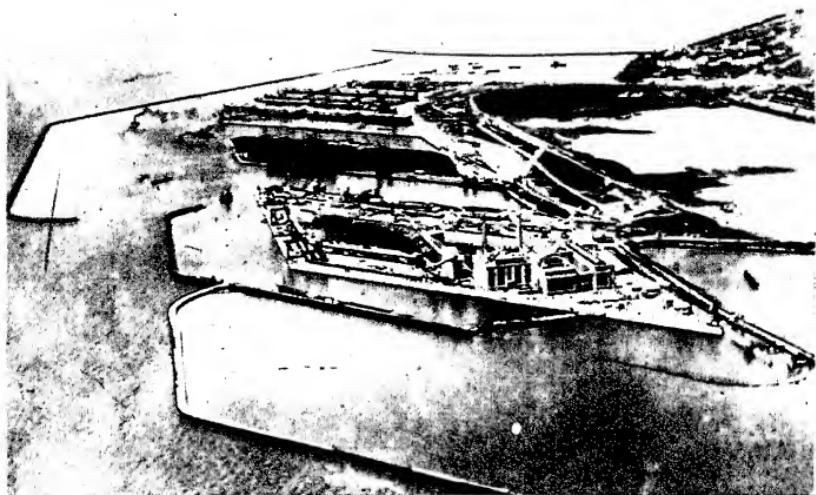
sleepers and a dining-car. I had a comfortable stateroom to myself, supplied with bowl and running water, good blankets, three electric lights, etc. The road was smooth; the dinner for three pesos (then about forty cents each) at seven was excellent; including soup, an omelette, chicken and fried potatoes, good roast mutton with boiled potatoes, fruit of several kinds, coffee, of course: surely enough for anyone. My room was decidedly cool, and I changed to heavier underwear, which I knew I should need on the morrow, going into more wintry weather.

Called at 5.45 in the morning, I was ready for coffee and rolls, fifty centavos, brought at 6.30. At seven I descended at Grünbein, the chauffeur arriving five minutes later. The field of Bahia Blanca, as usual, was quite out of the city, of which I therefore saw nothing until my return, and not much then. There was one other passenger and a great quantity of mail. As my suitcase and extra coat had been put away in the baggage behind, perhaps under the mail sacks, the pilot lent me a coat, gave me a paper to read, and another to put around my feet. At 7.45 we took off. I was glad to find less wind inside the plane than in most others; very little from the window. There was an excellent hangar at Bahia Blanca with good sanitary arrangements not found everywhere.

The country seen from the plane is mostly

flat, some of it very fertile, especially between the Rivers Colorado and Negro. At 9.45 we halted five minutes at San Antonio, an important port at the head of the San Matias Gulf, from which a railway extends four hundred and fifty miles across the country to Lake Nahuel Huapi at Bariloche. As we flew on, the country looked barren with a muddy shore along the Gulf; a little bumpy. For five or ten minutes we flew over the water, then near the land, now over it along the shore; more bumpy, but not bad. We see a few houses, no animals, no green. A straight road is going somewhere. Now over the land, away from the water, it is less bumpy. Again there is water ahead, a sharp bend in the road toward it, more houses, more bumpy, various roads leading to a town on a corner of a large cove, Püerto Madryn, where we do not halt, but not long after call at the town and port, Trelew. We landed straight and as before left without making a halt, not the case previously. Usually the planes go half or all around the fields after touching ground, and on leaving do the same, mostly making a short halt and then starting a second time. Trelew, where we remain for fifteen minutes to take on gas, lies on a desert, though with some little green near the landing. I picked a little prickly branch, poor stuff, but said to be eaten by sheep and guanacos.

This section, and all the way beyond, is famed



NEW DOCKS, BUENOS AIRES

The airplane base at the right is the largest in America outside  
of the United States



COMODORO RIVADAVIA



for its vast numbers of sheep. I remarked at Trelew to the pilot that I had seen few or none. So for a long time he flew low, it seemed hardly more than twenty feet above ground. I did not like it and was glad when at last he flew higher. He said later that he did it to let me see sheep, but not one appeared all that time. Later, when flying higher, I saw a good many. No difficulty, if there were any to see. Now we fly far inland; again at the edge of the sea, which earlier was blue; here green near the shore. At the right are brown hills, bumpy with gullies. The water on the left is rippled, but there are no whitecaps. Soon we come down at 2 P.M., for our flight is ended, at famous Comodoro Rivadavia in the Province of Chubut; but the hangar is several miles out, as the country is too hilly, even mountainous, for a landing-field near the city. A drive over a good road brought us quickly to the town and to a fair hotel — which does not mean rooms with bath. The drive was a surprise. I had fancied this place with oil fields as on a broad, nearly level plain, like those I had seen in Colombia and Peru; but far from it. Close to the sea in gullies, and on the sides of steep hills, we saw derricks as we approached the city; also *in* the city, on top of high hills, on their steep banks, and down in hollows.

After luncheon I took a walk around the town, a curious place; the business part, not very large

and close to the water's edge. It is a very fair port, to which come tankers to carry to the refineries at La Plata, thirty-five miles from Buenos Aires, the precious fluid, six hundred thousand tons in one year, much needed in a country practically destitute of coal. Inquiring about the Vissers, I learned that a married daughter lived in town. On going there to call, I met also Mrs. Visser, who told me that her husband was ill in a hospital in Buenos Aires. They live some miles out; but they had heard of me, and the son-in-law would be happy to take me the next afternoon to see his wife's *estancia* and that of Mr. Visser.

Saturday was a busy day. In the morning I went by bus to visit the headquarters of the oil region, where I saw office buildings, the fine residences of officials, pleasant homes for the workers, school buildings, etc., as also wells and oil tanks galore: from a scenic point of view, by far the most interesting oil site I have visited. The country looked pretty brown, but there were green trees and many flower gardens; not at all a bad place to stay awhile. I was, however, reminded of an incident I heard some years ago. One of our oil companies sent to an agent down there, a town farther south of the Equator than Montreal is north, portable houses with three sides wood and one side wire screens. The agent promptly wrote or cabled, 'The farther south you go, the hotter it does NOT get.'

The afternoon gave pleasure of a different sort. At 1.30 I set out in a good car on a good road for a drive, it may have been twenty miles, with Mr. Visser's daughter and her husband, to her *estancia*. There, after entering the comfortable home, we walked about, surveying the splendid fruit trees of many varieties, apples such as never seen before: thirteen large ones on a stalk hardly a foot long, closer together than grapes; a knife would scarcely go between them. I attempted a photograph, but it was a failure. The apples were the size of large California fruit. Many varieties of pears there were; peaches, plums, cherries, also; a garden with many familiar, old-fashioned flowers. The Visser home a mile away was larger. Mrs. Visser had returned to act as hostess. Many trees surround the houses, as often there are strong winds. For this reason, no doubt, the fruit trees were mostly dwarf, ten feet high or less. English walnuts they had, too. On this ranch we saw many sheep — these the real business; some cattle and a few horses. \*Fruit trees flourish splendidly, but unhappily there is no market aside from the small town.

Departing, I was presented with a large bag of apples, pears, and peaches, which I carried to Buenos Aires. When a very large apple was in fine condition, I gave a half to the Grand Hotel manager to try. It was the best I have eaten in

many a long day, fragrant and juicy. The man said it was fine (I never saw one from California that could compare with it), but when I suggested his ordering some, he explained that he would be glad to, but it would cost more to bring them than those that came from California. So the fruit business is less profitable in Comodoro Rivadavia than here. It would seem that a small schooner that used to carry ice and apples from Maine to Rio de Janeiro (I met the owner of the schooner and his wife years ago in Rio) or a small steam launch might find the carrying trade there profitable. Transport is the desideratum.

To me it was a novelty to see one of the maids call, not only turkeys but white leghorn hens, to have their picture taken. Of course they had something to eat, if I did not get their picture. Surely I was invited to have afternoon tea in the pleasant home, with toast, honey, and fruitcake; very acceptable after the long drive. Their hospitality is a pleasant remembrance. It was dark when we reached the town, but the driver was familiar with the road.

My greatest trial on the trip was getting up early in the morning. We were to leave the hotel at five. The night is too short when one retires at 11.45 and has to get up at four. My little alarm clock is more trustworthy than porters. At 4.40 I was in the dining-room for coffee,



ESTANCIA NEAR MAR DEL PLATA  
Estancia of Señor Don Miguel Martínez de Hoz



THOROUGHBREDS NEAR MAR DEL PLATA



which the proprietor was just making. At 4.55 I had a cup, and as the pilot was late there was time for a little more. At 5.15 we departed in real darkness, lights only at some oil centers. At 5.40 we were at the hangar. Still dark. The baggage was weighed and two other passengers, one fat — 135 kilos, about 300 pounds. He should certainly pay extra. At six o'clock, though still in the gloom, we made a start, going slowly across the field where two men helped turn the plane; then it went fast and quickly rose. We flew at good speed; thirty miles, the pilot said, in fifteen minutes. In the east the sky was growing pink, later turning to gold. At 6.45 the sun appeared to us, but it was after seven before it shone on the ground, fifteen hundred feet below.

It was a pleasant journey back to Bahia Blanca. I had thought of stopping there a day to see the port, but, as I had a fine view from the air, of the city, the harbor, and the three distinct ports, when I learned that I could keep on to Buenos Aires in another plane, I decided to go. The city, including the ports, with a population of one hundred thousand, has become the leading exporter of grain, surpassing Rosario and Buenos Aires. There are two commercial ports, both belonging to the British Railway; the third is the chief military and naval port of the Republic. This has a dry dock and facilities

of all kinds. The port, on a large, well-protected bay, naturally has a far better harbor than Buenos Aires on a broad river. With direct railway connection west and south to rich farming and pasture lands, it is certain to grow rapidly.

I was glad that I had decided to fly on to Buenos Aires instead of stopping over and going by train next day, for thus I gained a better idea of the Province as a whole; though seeing many things and people close at hand from the train might have been equally interesting. Most of the way we flew over what was clearly fine farming country. The fields were green, brown, or black, some of them burning; the black already burnt over. Soon mountains appeared in the distance, quite high, one especially; then we approached a long range. I had known that in this Province, so remote from the Andes, there is a range of four thousand feet altitude, another of twelve hundred feet, but I had not expected to see them. Presently going east, we flew over the lower one, where there was a good deal of forest. Then the terrain was more level; cattle, horses, and sheep were seen; fields, gardens, trees along a winding river, with banks looking twenty feet high. Now a high wind several times tips the plane to an angle of forty-five degrees; once it tipped the plane back. Is that the way they go into a spin? I have wondered

later. We come lower and go more smoothly; no more dips. Green alfalfa fields appear, scattering pools of water; white birds fly around. At the south it is cloudy, gray, and gusty. Again the sun shines and blue sky appears. Now we are low enough to see the cattle and horses run, also sheep. Some, foolish, run, though far away, while others, just below, remain perfectly quiet. The coloring in various shades of green is pleasing. We see fine haciendas, villages; on the roads, automobiles. Flying still lower, many animals run. Horses run to meet others that are running away. It is amusing. Houses are frequent, several towns, one very pretty. At five o'clock we have two hundred kilometers still to go, perhaps more. We see the sun set from the plane, as we had seen it rise. But we are drawing near; though it is quite dark, the pilot knows the way, and about seven we come down near the hangar after a long but very interesting day. The landing-field is not so far out as that at Moron; so, arriving by 8.30, I was in time to enjoy a good dinner at the Grand Hotel, doubly welcome after my slight and early breakfast and a luncheon mainly of the fruit with which I was fortunately provided.

## CHAPTER XX

### A FLIGHT TO PARAGUAY

AFTER the luxury of morning coffee in my room at a fairly late hour, I was glad to call at the Aero-Postale office to express my gratification that I had been able to enjoy the extremely interesting trip to Southern Argentina. I was sorry later that I had not improved the opportunity offered in Comodoro Rivadavia to go on to Puerto Gallegos, about 375 miles farther, the most southern port of the mainland of the country, from which a weekly steamer will carry one in a few days to Punta Arenas; but I had felt that I ought not to take the time. At the office I learned that I might go to Asunción on Wednesday; a Brazilian ambassador would be making the trip, so I should be sure of good company. I should have preferred more time in the interim, but it seemed wise to improve the opportunity. Only one more good night's rest, for at 3.30 A.M. Wednesday, a car would call to take me to the field. Thanks to my little clock, I was up at 2.45, and down at the door a moment before the arrival of the automobile. I had not even suggested that coffee be served at so unearthly an hour, though if I had thought of a thermos bottle, it might have been supplied.



CUSTOM HOUSE, BUENOS AIRES



HARBOR-FRONT AND AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES  
In center the President's palace facing the Plaza de Mayo



I had, however, abstracted a roll from the table at dinner, which with some fruit I carried to eat later. First we drove to the Hotel Savoy, a mile distant, from which, in a few moments, two gentlemen entered the car. They had been instructed to be ready at 3.45. We then drove back to the office near the Grand Hotel, and I wondered why they routed me out first. After waiting awhile for the mail, we drove to the field, where we arrived before five, although the hour for starting was six. Of course it was dark; also cold and damp with a heavy fog. Some time later coffee was served, a good cup. Others had eggs. After a while a gentleman, who I supposed was English, invited me to walk with him, and for a long time we tramped back and forth in the chilly dampness over a concrete path. Hours passed. The sunrise, considerably after six, made no impression on the fog, so heavy that we could see but a short distance. It seemed that we should never get away. About nine, tired with walking, it was so cold that I took refuge in the plane out on the field, as the warmest place, the hangar being all open. A while after, I perceived that the fog was thinner. Slowly it dissipated, and at ten, after more than five hours' waiting, we took off.

A straight run, and quickly we were in the air. The plane had a single motor, a crew of two, eight seats for passengers; at the rear a door on

one side, a W.C. opposite. We pass over dwellings, small farms, tilled land, cattle and sheep. Here the cattle, evidently accustomed to the noise, do not move. At first, a pretty country, then swampy with streams; tall slim trees, poplars or eucalyptus, also willows. Soon we cross a great river. At Buenos Aires the Plata is twenty miles wide. The stream which we have crossed is the Paraná above its union with the Uruguay, the two forming the Plata. Now we cross the Uruguay, a smaller river, but appearing several miles wide, and we fly along the east side in the country of Uruguay. All is green except the few houses, and the red cattle with white faces in the green meadows among the scattered trees. Crossing a smaller tributary, then the Rio Negro, on the latter, some miles up, we descry the important town Mercedes; not long after we pass, on the Uruguay River, Fray Bentos, notable as the original home of the Liebig industry, opening here in 1865. This naturally is a great section for cattle-raising. The river bends here to the east, so we cross it and next pass Concepción del Uruguay, the first important port in Argentina on this river; a stock-raising center surrounded by great *estancias*, some of which raise full-blooded stock, others cross-breeds. Crossing the river again, we pass Paysandú, the second largest city of Uruguay. Soon we notice two large towns on

opposite sides of the river, Concordia in Argentina and Salto in Uruguay, the latter city just below some falls which are the head of navigation. Ocean steamers of eighteen-foot draught can and do come up to this point. Both cities are important in commerce, especially for the export of stock products. About noon we have some fog and clouds and no sun. At 12.15 we halt fifteen minutes at Monte Caseros for gas, where a cup of coffee was welcome, a small place. Here we are only three hours late, having in rapid flight gained an hour over the schedule.

Now we cross the river into Brazil, at 1.15, leaving some mail at Uruguayana. From this city, after crossing the river in a launch, rail connection is made between the Argentine and Brazilian railways. Not many miles from here an international bridge connects the Brazil and Uruguay railways.

Returning to Argentina, we note large haciendas with fine groves of trees. We have now five passengers besides myself, all speaking English; two of these Brazilians, my companions of the early morning. It was later that I discovered that the courteous gentleman who spoke with the precise inflections of a cultured Englishman was after all a Brazilian. When we had become better acquainted, he explained that he had lived six years in London and taken pains to acquire the perfect accent, which he had.

The other Brazilian had a perfect command of English, but with the slightest accent, which betrayed that he was not to the manner born.

The flight in Argentina had been rather bumpy in several places, but not disagreeably so. Posadas, where we arrived at 2.30, was our last call in that country, a pleasant, growing town on the bank of the Upper Paraná, important for both river and rail traffic. The tourist going to the Iguassú Falls must transfer to a small steamer for a two days' sail up the river.

No one who arrives at Posadas, whether by air or otherwise, or who even comes to Buenos Aires, should fail to visit the wonderful falls on the Iguassú River, flowing between Brazil and Argentina into the Alto Paraná, which separates both countries from Paraguay. The Iguassú Falls, higher than Niagara, more than twice as wide, and most of the year with a greater volume of water, if in low water less majestic than Niagara, at any time are infinitely more beautiful. Several days should be spent in this enchanting environment, where there is an excellent hotel, an automobile road extending along the bank, paths leading to delightful vistas, and in low water a possibility even of crossing the river above the falls, as I did, in a small boat, to enjoy their loveliness and magnificence from each side. For the through rail service from Buenos Aires to Asunción a ferryboat takes the train across the



IGUASSÚ FALLS FROM THE BRAZILIAN SIDE (A PART)



IGUASSÚ FALLS FROM THE ARGENTINE SIDE



river to Encarnación in Paraguay. But we, leaving at three, can fly more quickly.

The Paraguay country is similar to what we have seen, but rather prettier; all green with scattered houses, sometimes a dozen fairly near each other; very pretty trees of varying height, also thick bunches of forest, not of the jungle type. As we sail quietly, smoothly, over the apparently level country, suddenly we had a drop; the biggest that I experienced in my entire flight. Everyone looked up, astonished. We had noticed nothing until the sharp bump when our descent abruptly stopped. The pilot later said that we dropped about five hundred feet. One gentleman fell out of his chair, I was told; he must have been sitting on the edge. I did not bounce at all, but felt the strong jar, which seemed queer over this sunny, pleasant country, with little wind.

On the open ground I saw what looked like tufts (I wondered what they were) near forests into which a track led, perhaps for yerba mate, the fashionable and wholesome drink of millions. We pass a small town, well-tilled land, different shades of green indicating a variety of cultures; a small river, mountains in the distance. Farms are thickly spread; a fine country. At 4.15 a village appears. Soon after we descend at the hangar, having made our flight in about six and a half hours, instead of the schedule time, eight and a half.

In a train the journey is made comfortably, without change, in two days, four hours; and unless in a great hurry one might prefer that to rising at 3 A.M., an hour utterly without reason. Leaving the field at nine, even spending eight hours on the journey, one would obviously arrive at five. This is especially desirable when fogs are frequent, as in fall or winter, for a similar delay had occurred at the hangar at Buenos Aires the day before. Aside from the fog and the early rising, the flight was most interesting and agreeable: one which all should enjoy if possible.

From the hangar, we drove to a comfortable hotel in Asunción, capital of Paraguay, a pleasant town of one hundred thousand population, on the Paraguay River, tributary to the Paraná, with an altitude of but two hundred and three feet, though a thousand miles from the ocean. Founded in 1536, in a wilderness near the center of the continent, just a century before Roger Williams began the settlement of Providence, it is an interesting city apart from its historical associations. The tragic story of its origin, of the faithful Irala who here for months awaited in vain the return of Juan de Ayolas from his heroic journey through the wilderness and over great mountains to Peru, is a tale worth reading; but there is no space for it here. The country has been called the most romantic in South America

from the viewpoint of both nature and history; though the opinion might be challenged by many. On the edge of the tropics, it has an agreeable climate.

There was opportunity for the air tourist to stay one day or four, as there was semi-weekly service. Having visited Asunción on my lecture tour in 1916, one day was all that I wished to spare. The chief points of interest in the city are, first, the Government Palace containing the residence of the President and offices for the Ministers of Government. On a high bank above the river the windows of the second story afford a charming view of the winding river, and on the opposite side the disputed Chaco region, for many years a subject of controversy with Bolivia. Below, close to the river, is the classical new Custom House near excellent docks recently constructed by an American company. There is a fine Hall of Congress, a Museum of Arts containing a Murillo and other works which would adorn any art gallery, and a library of the National Archives, with priceless documents of the early history of the Plata region, the largest existing collection; also Jesuit annals from 1534 to 1600, and accounts of the socialistic government of Paraguay inaugurated by Dr. Francia.

Among changes since my earlier visit, I noted that the streets were better paved, the place

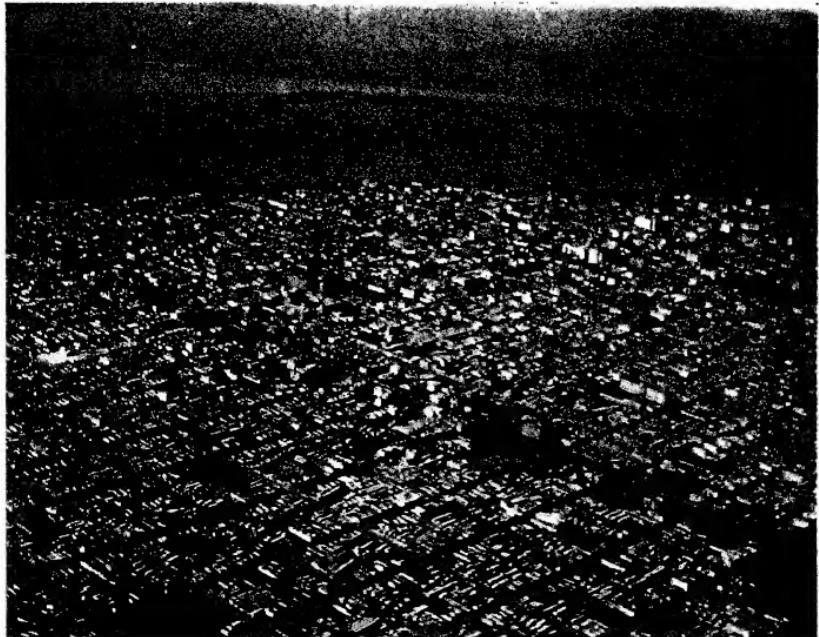
seemed to have a little less of the air of 'dolce far niente,' and new buildings of varied character had been erected. Of these I visited the really splendid edifices of the American Institute established several years ago, coeducational, with several hundred students, and highly prosperous. The population has but a slight admixture of Guaraní blood, a more energetic race than is usually found on the edge of the tropics; but the people generally speak Guaraní, as also Spanish. The percentage of illiteracy is surprisingly small, less than in some other countries.

I was interested in hearing from the American agent about some colonies now being formed in the Chaco: Mennonites from Canada, who, becoming dissatisfied there, were gradually moving to the warmer climate of Paraguay. The colonies already established were doing well. An excellent idea had been adopted of placing about twenty-five families in one community, locating the colonies about twenty-five miles apart. Thus there was less disagreement in one place, a chance to vary the monotony by visiting others, perhaps promoting a little rivalry among them, and providing an opportunity to move if one's neighbors proved less congenial than desired. Several hundred families had arrived, and more were coming.

There are no idle or poor in the country, though persons may be seen barefoot and not



BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIACHUELO AT BUENOS AIRES, WITH NO DRAW  
TO OBSTRUCT TRAFFIC



CITY OF ROSARIO ON THE PARANÁ RIVER



garbed in the latest Paris fashions which adorn some of the others. This is one of many places in South America where persons out of work might go and be happy, if able to live contentedly a simple life, in a mild climate, where few clothes are needed and where plenty to eat may be procured without hard labor. Opportunities for greater advancement and prosperity may or may not arise.

In pursuit as ever of information, I made a call on our Consul and then went on to our Minister's, with whom I had an unusually pleasant chat before discovering that he bore a name long familiar, that of Post Wheeler. I may say, in passing, that on this tour I found almost everywhere our representatives more cordial and agreeable than when I was making my lecture tour in 1916. The Wheelers were especially so, with whom I much enjoyed an informal luncheon. It is well that appointments are now made as a rule with rather more discretion than some years earlier. Mr. Wheeler, for example, must have been a striking contrast to one or two of his predecessors.

Let no one who goes to Paraguay on any account fail to buy some pieces of Nanduty lace, which is made both of silk and linen and may remind one of Mexican drawn-work, though it is not such, but really lace. It may be obtained where it is made, much more reasonably than

in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. A woman is likely to bring a variety of pieces to the hotel for sale.

Most of the party that came up with me on Wednesday also returned on Friday. Another unnecessarily early start. They would call for us at four, so we must arise at three. Coffee was served at 3.40 and we left the hotel at 4.10, waiting in two places for others and at the field a half-hour. It was still dark when at 5.30 we started, with no lights on the field. We got off very well, saw lights in many houses, and later mountains in the east. Farther on, we flew over many round hills and some long ones all covered with forest, many pleasant farms with trees scattered or in clumps. Then fog below in streaks and patches interfered. The rest of the journey was similar to our flight up. On the way I learned that the two Brazilians wished to go to Chile in a hurry, but had been warned not to fly because there had that week been a slight accident at Mendoza. I explained that that should not deter them, for it was only that there had been a heavy rain at Mendoza making the ground soft, so that, although the plane from Santiago made a perfect landing, it had sunk in a little and tipped over, slightly injuring the plane, but not at all the occupants; I had crossed with the same pilot and this was his first accident in forty-eight crossings; that it was a

magnificent experience and that they should by all means go one way by air. We arrived in Buenos Aires Friday afternoon at two o'clock. What was my surprise to receive a note from one of the Brazilians the following Tuesday morning saying that they had been to Santiago and back, flying over on Saturday, attending to their errand Sunday, returning Monday; the note written that afternoon saying, 'It was glorious.' They were to fly the next day to Montevideo, and after one day there continue with the Nyrba Line all the way to Rio. A card received June 9, 1932, from friends whom I had urged to fly over the Andes said, 'We crossed yesterday by airplane: a wonderful experience, as you well know.'

After so many strenuous days (in less than a fortnight) flying from Santiago, March 31, then with small intervals to Comodoro Rivadavia and to Asunción, I thought it wise to take life for a while a little easier, enjoying a proper night's sleep, morning coffee in my room about nine, and not rushing about as incessantly as hitherto. One man whom I met soon after my arrival had said, 'You ought to be twenty-five!' I was obviously much beyond that, but I doubt if he suspected *how* much, and I did not tell. One's age is really no bar to such a trip. Mr. Gannett, having his seventy-sixth birthday on the way, suffered not the slightest inconvenience

anywhere. During the entire air tour I saw but one person obviously suffering from air-sickness. He chanced to sit facing me, but he used the bag provided for the purpose with discretion, and in fifteen minutes, when all was over, dropped it from the window.

There was, however, still plenty for me to do. It was desirable for me to meet some of our officials, to secure data for my several books, to obtain photographs from the Air Companies and from the Government, and to see for myself changes that had been wrought since my previous tour in 1923-24. Reporters came, as in cities previously visited, and I made a few calls on old acquaintances. I was happy to see again Doña Carolina Lena de Argerich, President from its inauguration in 1903 of the Library of the National Council of Women. I first met the Señora in 1916 when I gave in Spanish a course of three lectures in the hall of the Library, Señora Argerich presiding. Since then they have acquired a building of their own, where a great work is being accomplished in the dissemination of education and culture among the masses, supplementing the excellent educational facilities furnished by the Government.

Another person whom I was glad to greet was Dr. Luis E. Zuberbühler, who, as President of the Bolsa in 1916, presented me to the great audience of a thousand men to whom I gave an



NORTH BASIN, BUENOS AIRES



illustrated address on some of our principal industries. Later, as President of the Bank of the Nation, he had, in 1925, sent me valuable data for the revision of my 'Industrial and Commercial South America.' A very able man, whose death not long after must have been deplored by many, his ability as a financier was evident during the administration of President Alvear, though under Irigoyen the position was held by another, apparently with less success.

Although there were many places that I should have been happy to revisit, I took time for but a single excursion to see something new; an afternoon bus ride, the route taking in, besides the familiar Palermo Park, a drive along the river-front past the new docks, and between the North and South Basins the attractive new bathing beach recently installed. Back of the beach and bathing-houses are gardens with a marble fountain, promenades, the driveway, refreshment kiosks, athletic grounds, a summer theater, etc., especially frequented in summer.

## CHAPTER XXI

### URUGUAY

Two weeks quickly passed, and it was time for me to speed on my way. The suitcase which was to follow me to Chile had at last reached me by way of New York. After removing the needed articles, which were replaced by others, I again consigned it to a steamer, really sending it to New York (by the Munson Line which had brought it down), where I regained it in due season. With the rest of my baggage, the other suitcase, hatbox, and parcel, I pursued my way by air to Miami. To Montevideo I flew in a seaplane, as in my first flights in Colombia, so continuing through the rest of my journey by air. At that time the Nyrba Company had become so popular that they were giving twice a day service to Montevideo and back, a convenience highly appreciated by the business men of both cities, who could thus spend a few hours in either and return home the same day, an hour's flight covering the distance of a trifle over a hundred miles.

The Buenos Aires airport, naturally at the river's edge, was at Puerto Nuevo, the new seaport, being a valuable and greatly needed addition to the harbor facilities, recently com-

pleted. With regret I departed, as previously from the other places visited, for all are full of interest. The flight down the broad Plata — rather an estuary than a river, though the water is fresh for some distance below Buenos Aires — affords opportunity to see a large island mid-stream, but not much else until we approach the capital of Uruguay, then observing a hill, not very high, but notable as giving to the city the name, Montevideo, 'I see a mountain.' More remarkable than its being the first considerable hill on the Plata is the fact that it is the last seen for a thousand miles as one sails onward; the next being on the Paraguay, just below Asunción.

Descending into the harbor, a launch promptly carries us to the dock, from which I repaired to the familiar Hotel Lanata, not so grand as the Urbano, but more convenient, being near the business center on Plaza Constitución, often called by its original name, the Matríz. On one side of the plaza is the Cathedral, well worth a glance, opposite to which is the Cabildo, formerly the Hall of Congress. Next to the hotel is the Uruguay Club, a resort of the élite for many festivities. The English Club is on the side opposite. The city has the usual attractions, plazas, broad avenues, and in the older part many narrow streets; it is a homelike town with cordial people, not so gay as Rio or Buenos

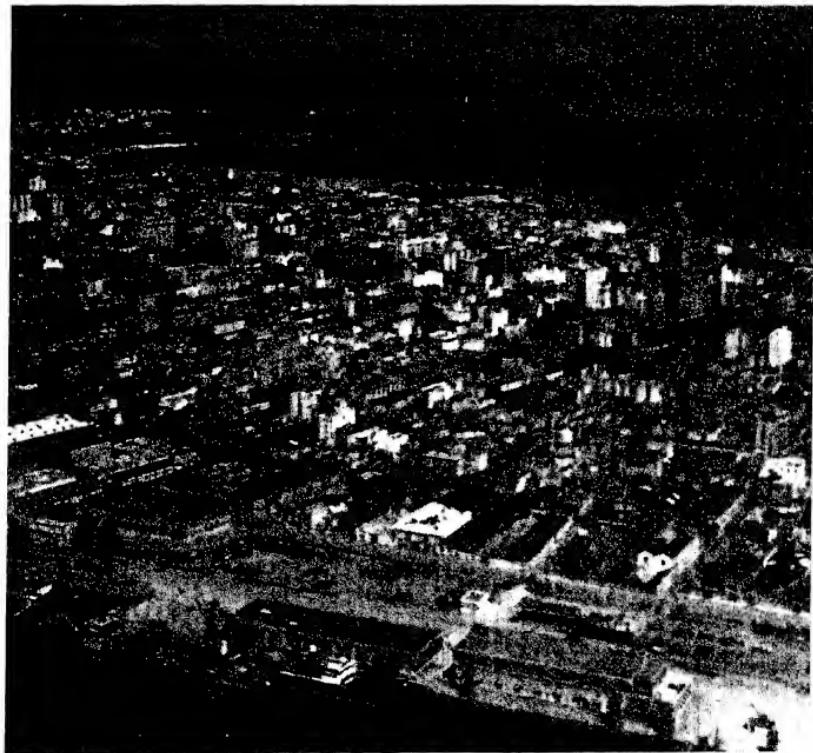
Aires, but as a city of half a million, the fifth in population in South America, it deserves a longer visit than many tourists make, who, remaining but a few hours, take a hurried drive about the city while the steamer lies in port.

The splendid new Hall of Congress deserves especial notice, one of the finest buildings in all South America; there are museums of various kinds, an excellent theater, the old Solis, educational buildings, and a prison, which would put most of ours to shame; well-lighted cells, eight by thirteen feet and over ten feet high, furnished with iron folding-bed, book-shelf, bench, and porcelain bowl and seat, opportunity for baths in warm or sea water; and workshops of eight classes, where the prisoners may work or learn a trade.

Especially attractive are the parks, the finest called the Prado contains the Botanical Garden, a wonderful rose garden, more than 150,000 trees, flowering shrubs, vegetation of cool and warmer climes, lakes and grottoes, hills and hollows; for Uruguay, unlike the shores above the Cerro, has plenty of hills, some even called mountains. Another park, the Rodó, is a real recreation ground, just back of the Hotel Parque Urbano, preferred by many visitors. It is just on the outskirts of the older business section, has a casino, and faces the Playa Ramirez, a popular bathing-resort, the beach in summer



INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, ASUNCIÓN



MONTEVIDEO



thronged with men, women, and children. The hotel is called one of the finest in South America.

Two watering-places, farther out or down, are more frequented by the élite. Pocitos, hotel and beach, with many fine residences near, is very fashionable; still more so, Carrasco beyond, to which leads a splendid esplanade along the shore. This beach in extent compares with that of Ostend, and in hard firm sand with those of Florida. In addition, there is a casino, which, though smaller, is said to equal in elegant furnishing that of Monte Carlo. It is more frequented, they say, by foreigners than by the more sedate and sensible residents. Among the surrounding hills many beautiful chalets are located.

Two other resorts, not often visited by tourists, but much patronized by South Americans, really deserve mention, each established by a wealthy Uruguayan. Punta del Este, at the very southeast corner of Uruguay, is especially favored by the British of Argentina, who find invigorating the good sea air of the broad Atlantic. Here also is a beautiful rose garden and a wonderful park, with the finest collection of eucalyptus found in South America; more than a hundred varieties. Nearer Montevideo, two hours by rail, is Piriapolis, a city and a watering-place both, having a park with thirty thousand rose trees, a grove with several million

trees, a fine hotel, and all modern conveniences. Here, too, are real mountains, two thousand feet high, veined with marble and superb porphyry; one of rich granite; a grove of twenty thousand olive trees, etc.

I was glad to spend a week in this friendly city, where as usual I was visited by reporters, called on our officials, and through their kind offices had by appointment a pleasant chat with the President in his private home. Uruguay has been so well served by other companies that she has felt no great need in her small territory (well provided with railways) of airplanes except for military service. Of these there were sixty-five.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SOUTH BRAZIL

EMBARKING May 6 at Montevideo in one of Nyrba's luxurious Commodores, I was happy in the prospect of viewing some parts of Brazil hitherto unseen, while on the way to delightful Rio. Of course one sailing on an express steamer from Montevideo to Santos views only the broad ocean except for a few miles near the two ports. I had, however, on a previous journey traversed by rail the splendid country south of São Paulo, passing through Paraná, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul to the northwest corner of Uruguay, and on to Montevideo. The rich and often beautiful country of Southern Brazil, with primeval forest, open grazing-land, cultivated farms, occasional towns, and pleasant rivers, as yet with scanty population, is likely to attract many in the near future. A journey by rail is especially desirable for persons interested in the possibilities for further development of this region, favored with a temperate climate and great natural resources. The airplanes give another view; that of the section along the shore.

For once I did not have to rise early for my sail, as the seaplane began its voyage at Buenos Aires. So at a reasonable hour, about 9.30, I

took a taxi to the dock. There awaiting the arrival of the plane, we then went out in a small launch to go on board. This was the most comfortable of all the planes used on my tour. One descends from the roof or deck by steep stairs to the large cabin, partially divided into three compartments (I might really say six, on account of the broad aisle through the center), with total accommodations for a dozen. One of the large compartments had, instead of two sofas facing each other, a broad couch extending the entire length, a boon for the lazy, feeble, or sleepy; but somehow even on the many days of very early rising I never felt the need of couch or nap. I preferred to look out of the window when there was anything to see, at other times to read if book or paper was available.

As we began our flight, the view of the city and the coast of Uruguay was less than I expected, as we at once bore out over the broad stream soon absorbed in the great ocean. For a long time there was no view of the coast which later appeared in the distance, occasionally as a low sandy shore or green banks and hills. A while after noon we were favored with a good luncheon, to my taste, the best of the journey. A parcel for each person contained a variety of excellent sandwiches, bread cut thin, cheese, chicken, ham, and tongue, in ample supply, enough to omit those you did not care for.

Fruit also was served, oranges, bananas, and a very good apple; also a bottle for each, a choice of beer or sarsaparilla; of the two, though an 'Anti,' I preferred the latter.

In the afternoon, nearing the shore, I noticed the Lagôa Mirim, which extends far within, dividing Uruguay from Brazil. The State, Rio Grande do Sul, has for a long distance a very flat sandy coast, as we could easily see from the plane. It was three o'clock or later when we turned straight toward the shore, reaching which we fly over a channel forty miles long which leads to the Lagôa dos Patos (Ducks). This lagoon extends north a hundred and fifty miles, parallel to the ocean, from which it is separated only by a broad sandy beach. Quite suddenly we come upon the city, with the same name as the State, at the south end of the lake, and after circling over it land or settle on the water near the docks, where we deliver mail and have our gas replenished.

This city, with a population of fifty thousand or more, is one of growing importance as a port, the channel entrance being recently deepened from eleven to thirty feet. With a mile of docks, it is distinguished in other lines than commerce, priding itself on the oldest newspaper in Brazil excepting the *Jornal do Commercio* in Rio de Janeiro; also on an excellent library, and a unique monument, the only one in the country —

perhaps anywhere — dedicated to the abolition of slavery. The State is noted for its cattle industry, having much blooded stock and several packing-houses, two American; agriculture flourishes, and there are important coal mines. On leaving, we make a large circle over the city, which presents a very pretty picture: many white buildings, picturesquely showing among the green of trees along the broad avenues and in the plazas. Then flying north over the lagoon, thirty miles wide, it seems like the ocean, the low dividing beach being hardly noticeable. The days being short, as here in early November, it was past sunset when we arrived at our destination, Porto Alegre, capital of the State. In this we were fortunate, for it was one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever witnessed. After the sun had disappeared, there were red and flame-colored bands in all parts of the horizon, fading into long lines of pink, and with soft pale pink above. Nothing more lovely could be imagined. An airplane is surely the most favorable place from which to admire a sunset. Only a mountain-top can be a rival, and not many of these are as convenient for the purpose. I was glad that there was some delay at the float, so that we missed none of the fascinating spectacle.

Previously to our descent we had circled over Porto Alegre as we did again in the morning, a

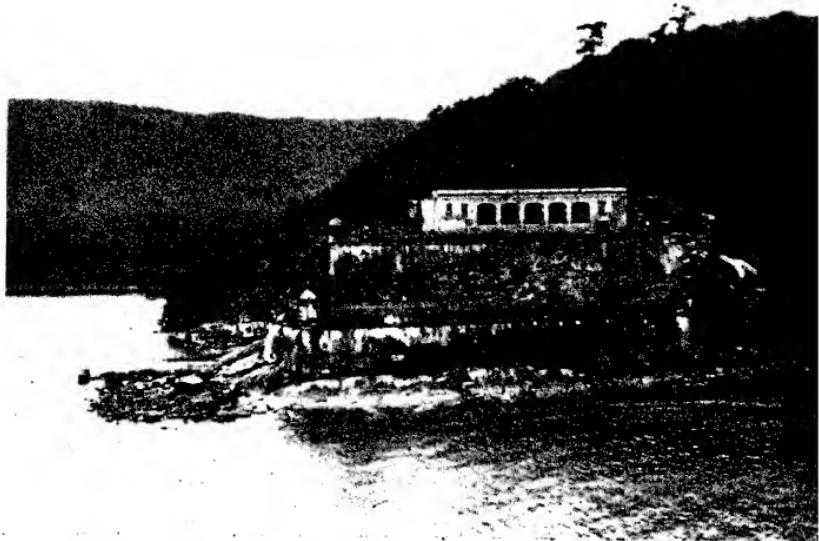
polite gesture generally practiced, perhaps also to give tourists an opportunity to see the place. The city, not so flat as Rio Grande do Sul, is four times the size, with an enterprising population largely German. Although so far inland, it is an important port, now having a regular steamship line to Europe. The city, of course, has rail connection with the rest of the State and the country and is a very important distributing point as well as for export. A launch took the passengers ashore, and a taxi carried us through the well-lighted streets to the leading hotel, where we found porters, elevator, everything up to date, including a fine bathroom just opposite my room. After dinner, I think most of us before long sought a good night's rest.

In the morning there was considerable delay after an early breakfast (not so early as some before and after), waiting for a mail plane which was to leave Buenos Aires at one that morning and overtake us here, transferring to us the mail in time for us to leave at seven. As it had not appeared, our pilot waited awhile, but in vain; at 8.30 we set off. This compelled the mail plane to follow until it did overtake us, which proved to be only after we had arrived in Rio, in season to go on the passenger plane departing from there early Friday morning.

Porto Alegre, at the northwest corner of the lagoon, is many miles west of the ocean, but

our seaplane could go over land just as well, so, instead of at once flying east and then along the coast which here has a direct northeast trend, we saved distance by making a more scenic flight for a hundred miles over beautiful country: woods, rivers, and farms; mountains, too, small ones, for at the left is the Serra do Mar with peaks rising seven thousand feet, a range near the sea which extends along the coast a little beyond Rio de Janeiro.

After an hour or so we reach the ocean, over which we fly practically all the way to Miami, though for most of the distance to Pará near enough to the coast to enjoy the scenery, always interesting and generally beautiful. We miss it here until we approach Florianopolis, though on an island, the capital and largest city of Santa Catharina, the next State north. Prettily located on the landward side, it has a good harbor to which we descend. A high railroad bridge connects it with the mainland. It now seemed a good idea to try the luncheon, put up for us at Porto Alegre, very fair, but not equal to the one that came from Buenos Aires. It may be noted here that the name for *port* is different from the one used in Spanish America. The Spanish is *puerto*, the Portuguese is *porto*; hence we are wrong in saying Porto Rico, because the proper name is Puerto Rico, as of course it is called there. Our carelessness in such matters



OLD FORTRESS AT ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF SANTOS



SANTOS



is paralleled only by the English, whose faults we are more apt to copy than their virtues.

I regretted that there was no halt at Paranáguá, the chief port of the great State of Paraná, from which a railway runs seventy miles up to the capital, Curityba, and on to the through railway from São Paulo to Uruguay. The road to Curityba is of wonderful beauty; some say that in this respect it even surpasses the more famous railway from Santos to São Paulo. The ascent to three thousand feet in a few miles is made without cogs or cables by means of high trestles, bridges, and tunnels. Contributing to the picturesque scenery along the gorge up which the railway climbs is luxuriant tropical vegetation, followed by pine forests and scenes of agricultural and industrial development. Here is seen the Araucanian or Paraná pine, a tree of striking character, a candelabra top ending a bare straight trunk, averaging thirty inches in diameter and one hundred feet tall. Paraná is the largest exporter of matte, and both States have fine agricultural and forest products, excellent grazing land, splendid and varied climates, temperate and semi-tropical on account of varying altitudes — altogether a very attractive region.

Santos, our next halting-place, is a name familiar to all as that of the greatest coffee port in the world. Here everyone, not hurrying home on account of death or other near fatality,

should by all means stop off till the next airplane or steamer unless a visit has been previously made, as in my own case. It is not absolutely necessary, though desirable, to stay a day or two in this warm city, which has many points of interest. The splendid docks, seen from the airplane, extend three miles along the water-front, their granite walls rising five feet above high-water mark. So busy is the place that a Brazilian wrote, 'People do not run, they fly.' The unusual rush in a torrid city is because hundreds of men daily come by train from São Paulo, the cooler and larger city above, a two hours' ride, returning at four.

Before going up to that city, an excursion by no means to be omitted, one may like to spend a night at the popular shore resort, Guarujá; not so grand as Mar del Plata, but in a more picturesque location. The Hotel Balneario on the water-front, many rooms with bath, may be preferred. The first real settlement made by the Portuguese on this continent in 1532 at São Vicente is worth a visit, but the majority will at once climb to the plateau, three thousand feet above, by a railway, from an engineering point of view called one of the wonders of the world. It is, indeed, a strange and wonderful ride through tropical forests along the side of steep slopes amid scenes of matchless beauty; when the gully is shrouded with mist, a rift

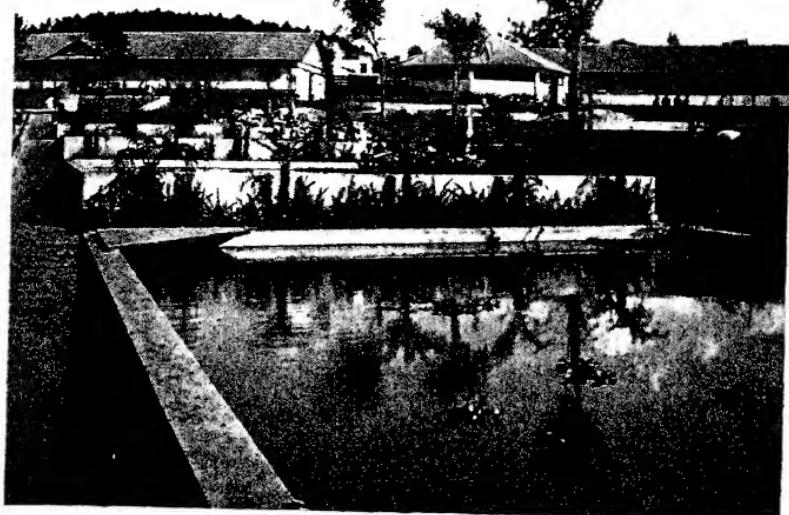
often disclosing a tremendous chasm below. The ascent of twenty-six hundred feet in seven miles is made in an original manner by five inclined planes, each a mile and a quarter long with four intermediate levels. Each car has an engine attached, which grips an endless chain run by an engine at the top of each slope. A strange feature is that the double track has but three rails for the up-and-down trains, which therefore meet only in the middle of each section or on the flats between, where are two full tracks. There is another way now to ascend, for a splendid motor road has been constructed on the face of the cliff; but this should be preferred for the descent, affording magnificent views on the way down.

## CHAPTER XXIII

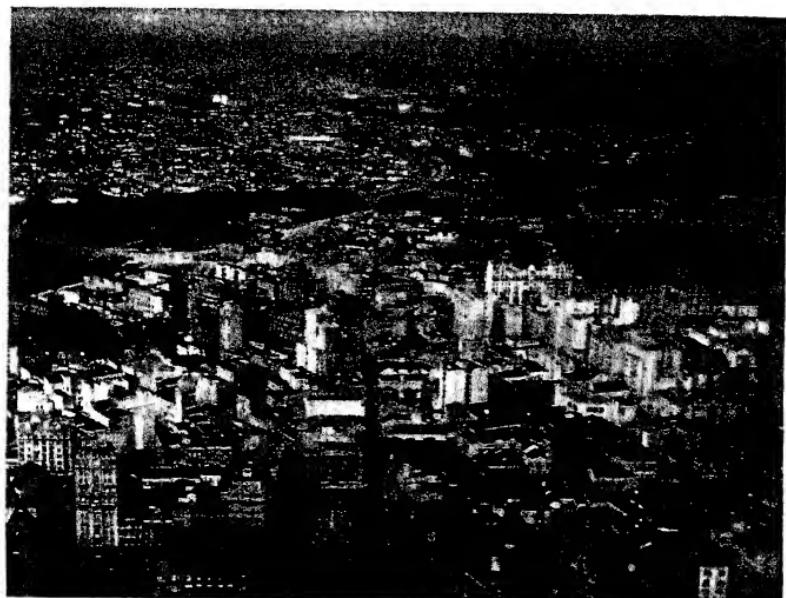
### SÃO PAULO AND RIO DE JANEIRO

SÃO PAULO, a city of nearly a million, capital of a great State of the same name, though not to be compared in beauty to Rio, is preferred for residence by many foreigners for its cooler, sometimes frosty, climate, and its varied business activities. On account of the latter, it has been called the Chicago of Brazil. More cosmopolitan than other Brazilian cities, Italians are especially numerous, forming about forty per cent of the population. Active, even leaders in important industries, one of them who came as a poor immigrant boy is accounted among the foremost and wealthiest business men in all Brazil.

While the State is especially noted as the greatest world producer of coffee, other forms of agriculture are important (the finest kind of cotton, sugar, a variety of cereals, etc.), as is also mining and stock-raising. The large manufacturing industries include cotton and silk goods and a great number of other articles: these promoted by the vast water-power in the State, which makes electricity available for their use. All of these activities have together contributed to make São Paulo the leading State in business, in railways, and in educational facilities.



FISH-PONDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE DIRECTORY OF ANIMAL  
INDUSTRY, SÃO PAULO



THE CITY OF SÃO PAULO



The surface of the city is irregular with hills and valleys, in consequence of which the blocks in the business section are of all shapes, so that the streets are about as crooked as those of Boston. Gullies increase the picturesque appearance. One, where the raising of tea was attempted, is now crossed by the Viaducto do Cha, eight hundred feet long and fifty wide, which leads to the commercial center and to the Largo de Palacio, around which are the fine Government buildings.

The tourist usually patronizes the excellent and well-located Hotel Esplanada, from which he may first visit — at least notice with admiration — the imposing Municipal Theater near by, said to surpass any in the United States; and then walk across the Viaduct to see the section containing the Government and the business buildings, the activity there displayed, the shopping district, and the oldest and best of the churches.

The fine avenues and the greater distances, on the other side where the Theater is located, will tempt one to a drive, though buses and tram cars are available. One should pass Mackenzie College, founded by Americans forty years ago, and affiliated with the University of the State of New York. It is said to have served as a model for Government Schools. Among the many miles of asphalt avenues, lined with handsome

residences and large trees, the finest is the Paulista, a boulevard with a shaded parkway along the center. One will, of course, include a visit to the Ypiranga Museum, erected on the spot where Brazil's independence was proclaimed in 1822 by Dom Pedro, who thus became the first Emperor. The Museum contains treasures of historical and scientific interest, paintings by Brazilian artists, and valuable relics.

The beautiful park, Jardim da Luz, opposite the Luz railway station, should not be overlooked, and some persons would be interested in the Hotel of Immigrants, where thousands have been welcomed, entertained, and sent on their way rejoicing. More exceptional, indeed, is the Butantán Snake Farm, a little outside the city, which no one should miss, even though like myself he or she has no fondness for snakes. Founded by the late Dr. Vital Brazil, it is now a Government institution. Housed in little stone coops, within an enclosure made secure by moat and smooth stone walls, are specimens of the ten venomous snakes of Brazil. Sometimes, for a crowd of visitors, an attendant picks up a squirming creature by the nape of his neck, which he then squeezes, so extracting one or two drops of venom which fall into a glass held by another. Serums made from the venom of these snakes have reduced the mortality from snake-bites in Brazil from ninety per cent to three.



RAILWAY FROM SANTOS TO SÃO PAULO



HIGHWAY FROM SÃO PAULO TO RIO DE JANEIRO



The serums are sent on request to all parts of the world.

One variety is especially cultivated, a large black snake called *Mussurama*, harmless to people, but not to his poisonous relatives, which he swallows for a real meal. On my own first visit to Brazil in 1912, Dr. Brazil paid me the honor of allowing one to perform for my benefit; but it is not often done for the casual visitor. Snakes of this variety are occasionally sent to a section where poisonous ones abound to diminish their number; a praiseworthy work.

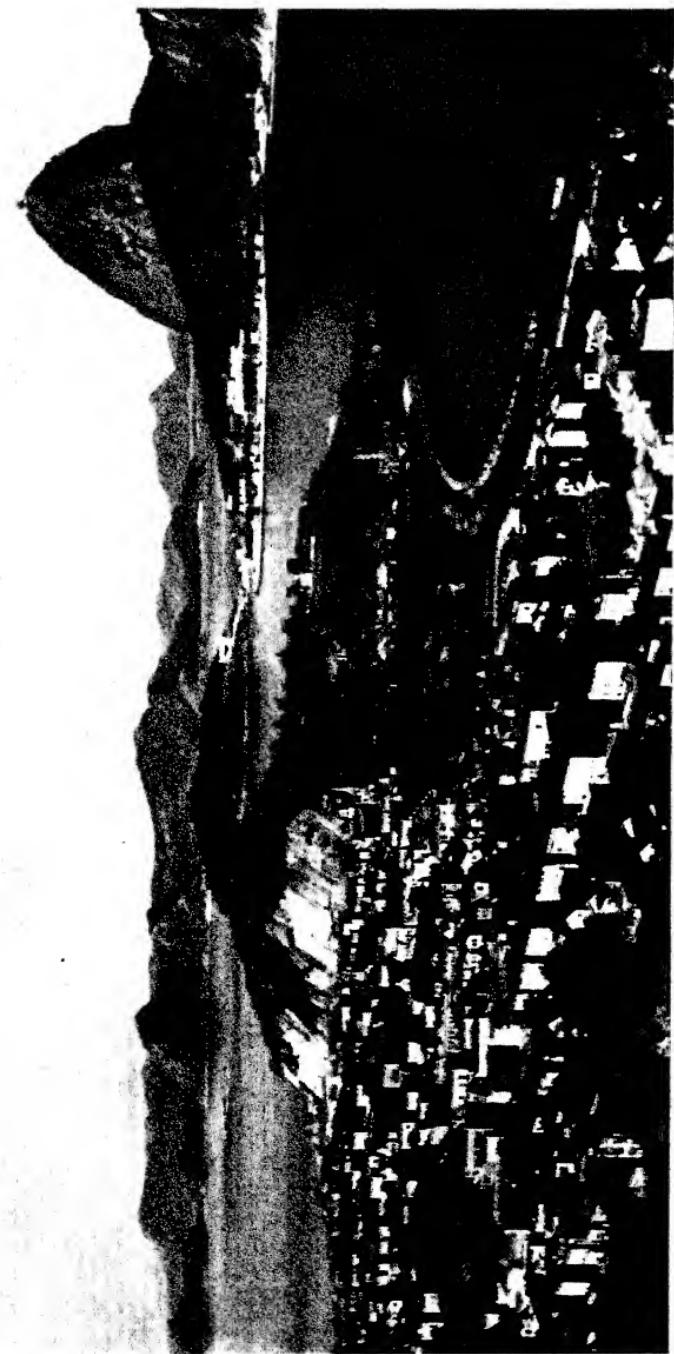
If one has time to spare, a trip by rail or motor to a coffee plantation or *fazenda* near Campinas, fifty miles out or more, will be a pleasure. The owner of the one which I visited, with half a million coffee trees, has a magnificent residence, and gardens with rare orchids and eight hundred varieties of roses. The rows of coffee trees or bushes, seeming infinite in number, many bearing white flowers and red berries at the same time, form a pretty picture. A family of three or four can take care of ten thousand trees, and, cultivating other products meanwhile, is able to live on the proceeds.

It would be well to postpone the visit to the Ypiranga Museum to the day of departure, as the site is not far from the point on the cliff where the motor road begins the wonderful descent to Santos. From the port one should take a steamer

in the early evening which will arrive at Rio about dawn, if he desires to see it first in all its glory, as he will if Heaven is kind.

RIO DE JANEIRO, capital of the great State of Brazil, which covers about two fifths of South America and is a trifle larger than the United States proper, is generally conceded to be, as many besides Dr. Saville have remarked, 'the loveliest place in the world.' The city now contains nearly two million inhabitants. Whether arriving by airplane or by steamer, one lands at the foot of Rio's magnificent chief business avenue, Rio Branco, lined with splendid buildings of varied architecture, in front of which are the broad and widely famed mosaic sidewalks. But it is by sea that the approach to the city in early morning is most delightful, when the light from the east on the hills in and behind the city, in perfect weather enhances the ever-charming scene to a vision of unparalleled loveliness.

Favored by nature above all others, Rio possesses the most beautiful site in the world suitable for a great city; together with a harbor which is nowhere surpassed, or, I believe, equaled, for ease of entrance, size, safety, and depth of water; with docks but two miles from the broad ocean. While the city's greatest attractions are thus a gift of nature, its officials during the last thirty years have endeavored, not in



THE SUGAR LOAF AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO



vain, to make the city worthy of its surroundings. That, as a Brazilian once wrote, has been 'the work of an enterprise.'

Among the splendid hotels I choose the Gloria, though some Americans prefer the Copacabana, four miles out, facing the broad Atlantic and harboring a gambling casino, but to my mind inferior in prospect and convenience. The Gloria Hotel, hardly ten minutes from the city's center, five by motor car, fronts on the beautiful Beira Mar, a boulevard four miles long, unrivaled even on the shores of the Mediterranean. Pages of a guidebook are needed to enumerate, much more describe, half of Rio's glories, a few familiar to many who have seen them in pictures only.

Such is Corcovado, a peak twenty-three hundred feet high, almost in the heart of the city; to be ascended by cogged-wheel railway at the first moment when a clear view of the extraordinary sea- and landscape is probable. See Naples and die? No! See Rio and live! — to go again and again. The conjunction of city, pellucid bays, rugged cliffs, higher peaks, and tropical vegetation seen from above, is enchanting. The view from Tijuca more beautiful? 'Impossible!' says one at Corcovado. But in any case one must take that long automobile drive of four hours; five, if you pause at the proper outlooks for the varied views along that mountain road, coming down to return, after passing stately Gavea, by

the avenue along the sea and Beira Mar: unquestionably the most magnificent four-hour drive in the world.

Everyone goes in a car swung on a cable to the top of the Sugar Loaf, Pão de Assucar, at the harbor entrance, preferably about sunset, not only to see that, but also the twinkling lights gradually coming out on the hills above the city's center. Petropolis, the city's summer capital, three thousand feet above, is another delightful excursion by motor road of recent construction; and a sail on the Guanabara Bay is a pleasure unalloyed.

On the main avenue, Rio Branco, one can but notice the splendid Municipal Theater, perfect with all mechanical and electrical devices; the National Library nearly opposite with probably the most valuable collection of examples of all schools and periods of typographic art to be found in South America, with many of the choicest rarities. Next door is the Fine Arts Museum, in which will be found many works of the old masters. The various parks everyone will enjoy, especially the Botanical Garden with its rows of superb Royal Palms, and hundreds of other interesting examples of Brazilian flora; also the Quinta de Boa Vista containing the National Museum, formerly the Winter Palace of Dom Pedro II.

The Avenida do Mangué, a drainage canal



THE CORCOVADO  
Colossal statue of Christ on summit in process of erection



PRAÇA FLORIANO, RIO DE JANEIRO  
Theater at the right; Monroe Palace in the background;  
the Sugar Loaf in the distance



a mile and a half long, with massive stone embankments, two rows of palms on each side, paved ways for wagons, and asphalt for automobiles, is an example of how useful things may be made ornamental. Churches and palaces there are, deserving attention, and the narrow world-famed street Ouvidor, on which no vehicles of any kind are allowed, the ultra-fashionable street for shopping. Specialties in jewelry of blue butterfly wings, the really excellent Brazil diamonds, emeralds, and semi-precious stones may be better purchased elsewhere in the city, as also native laces and other interesting souvenirs.

Important clubs, three of which may be mentioned, should be visited if possible: the Jockey Club, which has lately constructed a hippodrome and race-course out near Mount Gavea, to rival that at Buenos Aires; also near Gavea a football club with athletic fields of all kinds, and a modern country club of still more recent date.

The many little peculiarities of the place and the people, of much interest to one wishing really to be acquainted with them, may not be given here. By all means go and see for yourself; by boat, tourist class, or airplane, according to the length and fullness of your purse; and you will ever after cherish visions of delight.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### NORTH BRAZIL

UNLESS expecting to return soon, most persons will leave beautiful Rio with regret, however eager they may be to reach home. I should have been glad to remain a month or two longer, but to carry out my plans it was needful to hasten to New York. In a direct flight from Rio to Miami, little could be seen of the cities en route beyond the picture from above. To wait a week for the next airplane, however agreeable in Bahia, Pernambuco, or Pará, was out of the question. But on investigation I discovered that, by leaving Rio on Wednesday in a plane of the Brazil Condor, I might have two days in Pernambuco, continuing my flight northward in the Nyrba Commodore which would leave Rio on Friday. Thus I should have, also, two days' respite from excessively early rising; and it was so arranged.

Accordingly, June 4, I rose at 3.30 A.M., coffee being ordered for 4.15. As it did not arrive, I descended, ready to depart, and had some in the office. My day not expiring until 5 P.M., I was provided with a luncheon; a fortunate circumstance, as none was furnished by the Condor. Taking a taxi at 4.45, I arrived, as



NICTHEROY, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF RIO DE JANEIRO



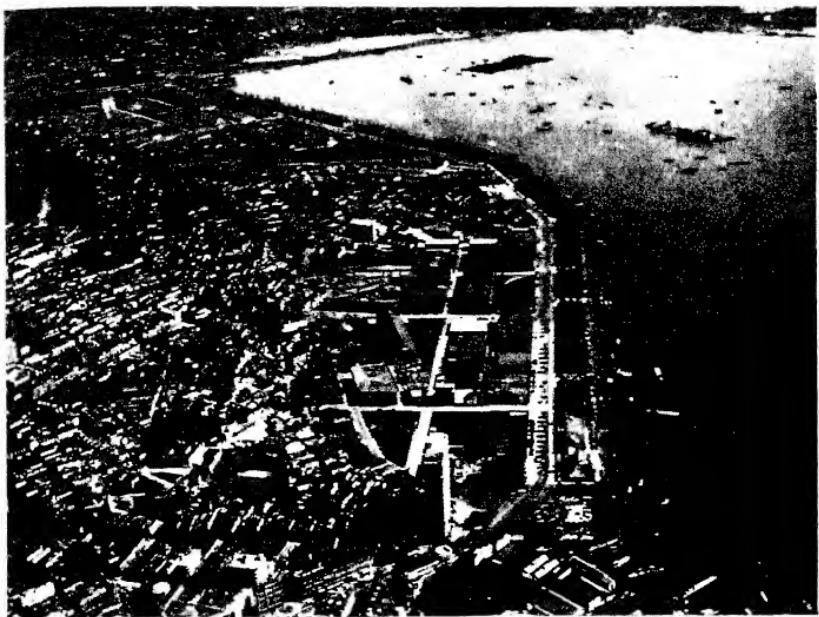
directed, at five at Caes Pharoux: the old docks where I landed from a steamer on my first visit to Brazil in 1912. After some delay for other passengers and the pilot, we sailed in a steam launch to an island in the bay. It was still dark, and coffee was offered in the hangar. When it was quite light, we put out in a small boat to the *avión*. About six we took off, sailing out through the harbor entrance, having a pretty view of islands, curving shores, and abrupt headlands. Corcovado, surrounded by clouds, lifted its head above them. The Sugar Loaf was clear, and the entire coast. Outside the harbor, we turn east along the shore, which for a long distance shows lovely green hills and mountains, and we pass islands on the right.

Of Cape Frio, long a familiar name, I was glad to have an actual view. The Cape is a rather sharp corner, where the coastline running east from Rio turns N.N.E. to Victoria, thence running almost straight north to Bahia, where planes from Rio are supposed to spend the first night. Cabo Frio, probably so called on account of strong winds at the corner, seems a curious place; at first a long narrow point, later widening out, with water covering the greater part. The salt pans to me were a novelty. Unless mines are available, with the salt nearly pure in solid form, this seems a good and cheap way to obtain it by evaporation along a flat coast. It is claimed

that the other ingredients of sea water add to its healthfulness. Beyond the Cape we went a considerable distance over land, then along the shore with mountains a little way back, and clumps of trees near the shore. In open spaces in the woods a few dwellings are visible in the distance, and two high peaks appear above white clouds.

Our first call at 9.15 was at Victoria, capital of the small State Espiritu Santo. Located on a fine bay, the city is the outlet of the eastern part of the very rich and well-populated State of Minas Geraes, which has no port of its own. Victoria seems a queer though pretty place, composed of several towns and villages, scattered on many coves, a river, and hills. Here we took on gas, but, unfortunately and inexcusably, not enough. At Caravellas, our next port of call, we were due before noon.

Beyond Victoria we pass low mountains, followed by a flat shore. Heavy, dark clouds appear, and fog. Then comes sunshine as we fly above the clouds, but about 11.20 it began to rain. The engine seemed steady till 11.30, when the sound became a little queer. Soon afterwards we came down on a wooded, curving stream, where we chugged along awhile and then stopped; nowhere in particular. Perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead I could see a hut on the shore, a dug-out in the river. After a long wait, doing nothing, a man



THE DOCKS OF RIO DE JANEIRO



RIO DE JANEIRO WITH PRAÇA FLORIANO AND HOTEL GLÓRIA  
AT THE LEFT



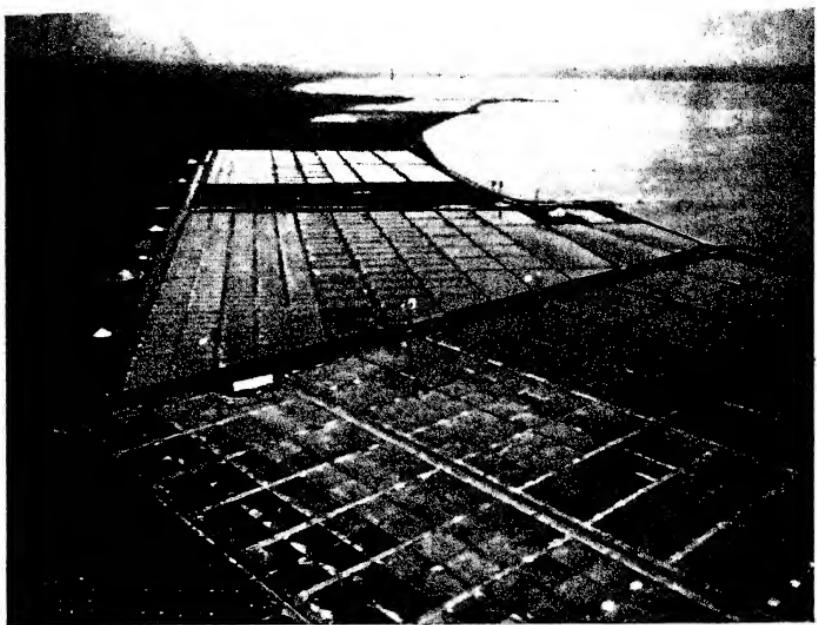
came from there in a canoe and soon departed. The pilot explained that we were out of gas and must wait an hour. Another man came and went, also went the passenger whose destination was Caravellas. The pilot now said that we must wait two hours, adding that in five minutes more we should have arrived. The mechanic, he said, was to blame for not taking on enough gas; but my idea was that the pilot, like a ship's captain, was responsible for not looking after such matters, or having a helper that he could depend upon. Four hours passed; it was 3.30 when the gas arrived. I was, indeed, thankful that a kind American gentleman had bestowed upon me that morning five *Saturday Evening Posts*, and that I had with me a luncheon. A long time was required to put in the gas and get started. We chugged along the river like a steam launch. The stream was devious, with no straight long enough to get well to going; the wind also must be right. Finally we rose into the air and in a few minutes came down in front of Caravellas on the river. It was half-past four, with Bahia, where we were due to spend the night, four hours away, and Ilhéos, a port between, over two hours. Needs must, that we stay at Caravellas overnight.

It was still raining in showers. Hopefully I delayed going ashore till at last a man came with an umbrella. (Mine had been lost in Buenos Aires and I had not bought another.) I was now rowed

to the land. It rained harder. The street along the shore was a small river. Puddles were thick, stepping-stones occasional. A boy carried my hatbox and I hastened as fast as might be to the hotel two blocks distant. A terrible place it was, but better than none. Narrow, dark wooden stairs led up to a dining-room, out of which was a bedroom allotted to me. A woman brought one sheet and a spread for the bed, some water, and a candle stuck in a bottle.

At 6.30 dinner was served at a long table where sat eight or ten men, less polite than those met elsewhere. The soup with macaroni was fair. Other dishes, rather poor, were placed on the table, but no one took the trouble to serve. The men helped themselves to the chicken, lettuce, potatoes, and rice, but passed nothing unless asked. The dessert was hard quince marmalade, with cheese, which I never eat; bread and coffee, of course. It didn't matter, and I withdrew speedily to my own quarters, where by the dim light of the candle I played a little solitaire and went early to bed, in a rather disgusted frame of mind. A noise of walking awakened me about three, and at 4.45 I arose. For breakfast there were crackers and coffee, but somehow I could get only tea, and ate a single cracker. For what I received with lodging I paid ten milreis — quite all it was worth.

Departing about six, I was taken in a canoe to



SALT WORKS, CABO FRIO, BRAZIL



VICTORIA, BRAZIL



the seaplane, and we were soon in the air. We flew over land to the shore and then along the coast. There were clouds on both sides, on the right remarkably beautiful white ones, resembling mountains: a jagged perpendicular wall. It was so cold that, with some difficulty, I closed the window, though the sun was warm. A short call was made at Belmonte, a funny little hamlet on a flat point with water all around. Ilhéos, a prettier place, is an hour farther. Here we go ashore and change planes and pilots, meantime getting coffee and little cakes. This plane went on very well, arriving before noon at Bahia, where we *should* have spent the night in an excellent hotel.

Bahia, capital of the State of that name, founded in 1549, is the oldest city in Brazil, and was once its capital. Now in population the fourth city in the State, it has 320,000 inhabitants. Its name is really São Salvador, while that of the bay is Bahia de Todos os Santos. The harbor, one of the largest and finest in the world, has good anchorage with a depth of forty feet close to the shore. Bahia is a great cacao port. The State produces the finest kind of oranges, our navels originating there, and the most delicious pineapples; about as much tobacco as Cuba.

The city is more remarkable than Valparaiso in having two distinct sections, really two stories.

On the first floor beside the docks are the shipping offices, banks, and important commercial houses. The second story, two hundred feet above, where the Government buildings are situated, has also the shopping and residential sections. Elevators have long been in service; but January 1, 1930, when new ones were installed, 10,700 people used them between 8 P.M. and midnight. The two passenger elevators make the 195-foot trip in seventeen seconds, believed a record. The city is not merely commercial, but is a seat of artistic and literary culture and of sumptuous religious sanctuaries. There are picturesque places to visit, the lighthouse, and lovely parks. A notable peculiarity is that its monuments are symbolic in character; no statues or busts of heroes, but one to an English philanthropist, Dr. Paterson, whose good works were many. From the airplane we had a splendid view of the harbor, which if seen before Rio's would excite superlative praise. We pause merely to deliver mail and receive a passenger, in our hurry to reach Pernambuco before night. When there is semi-weekly service one will be repaid for a stop-over here; but as I had been there earlier, I had planned to call at Recife, never previously visited.

Leaving Bahia, we had a fine view of mountains, later finding the coast low with white or gray sand scattered along the shore for many miles: probably monazite, from which thorium is



CARAVELLAS, BRAZIL



ILHÉOS, BRAZIL



produced, largely used in gas mantles. In two hours we called at Aracajú, capital of a smaller State, Sergipe, and in two hours more at Maceió, all in good time for Recife, less than two hours beyond. I was astonished when a man came up and said I should get out. I refused. I was going to Recife and saw no reason for debarking there. Then came the pilot, who declared that something must be done to the plane; it would take an hour, and I must go ashore. I walked around awhile until I was informed that repairs would consume four hours, and all must remain overnight. I was truly indignant. This seemed inexcusable. But I was helpless. An automobile was at hand, which I took for the two-mile drive to the town, where I arrived about five at the principal hotel.

Maceió, capital of Alagoas, population seventy thousand, is called a modern city, having tram cars, electricity, and a really respectable hotel. Unhappily it was full — no room available for a lone woman. Across the street in a poor house with no conveniences of any sort a room could be had. As I had met an agreeable American and an Argentine gentleman who asserted that this was the best hotel in the place, I accepted the poor room, hoping for a good dinner on the pleasant veranda in the warm evening. In this I was not wholly disappointed, though naturally the hotel did not compare with that at Recife,

a city of 400,000. The American was very polite, but having guests to dinner upstairs, he could do no more than send me a small bottle of wine. Up Friday at 4.45, coffee at 5.15, I left the hotel at 5.30, departed in the plane about seven, and arrived in Recife at nine.

## CHAPTER XXV

### PERNAMBUCO, NATAL, FORTALEZA, PARÁ

THE city, called by foreigners from the name of the State of which it is the capital, is properly *Recife* (reef), so named from the reef which extends one thousand miles along the coast. Visible in a straight line for a great distance, the reef is here so close to the shore that it helps to form a splendid harbor, strengthened by concrete to form a natural breakwater. The peculiarity of the city is clear from the photographs. The air-plane moves so rapidly that in admiring its remarkable appearance, the precise outlines may be confused or ignored. The outer section, a narrow island close to the reef, is naturally the port and commercial district; a stone jetty allowing suitable entrance to the well-protected harbor. On a second island, São Antonio, the Government buildings are located, while the residential district on the mainland, called Boa Vista, extends broadly to the back, with wide avenues, electric cars, parks, hotels, etc.

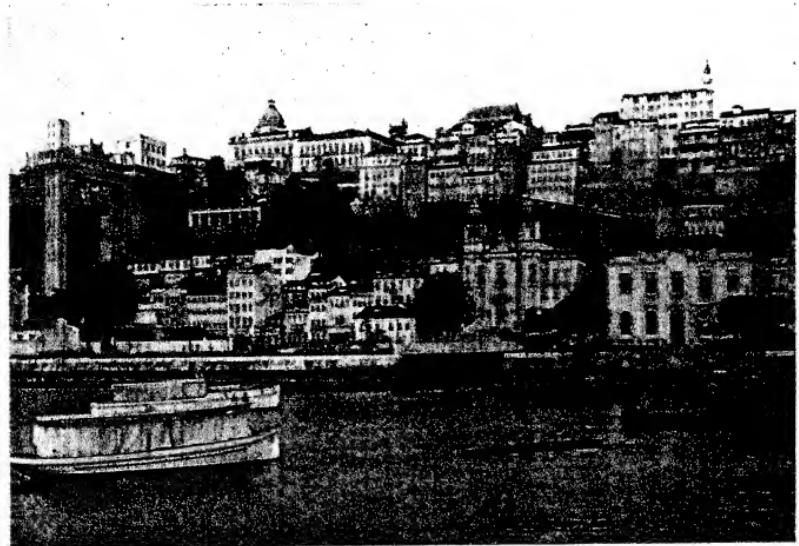
The city was built on marshy ground, which by drainage canals and filling in has gradually been solidified, the Rockefeller Foundation helping to eradicate malaria. The Hall of Congress and the President's Palace (some States have Presidents

instead of Governors) are noteworthy, and two churches, Nossa Senhora de Pacha and Boa Vista. The bridges afford lovely panoramic views. A suburb, Olinda, is called a shore resort, but perhaps better worth visiting is an estate of that name of forty-five square miles bordering on the sea, a fringe of coconut trees along the shore, with pasture and woodland in the rear. In connection with cotton factories, where they spin, dye, weave, color, and print, there is a stock farm and dairy, schools and hospital; a flourishing community. The cotton used is of the finest quality with long silky staple, raised elsewhere in Brazil, and the product is of the first quality.

Regretting that my time in Recife should become one day instead of two, it was sad, indeed, that I was so tired with my early risings that I must take a nap before going out, and that only on one morning instead of two during the eight days from Rio to Miami could I sleep to a reasonable hour. Going all the way with Nyrba it would have been six days straight. The hotel where I stayed, doubtless the best, patronized by Nyrba, has a large dining-room on the top floor where many of those present were plainly Americans. Several days I should gladly spend in this unusual city, called also the Brazilian Venice, but the next morning I must leave at eleven, first making two calls, one on our Consul, who kindly presented a map of the city, another on the Ger-



BAHIA: POINT AND LIGHTHOUSE



BAHIA: THE UPPER AND LOWER TOWNS WITH THE ELEVATOR  
(AT LEFT) CONNECTING THE TWO



man Consul, who escorted me to the top of the fairly high building, which afforded an excellent view of the land and waterways of this interesting city.

Leaving the dock at eleven, I was soon on board the Nyrba plane afloat in the bay, which I was sorry to see was a Sikorsky; for in these, the seats of the chairs were too low for my comfort, and the backs too straight. It was the intention to employ Commodores all the way from Buenos Aires to Miami, but in the early days the traffic was insufficient to make their use practical in this section. The morning was pleasant, the sky dotted with beautiful white clouds, others a lovely gray or pearl, and some tinged with red or yellow. For luncheon I had a little chocolate and a roll brought from Rio, with an orange presented by the friendly pilot.

At 1.20 we reached Natal, a pretty place near the sea, where I was almost sorry that I had not stopped instead of at Recife; since Natal has been rapidly coming into prominence by reason of aviation. This city, capital of Rio Grande do Norte, now with a population of thirty thousand, is the one nearest to Africa; the port and goal for all fliers from Europe. Here landed Ramon Franco Coutinho, Major Dargue, and many others. The Aero-Postale sent their fast mail boats here, and here Mermos landed in May, 1930, with the first mail from Europe brought all

the way by air. I had the pleasure of meeting him a little later in Rio, a very modest hero, who had in the Eastern Hemisphere previously performed still greater feats than this. The Zeppelin, though passing Natal, gave Recife the preference for landing, as the larger city offered better facilities for supplies, as well as a mooring-mast.

The head of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, Dr. Lamartine, progressive also in other ways, has a great personal interest in aviation. Though the State is the fourth smallest in Brazil in area and the sixth smallest in population, it has, or then had, more landing-fields for planes than all the rest of Brazil. The State President, in June, 1930, had installed landing-fields in twenty-nine counties, to follow, in twenty-one more, before the end of the year. The first field in Natal was given to the celebrated French Company by 1928, as the service from Toulouse to Buenos Aires was inaugurated in March of that year, weekly service continuing to the present. In July, 1929, it was prolonged to Santiago, Chile, and later to Comodoro Rivadavia and to Asunción, as previously mentioned.

The local Aero Club has a field, as well as a clubhouse, tennis courts, etc., and several airplanes. A passenger service between Rio Grande do Norte and Pernambuco was subsidized by the President of Natal when the larger State would not undertake the responsibility. It is a two



TWO VIEWS OF RECIFE (PERNAMBUKO)



hours' flight only. When the President wishes to visit any part of the State, he does it by air. This enterprising State and city has recently constructed jetties and docks, making a first-class port, where large ships are received; and two lighthouses have been built.

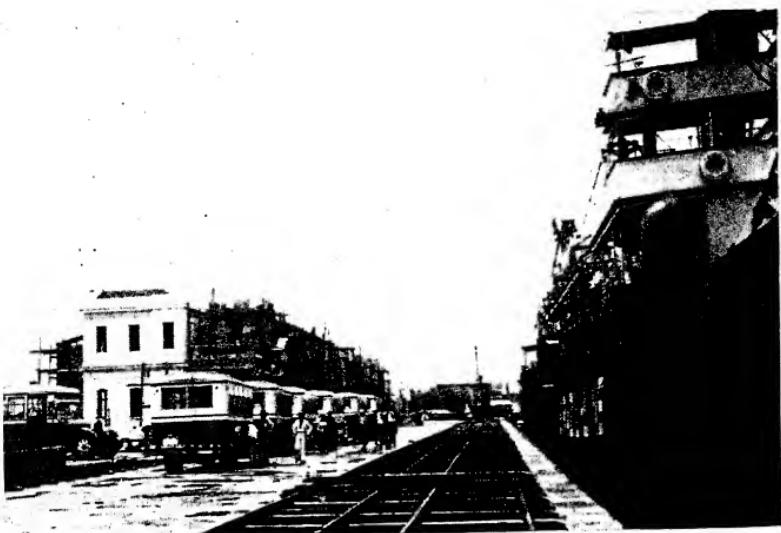
This State has another distinction, not so widely heralded, yet it will interest many. It is the first Brazilian State in which women were allowed to vote: a change due to the President, who, including this in his platform, was unanimously elected. In 1930 there were five women members of county councils, and one was a Mayor. Other reforms have been instituted and were working well.

The Sikorsky plane, going faster than the Commodore, arrived at our destination more than an hour ahead of time. Fortaleza, the capital of Ceará, is a very poor port on account of drifting sands. The State is subject to severe droughts, which they hope to remedy by the construction of reservoirs, not yet accomplished. We rode to a good hotel, where I had a better room than at Recife, and time later for a drive around town before dinner, an attractive place with handsome private residences and pretty plazas. Native laces and colored hats were purchasable at a small price.

It seemed that the next day might be a long one. Though the scheduled hour to depart was

seven, we were notified that we should go at five; hence I rose by 4.15, and we left soon after five. It was a beautiful morning, the clouds tinted at the top with red and gold. Low mountains were visible in the distance and later others were near. Lagoons were seen along the shore and one clump of houses, with fishing-nets at the end of a long pole, perhaps wide enough to walk out on. Though mainly green, some yellow sand-banks appear, in one section with sand-dunes like those in Southern Peru. Dense woods grow close to the sands, and to rivers and bays. Now the flat country extends far back with slight elevations. We call at a very small place, Camocim, to leave mail, then at Amarraçao; these two in the State of Piauhy; the latter port on the shore of the Parnahyba River which separates this from the next State, Maranhão. Two hours more bring us to the latter's capital, often called by its name, but more properly São Luís, a city of over sixty thousand, on an island. Cotton and barbassú nuts are important productions, cattle as well; there is forest wealth and some cotton factories.

Our luncheon was better than some others; tender chicken easily negotiated, rolls, and very small bananas, these usually better than large ones. Two passengers who spoke English had departed somewhere. We flew rapidly, some of the time making one hundred and twenty miles an hour, accomplishing the flight of nearly eight



DOCKS AT NATAL, BRAZIL



GOVERNOR AND CITIZENS AT NATAL



hundred miles in eight hours including stops. We arrived in Pará at two instead of 4.10, gaining an hour by change of time going west.

I was glad to arrive early, as I had never before had an opportunity to visit this noted and beautiful place, almost as near the Equator as Quito, but widely different in every other respect. Pará, properly Belém, has double the population, and being a seaport instead of far inland, is much more cosmopolitan. I had long wished to see this city, once famed as the greatest shipper of rubber, the best of which was called 'Pará fine.' I had read of its attractions, and of the jungle country, delightfully described in Tomlinson's 'Sea and Jungle,' which I was happy to note favorably before the second edition attained belated fame. I now hoped at least to visit Pará's wonderful park and museum.

For some strange reason, as we were still in Brazil, we were obliged to wait a half-hour on the float for the police and the doctor to inspect us, and for the customs official to inspect our baggage. However, after I showed the latter a letter from the Minister of Agriculture, he was polite enough not to open my baggage. Soon after our arrival, the Nyrba plane came from the north and we all proceeded to the splendid sixty-million-dollar docks, built in the boom days of rubber. The quay wall has a long space with a depth of thirty feet for ocean steamers, and another

space for boats of lighter draft. With electric cranes, railways, and warehouses the port compares with larger cities in manner of equipment.

Entertained at the best hotel north of Rio, it is said, on the finest plaza, Praça da Republica, I should have been glad to wait for the next airplane for a rest and sight-seeing. It seemed rather warm, and with a shower bath near I decided to take one. But, instead of being refreshed, I then felt so tired that I concluded it was more important for me to return in fair condition than to see the city; so I took a nap instead. I had accepted the invitation of the polite Nyrba Agent to have a cocktail with him at seven, but I should have appreciated it more at the moment. A nip of *aguardiente*, such as I was served with years ago when coming in from a long day's horseback ride in Peru, would have enabled me to see the city instead of taking a nap.

I went to dinner at the appointed hour, but no cocktail man appeared, and I had to eat alone. He explained later that pressing business detained him. After dinner, there was dancing; the Brazilians graceful, but not the foreigners. I may remark in passing that the finest dancing I ever chanced to see was at the Gloria Hotel in 1922 by a Brazilian, with his wife and two daughters as partners, one at a time; the most graceful I have ever witnessed. It was no gymnastic perform-

ance, no twirling on toes, or raising them as high as the head; but real dancing which any cultured person might enjoy and imitate if endowed with sufficient skill. I afterwards heard that the man had great success in Paris, though New York failed to invite him.

Pará possesses surpassing charm, and with air service twice a week most persons would stop over. Though it often rains and is warm, the mercury seldom reaches ninety. The streets and plazas are beautifully shaded, and in a short car ride one may reach the Bosque, where within the city a bit of the jungle was left. The paths and artificial ponds make it different from the real article; but that, few tourists would care to penetrate. One may, however, see real jungle from a railway, by making a sixteen-mile excursion, or traveling forty-four miles to Bragança on the ocean.

The Goeldi Museum is famous for its tropical collections, with botanical and zoölogical gardens including fine specimens of the Amazonian forest, plant life and birds, live monkeys and larger mammals, alligators and snakes galore, electric eels, and birds with gorgeous plumage. The old cathedral (1710) is worth visiting, and several other churches, Our Lady of Nazareth, with sailors' gifts, wax images of boats. The Paz Theater with splendid columns of white marble contrasts in tranquil grandeur with the

luxuriant foliage around. The interior is beautifully decorated with paintings by De Angelis, a foyer with inlaid floor, and it has all modern devices for lighting and stage.

The markets present attractions different from those in other cities. Fishes are there in little sailboats with gayly colored sails; strange ones, before unseen; turtles in hundreds. The regular market near by presents foodstuffs of the region and curios for the souvenir hunter, Indian bow and arrows, monkeys, parrots, and skins of animals, at one fourth to one tenth what might be paid in New York. The Independencia Praça is adorned with flower-beds as well as trees and shrubs, but no one steps on lawns or plucks a flower, unless it be someone from the land which a Brazilian lady once declared was that of barbarians.

It is, indeed, a pity that, while the West Coast has air service twice a week, the East Coast, with far greater population and business interests, has only one. We may hope that even in these hard times this condition will soon be remedied.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### COMING HOME

MY LAST night in South America! which I was leaving with more than my usual regret. Perhaps, as I said to President Leguía, I should never go again, though I still have hopes. At the moment there seems more important work at home. The more I had seen in familiar ways and in novel and less frequented places, the more I wished to return; to see more of the back country and small towns, and to make real visits in cities where I had spent a few minutes or hours. I often think how utterly stupid are those people who, with plenty of money, commit suicide, when there is so much in the world to enjoy if they have the slightest intelligence, and how much good they might do if they had any conscience. How stupid also not to read and learn about other countries; in ignorance to fancy that your own must be the best in every respect, that all should live as you do, and that your ideas should everywhere prevail!

To bed at 11.30 with everything packed except what could go into a shawl strap! Thus, with alarm set at 3.40 I was below at 4.09, where I found the pilots and had orangeade, a roll,

coffee, and some piña, pineapple, a good breakfast, leaving about 4.40. A little after five, we rowed out to the plane and took off in the darkness. Soon there was a faint light, but a half-hour passed before I could see the water over which we were flying, the Pará River; for Pará is eighty miles from the ocean on a river, not properly the Amazon, but the outlet for the Tocantins, here called the Pará. The sunlight on clouds made a beautiful picture, and presently the sun came above the horizon. But the sky was soon overcast, with clouds again wonderfully white; then mountains apparently were among them and pearly caves. After considerable time above water, the direct route took us over land, the Marajó Island, north of which is the true mouth of the Amazon. The island has a greater area than either Holland or Belgium; but we fly over a small, thickly wooded stretch of it, and then above the real Amazon, the brown waters of which may, for many a mile out, be distinguished from the sea.

The coast at the north is flat and green, barren or forested, with occasional pools of water, in one of which an unheard-of village is situated, Montenegro, where at eight we make our first call to take gas, since it was forbidden to call at or sail over French Guiana. A recent treaty making this possible, the station at Montenegro is abandoned for one at Cayenne. I recognized

the mouth of the Oyapock River, the dividing line between Brazil and Guiana, where Latin America is left behind for a while. We had been flying nearly north along the coast, which here turns more to the northwest as far as Trinidad.

Cayenne, capital of French Guiana, we see in the distance, pleasantly located on a hill overlooking the bay. With a better location than Georgetown, it might be more attractive; but the use of the colony as a penal settlement has doubtless been a drawback to other immigration. We flew over Devil's Island; there are three, looking rather pretty but recalling tragedies: among them the notable case of Dreyfus, freed after long years of unjust imprisonment through the work of Clemenceau. Blair Niles, who visited the islands, told thrilling tales of the hardships of the prisoners, especially in their attempted escapes. One can but rejoice when, as happens rarely, a man preserved from the dangers of sea or jungle, wins through to freedom. One may hope that some day the French will adopt a better plan, or find a more remote island where the prisoners may live in better case.

Our next halting-place, a five hours' flight from Montenegro, was Paramaribo, capital of Dutch Guiana. From our casual view it really appeared Dutch — certainly clean if not beautiful. Strange to say, a hot luncheon was brought

out to us (as ordered) in tin pails with tiers, as sometimes sent to workmen. There was meat in chunks, potatoes, and beets. Apparently the rest liked it; they certainly ate. A little was enough for me. An experiment, the pilot said.

According to the latest schedule an overnight call is made at Paramaribo on the flight south. One who has recently made the trip calls this the most tranquil capital in the world: a quaint and fascinating Dutch city, a quiet, soothing place, which I think some millions of our countrymen with high taut nerves would do well to visit for a long period. There all calmly ride bicycles, with no alarm for the few automobiles in the place. Every front porch in the town is scrubbed clean and no child would be seen with a dirty face. The bustling markets are different, for queerly garbed people there jabber in many tongues over the variety of wares for sale. In the wilderness back of the town are 'Bush' people, descendants of escaped African slaves who mingled with the native Indians. They sometimes come to the city with carvings of wood: combs, bowls, chairs, bracelets, etc., unusual curios.

Four hours later, we arrived at Georgetown, capital of British Guiana, a curious place with population of sixty thousand, green, flat, and damp, houses on stilts or pillars, but with fifty miles of broad paved streets, a club, a museum,

and fine roads on which one may motor seventy miles into the heart of the jungle. In all of the Guianas there is higher land at the back; some of it pasture or savannah, the rest dense forests little explored. Here and there gold is found and diamonds; agriculture, especially sugar, is followed, and forestry. Many East Indians are employed on plantations, picturesque in their peculiar garb.

A notable waterfall is the Kaieteur, about which exaggerated statements have been made. It is nearly five times as high as Niagara in the midst of beautiful tropical vegetation; but the mass of water is vastly less.

The time has been changed twice, gaining two hours, so we leave the last two places earlier than we arrived. It is now three and a half hours to the Port of Spain. We find the coast still flat, though higher at the back, and at length perceive the brown waters of the Orinoco Delta, third in size in South America, recognizing Venezuela, again Latin America, the only South American Republic by me left unvisited. This part of the coast is flat, wet, and sparsely inhabited, but farther west it is different.

Now at the right we see the green hills of Trinidad. Flying over land, we observe some villages, but do not descry the famous and very valuable pitch lake, asphalt from which does service on many of our streets. At last there is a

great cove where we descend among large ships. After a while we are passed to the land with baggage unopened and drive in automobiles to the well-known Queen's Park Hotel, a real old English establishment facing a broad green.

Trinidad is a cosmopolitan, fascinating city, where one might be glad to spend a week or two. Here are turbaned Hindoos, Japanese in native dress, Chinese in ~~kimonos~~, Turks, East Indians, Europeans and Americans, the English, of course, predominating, and a variety of churches to suit them all. Many kinds of queer articles on sale will tempt the most sophisticated.

We have been flying fourteen and one half hours, though by the clock here it is only half-past six; truly a long day. People dress for the dinner at 7.30, and it is a good one, the best since leaving Rio, ending with ice cream and a *bénédicte*. The Nyrba Agent is sociable, and alas! it is 11.30 before I am in bed, to rise, dear me! at 3.30. I am downstairs at four, the boys are there; we have the inevitable English toast, but American coffee instead of tea. We leave at 4.30, at five are on board and off. The moon is sinking, and there is a slight dawn; the days getting longer, as we come north in June, but until six there is no real sun.

At first we fly over the open sea with no land in sight, but presently islands come into view at some of which we call. After a flight of two

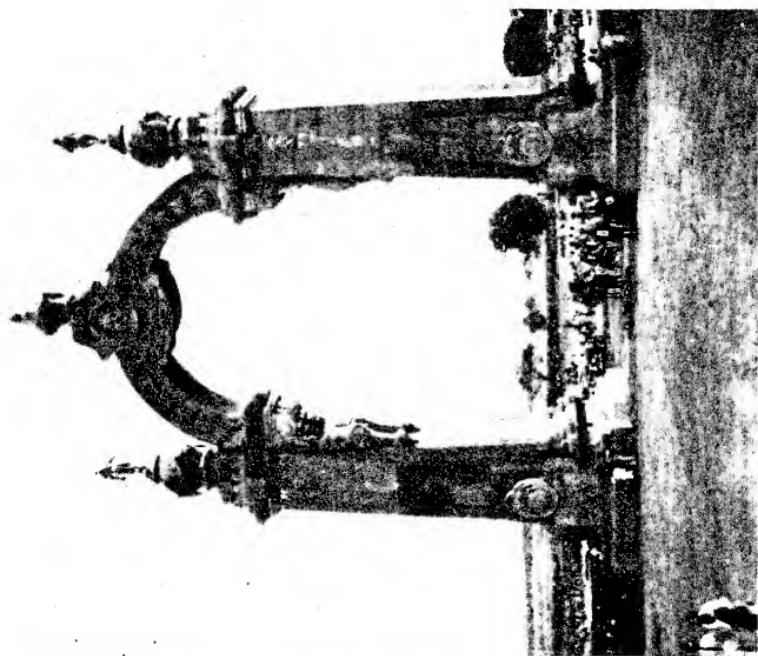
hundred and twenty miles in two and a half hours, we pause a few minutes at Port Castries on the Island of Santa Lucía with green hills and pretty coves. At this point, I hear, a plane has been known to halt long enough, while taking on gas, for half of the passengers, earlier notified, to don bathing-suits, to dive off the air liner for a dip in the cool clear water of a purplish tint, while phosphorus lends sparkles to the splashing waves.

It is a little farther to St. John's, capital of the British Leeward Islands, but more interesting, as the isles are nearer together; among these we pass Martinique with famous Mont Pelée, which gave so disastrous an eruption years ago, when thirty thousand people perished. The mountain is symmetrical and green, except for a scar burned by molten lava, but with few settlements near instead of a large city as formerly. We are two hours on this leg of the journey to St. John's, but as clocks change again it is only ten instead of eleven.

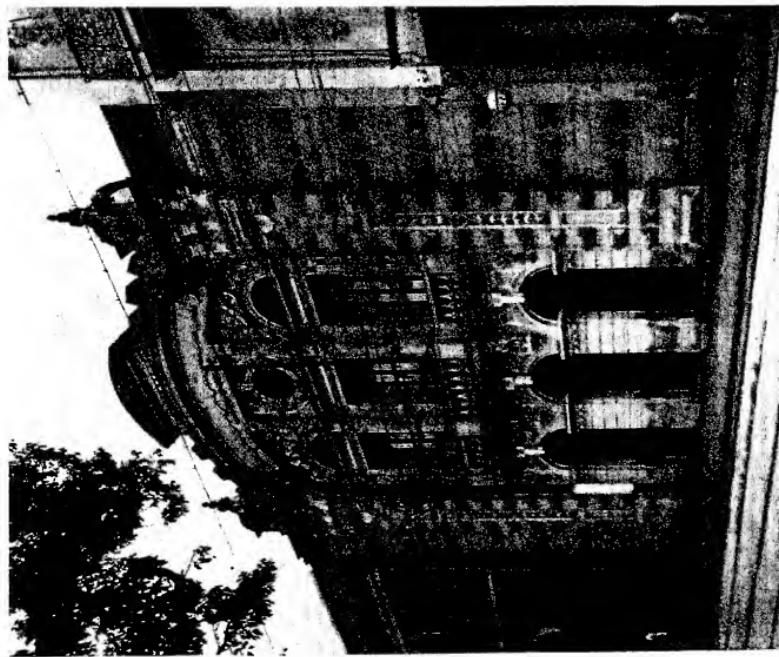
Several pretty islands are passed before we arrive at St. Thomas, capital of the Virgin Islands, recently become a part of the United States, not altogether to the satisfaction of the residents. It is also pleasing in appearance with coves and hills. We recall that from this island our first great Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, came to the United States.

Here a lady embarked for our next station, Puerto Rico, which, on the contrary, as we see it in passing, is flat, with much land in cultivation; our halt is in San Juan, the capital, where there is a strange mingling of old Spanish and new American. A place named San Pedro de Macoris is on the schedule, on the south shore of Santo Domingo, recently devastated by a hurricane. These storms seem less dangerous to airplanes than to islands, as the former can move out of the way, seeing them in the distance early enough to do so, or, carrying wireless, being seasonably informed of bad weather. After flying a good distance along the south coast of this large island, we cross first a flat district and then fly through a gulch thirty-six miles, among the mountains, to the western shore. At the head of a bay, Porte au Prince is located, where we paused for the night.

The steamer on which I sailed to Puerto Colombia called here on the way down, when I had time for a pleasant drive around the very attractive city with a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. It has fine public buildings, beautiful homes, and several good hotels. In recent years many improvements have been made and the island has now about four hundred miles of good motor roads. The climate and scenery are such as to make a few days' stay agreeable. Arriving at 5.30, we were driven to a



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, CARABOBO, VENEZUELA



MUSEO BOLIVIANO, CARÁCAS



small hotel in the suburbs, kept and chiefly frequented by Americans, some of them regular boarders. One dined on the veranda agreeably, and heard a little of the alarm some persons had experienced when a dangerous uprising was feared not long before.

Early to bed at 9.30 in order to rise at 4.30 for the last day's flight. On board the plane at six, now in sunlight, all ready to go; but somehow we did not get off. Everyone who has done much flying is aware that a breeze is desirable for a take-off. This harbor is so surrounded by hills that often no air is stirring, as seemed to be the case that morning. Hence our trouble with a heavily loaded plane. One pilot tried twice, then the other. We sailed around the bay. The passengers went to the back of the plane, though I, being light, was permitted to remain in the middle seat. Another vain attempt to rise. We returned to the float for more gas. Again we sailed around and went back. I had suggested to a fat Nyrba man that he depart, and at last he did; with a passenger and another man. Some gas was shed. Then the bag of mail at the rear was brought forward; the sole man remaining in the cabin, the radio operator, also went to the front. At last, to my surprise, the plane rose, and several hours late we were in the air. I was a little worried about reaching Miami in time for the 9.30 train for New York, but hoped for

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the best, especially as one of the pilots also wished to take it. To Santiago, Cuba, it was a long way across the water, but we arrived at 2.30, leaving with no trouble fifteen minutes later. I was hungry enough to enjoy a good luncheon while we flew inland over a pleasing landscape to Cienfuegos, near which it was rather squally, so that we bounced around in the rain. But it soon passed. We fly over small and large towns as we approach Havana, where we make a brief call, and in pleasant weather go on, over the interesting Florida Keys, arriving after dark at Miami; too late to see anything of that city so recently become famous, but in time to get a bit of supper at the station and board the 9.30 train for New York. Happy was I to be able to sleep late the next morning, to arrive in New York on Friday, June 14, and to have completed my most delightful air tour of twenty thousand miles, without the slightest accident: a tour which I heartily recommend all who can do so to undertake.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### VENEZUELA

WITH regret Venezuela was omitted from my air tour of South America. Surely I would not willingly slight a country that I have long desired to visit, but the opportunity was lacking. In my 'Industrial and Commercial South America' I ventured to write about the region of the North Coast, although my tours of the continent had necessarily been confined to the countries of the East and West.

Colombia, however, had long boasted an air service, so that I was able to begin my tour there, and personally confirm the opinions of others that my previous statements about the country had been accurate. On my return journey, it would have been a great pleasure to fly from the Port of Spain, along the coast of Venezuela, as may now be done, making also a few calls back from the coast; and go on to complete the circuit at Barranquilla, thence to fly by way of Kingston to Miami. That opportunity developed later. As Venezuela is now on the schedule of the Pan-American Airways, I venture again to write, as best I can, presenting a few of its attractions, that future air travelers may plan to include it in their own circuit or tour.

In truth, Venezuela has certain advantages over some other countries of South America. With mountains along the shore much lower than those in Peru, it is far easier to enter the region at the back. At the same time the coastal zone at once presents to the visitor rich and beautiful verdure, and agreeable climates, with many easily accessible and delightful places among or in the rear of the mountains.

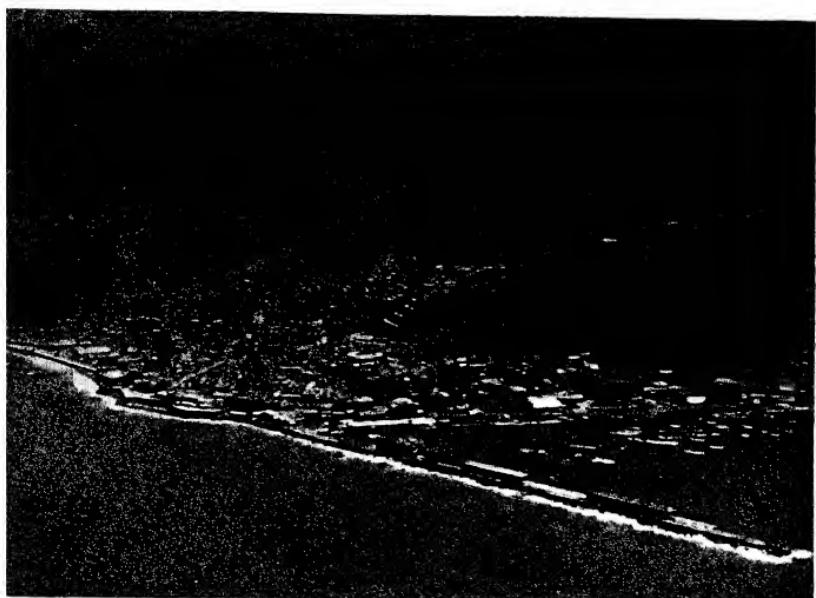
Proceeding from the Port of Spain, the first landing is at Maturín, capital of Monagas; a quiet town in a healthful climate, with a flourishing cattle industry. Of far greater interest are the other regular calling places. Everyone will surely halt at La Guayra to visit several important towns in the interior. The port is already well known, as the fame of the railway and the motor road to the capital city is widespread.

But prior to journeying upward, one, if not a hasty traveler, will enjoy the varied scenery of the driveway by the sea, along which luxurious residences are scattered, to the fashionable shore resort of Macuto, where the Hotel Miramar is reputed to be one of the most beautiful and up-to-date in all tropical America.

The twenty-three-mile drive up to Caracas has still greater charm, long famous for presenting in its climb of four thousand feet an extraordinary contrast of tropical verdure, rugged



ROAD FROM LA GUAYRA TO MACUTO



LA GUAYRA



mountain, and precipitous cliffs. Then, descending one thousand feet, the road enters a charming valley in which the capital is located. The new Majestic Hotel here is said to compare in comfort and luxury with any other in Latin America. Thus one will be happy while visiting the varied attractions of Caracas, such as the Capitol, the Presidential Palace at Miraflores, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Bolívar Museum, and the new aristocratic Country Club with golf course, swimming-pool, etc.

Everyone will motor to Maracay, capital of the State of Aragua and home of the President, General Gomez, a name as familiar in these days as that of his country. The road, ascending to a cold village, Los Teques, then descends to a fertile region, where, approaching Maracay, great herds of unique cattle may be seen, a cross-breed of Zebus from India and Holsteins from Europe, imported by General Gomez, and crossed with the native stock.

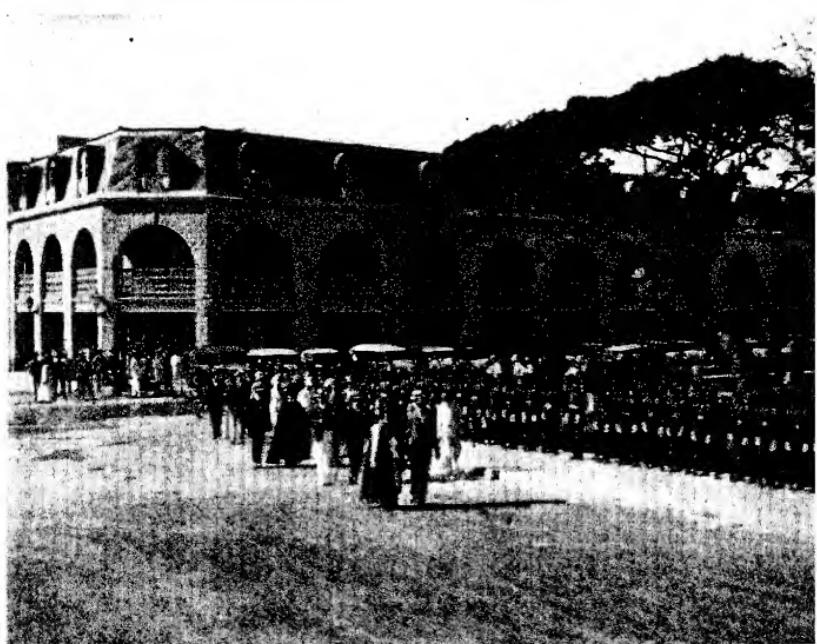
Maracay in the last twenty years has had an extraordinary development, appearing a modern city of immaculate cleanliness and surprising attractions. The Hotel Jardín, again said to be one of the finest on the continent, faces the beautiful Plaza Bolívar, beyond which is the well-equipped Polyclinic Hospital. From this point may be seen the tall masts of the wireless station, which communicates with every corner

of the globe. Airplanes, military and passenger both, skim over the town to the hangars beyond. From the field a wide avenue leads to Lake Valencia, a lovely freak of nature twenty-two miles long, with twenty-two rivers flowing into it, and twenty-two islets on its bosom. At the Hacienda Las Delicias is an extensive Zoölogical Garden with the usual animals, and all comforts for relaxation. But of greater importance for the populace and for the development of various industries has been the installation of textile mills, butter and soap factories, and modern slaughter-houses. The advancement of educational facilities has also been a part of General Gomez's programme.

Another remarkably enjoyable drive is down to the port Turiamo, a splendid natural harbor, far superior to that of La Guayra, and destined to become a great center for export as well as a fashionable resort. Road-making has been one of the hobbies of General Gomez, and splendid highways have been or are being constructed from one end of the country to the other; in the mountainous region at the west, as well as to the coast and over the fairly level Llanos to the southwest and the east. The Pan-American airplanes go on, twice a week, from La Guayra to Maracaibo, a city also well known (capital of the State of Zulia) as the headquarters of Venezuela's great oil industry in which recently



STATUE OF BOLÍVAR, MARACAY, VENEZUELA



HOTEL JARDÍN, MARACAY



Venezuela has surpassed Russia, becoming second in this field to the United States. The industry, carried on by foreign companies and capital, has been so well managed by the Government as to produce a large revenue, by means of which the country has developed and prospered without seeking a loan in Wall Street or elsewhere in the last twenty-five years.

Maracaibo is another city where 'Petroleum' tells the story of a great boom. Improvements of all kinds were ordered by the Government and carried out, including extensive docks. Around the great Maracaibo Lake, one hundred and fifty miles long and half as wide, are farming districts, while settlements of Indians are reported, inhabiting huts on piles in the lake (for the most part shallow) in ancient fashion. The great oil fields are chiefly east of the lake, but some wells have been drilled in the water and at the west. The section, regarded as a basin of petroleum as well as of water, with some interest for the ordinary tourist has more for the business man. Anyone, however, might enjoy visiting some of the mountain towns, accessible by boat across the lake, and then by rail or motor road above, where many towns and cities are located at comfortable elevations.

Venezuela has been very attractive to explorers, as to Mr. Beebe, the Dickeys, and others. They have visited the country to search

out the sources of rivers, especially the Orinoco, to ascend Mount Roraima, or to collect flora, birds, or animals. More numerous, perhaps, have been persons in quest of gold and diamonds, metals and minerals of almost every variety, which are to be found in the country. Visitors, whatever their taste, cannot fail to find much that will excite their interest.

From Maracaibo one may proceed by the Pan-American Airways or with Scadta to Barranquilla for a stay at the Hotel El Prado, thence perchance to fly around Colombia. If this country has already been visited, one may continue to Colón and fly north through Central America and Mexico. Else, having made a complete circuit of South America or of most of the Caribbean, one may come home in palatial style to Miami in a day and a half by one of the great flying boats of the Pan-American.

## POSTSCRIPT

INDEED, times have changed since I sailed for Colombia November 6, 1929, and returned from Miami to New York in June, 1930, after my twenty-thousand-mile flight. The circuit of South America by air was then regarded by others as somewhat of an adventure; though to me, once embarked in an airplane at Barranquilla, it was merely a novel and delightful journey, on which I proceeded throughout the entire distance without a qualm. The very few slight imperfections or annoyances were trivial to one who in mountain-climbing days had slept on floor or adobe benches in Indian cabins, in a tent with five Indians, or spent nine consecutive nights in a tent on a glacier, and risked life on an icy slope from which a Swiss guide (he said later) never expected to get down alive.

The improvement in air service has been so rapid that even little inconveniences are over. People in general have become so 'soft' that luxury, as well as safety, is demanded by the majority of tourists, and this is now prepared and realized. A fleet of one hundred multi-motored air liners fly over the countries at the south. Among these, the Flying Clipper Ships accommodating forty-four passengers, which

ply between Miami and Barranquilla, are the *ne plus ultra* in the world's service. Radio control stations and weather observatories with a block-signal system for international planes maintain guard over each liner in flight, giving advice as to weather and flying conditions for the entire route. Makeshift shelters are superseded by trim stations or floating terminals. A record has been established for dependability and keeping up to schedule time, which only two major railroads have achieved.

This route between Miami and Barranquilla is the longest over-water air line in operation: 1350 miles, 1300 over open sea. Many experiments were made before the actual construction of these great air boats, which have also auxiliary landing-gear to permit operation over land. Their four motors provide an aggregate of 2300 horse power. They may carry 1040 gallons of gasoline, nearly four tons. The Clipper Ships contain a ladies' lounge, smoking-salon, buffet, fitted to prepare meals in the air, with electric range and refrigerator. With real couches and easy-chairs they afford vastly more luxurious comfort than the finest Pullman, room to circulate easily, stewards to wait upon the guests, so to speak, and no tips essential. The tickets include meals, in some places ordered in advance to suit the passenger, and for through passengers include night accommodations ashore.



LAKE-FRONT, MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA



CARIBBEAN PETROLEUM PROPERTY, MARACAIBO



By means of the existing air service, South America is but two and a half days from New York, Bogotá only three. Santiago, Chile, may be reached in six days from Panamá, Buenos Aires in seven. With this rapid locomotion one, with little time but ample money, may visit remote cities; or, if able to spare the weeks essential to a cruise, will have so much more time on land to attend to business or to become better acquainted with the countries and the people visited.

THE END

## APPENDIX

### SUMMARY OF AIR PASSENGER SERVICE IN AND TO SOUTH AMERICA, AUGUST 17, 1932 (*Overnight stops in capital letters*)

#### PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Sunday and Wednesday service by Flying Clipper or Commodore to KINGSTÓN, *Jamaica*, and Barranquilla, *Colombia*, with afternoon service by Commodore to CRISTÓBAL. Passengers from the West may prefer to fly from Brownsville, Texas, in three days by way of Mexico City and San Salvador to CRISTÓBAL.

#### THE WEST COAST

From Cristóbal, the Panagra division of Pan American Airways affords service in five days to Buenos Aires and Montevideo: by Sikorsky Amphibians, Cristóbal-Talara; thence by Tri-Motor Fords to Montevideo. Calls are made at Buena-ventura and Tumaco, *Colombia*, SANTA ELENA and Guayaquil, *Ecuador*, Talara, Piura, Chiclayo, Pacas Mayo, Trujillo, LIMA, Arequipa, Tacna, *Peru*; Arica, ANTOFAGASTA, Ovalle, SANTIAGO, *Chile*; Mendoza, Villa Mercedes, BUENOS AIRES, *Argentina*; and the same day, MONTEVIDEO, *Uruguay*.

#### THE EAST COAST

Weekly service in nine days by Commodores, Miami to Buenos Aires. Calls are made at Nuevitas, *Cuba*, PORTE AU PRINCE, *Haiti*, San Pedro de

Macoris, *Santo Domingo*, San Juan, *Puerto Rico*, St. Thomas, *Virgin Islands*, St. JOHNS, *British Leeward Islands*, Port Castries, *Saint Lucia*, Port of Spain, *Trinidad*, *GEORGETOWN*, *British Guiana*, Paramaribo, *Dutch Guiana*, Cayenne, *French Guiana*, PARÁ (Belém), São Luiz, Amarracão, Camocím, FORTALEZA, Areia Branca, Natal, Pernambuco (Recife), Maceió, BAHIA, Ilhéos, Caravellas, Victoria, RIO DE JANEIRO, Santos, Paranaguá, Floriapolis, PORTO ALEGRE, Rio Grande do Sul, *Brazil*; Montevideo, *Uruguay*, BUENOS AIRES, *Argentina*.

#### THE NORTH COAST

Port of Spain by Sikorsky Amphibians weekly to Maturín, La Guaira, MARACAIBO, *Venezuela*, semi-weekly to Barranquilla, Commodore to Cristóbal.

#### ADDITIONAL SERVICE IN SEVERAL COUNTRIES COLOMBIA

The Scadta Airways System has daily service except Mondays from Barranquilla to Puerto Berrío, Girardot, and Bogotá in about seven hours. Other ports on the Magdalena River: Magangué, El Banco, Gamarra, Puerto Wilches (train service to Bucaramanga in a few hours), Barranca Bermeja, La Dorada, have service from one to five times a week. From Puerto Berrío there is semi-weekly service to Medellín, Cali, and Buenaventura; also twice a week from Cali to Buenaventura; once a week Buenaventura to Istmina and Quibdó north, and to Guapi and Tumaco south. Service four times a week from Barranquilla to Cartagena in three quarters of an hour, and daily except Sunday from Barranquilla to Ciénaga (Santa Marta) in half an hour, and return later.

## PERU

Peru at the moment has semi-weekly service from San Ramón to Masisea and Iquitos and hopes for service later to Chachapoyas, Moyabamba, and Puerto Maldonado. The Faucett Company gives service along the coast from Lima to Talara twice a week, and to Arequipa once. Faucett and Panagra afford special service as may be desired.

## BOLIVIA

Service in 2 hours and 20 minutes semi-weekly from Cochabamba to Santa Cruz with calls at Sucre and Valle Grande, and elsewhere when desired. A line to Todos Santos and Trinidad in the north is operated weekly except when the rains make the landing field useless. Twice a month there is service from Santa Cruz to Puerto Suarez, and to Corumbá, Brazil, on the Paraguay River, designed to connect with the Brazil Condor for Rio de Janeiro and with the Zeppelin for Europe when flights are regularly made as now expected. Also there is rail connection from Porto Esperança to Rio de Janeiro and by steamer on the Paraguay and Paraná Rivers to Buenos Aires.

## CHILE

The Linea Aérea Nacional affords service three times a week from Arica to Santiago in a day and a half with calls at Iquique, María Elena, ANTOFAGASTA, Copiapó, Vallenar, Ovalle, Illapel, SANTIAGO; and south weekly to Chillán, Temuco, and PUERTO MONTT. Occasional service to Puerto Aysen, and rarely to Baker, Natales, and Magallanes. Branch service is given from the main line to the im-

portant cities, Tocopilla, Calamá, Chañaral, Potrerillos; and La Serena, near Coquimbo.

#### ARGENTINA

Service formerly rendered by the Aero Postale south to Bahia Blanca, San Antonio, Trelew, COMODORO RIVADAVIA, and beyond to Puerto Gallegos, also north to Asunción, Paraguay, with calls at several towns in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, has recently been taken over by the Argentine Government. The Aero Postale, however, carries mail from Buenos Aires to Santiago, Chile, and gives weekly mail and passenger service north from Buenos Aires and Montevideo to Natal, Brazil, with the usual stops.

#### BRAZIL

In addition to the services of the Pan American Airways and the Aero Postale, Brazil has also passenger service by the Brazil Condor weekly, from Porto Alegre at the south to Natal north, making the usual calls. The country enjoys further the service of the Zeppelin, which was expected to cross from Germany ten times in 1932, and monthly in 1933.

The Aero Postale is planning to inaugurate a new and extraordinary service in November, 1932. Very large seaplanes with twin motors have been constructed, capable of carrying a pay load of 1000 pounds; to be manned by a pilot, mechanic, and radio operator, to fly directly from Dakar, Africa, to Natal, Brazil.

The famous Mermoz, who first flew across the South Atlantic, will inaugurate the service from Toulouse, France, to Buenos Aires in 4 days;

Toulouse to Dakar, 34 hours; Dakar to Natal, 20 hours; Natal to Buenos Aires, 34 hours. Eight hours allowed for change and refueling. Seven hours the next day to Santiago, Chile.

#### VENEZUELA

The Aero Postale has recently established service from Maracay to San Fernando, Ciudad Bolívar, and Tumeremo.





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